The Message in Song

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The Message in Song

...COMPILED BY...

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...MUSICAL EDITORS...

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WILLIAM J. KIRKPATRICK

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FOREWORD

The test to which Gospel music is submitted day after day in such work as we undertake, should reveal its merits or demerits to a remarkable degree.

In this book—The Message in Song—the many new numbers represent the result of this critical test.

While the book embraces in its scope the cardinal doctrines and subjects necessary to Evangelical church work, it is especially suited to Revivals, Sunday Schools, Brotherhoods, Prayer-meetings, Young People's Societies, Great Choruses and Soloists.

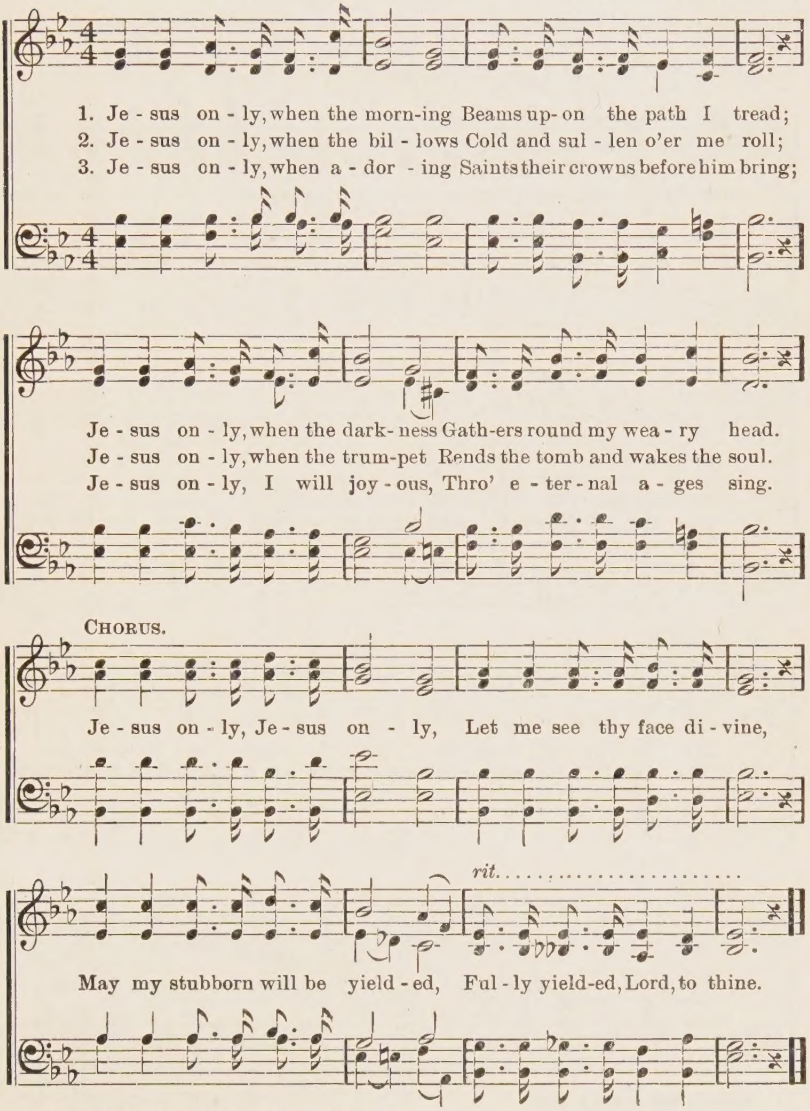
It is with unusual confidence that I commend this effort on the part of these noted Gospel musicians to give to the public their best for the Holy Spirit's use.

HENRY OSTROM.

GREENCASTLE, IND.
May 1st, 1911.

THE MESSAGE IN SONG.

1 Jesus Only.

E. NASON. CHAS. H. MARSH.

1. Je - sus on - ly, when the morn-ing Beams up-on the path I tread;
2. Je - sus on - ly, when the bil - lows Cold and sul - len o'er me roll;
3. Je - sus on - ly, when a - dor - ing Saints their crowns before him bring;
Je - sus on - ly, when the dark- ness Gath-ers round my wea - ry head.
Je - sus on - ly, when the trum-pet Rends the tomb and wakes the soul.
Je - sus on - ly, I will joy - ous, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges sing.
CHORUS.
Je - sus on - ly, Je - sus on - ly, Let me see thy face di - vine,
rit.
May my stubborn will be yield - ed, Ful - ly yield-ed, Lord, to thine.

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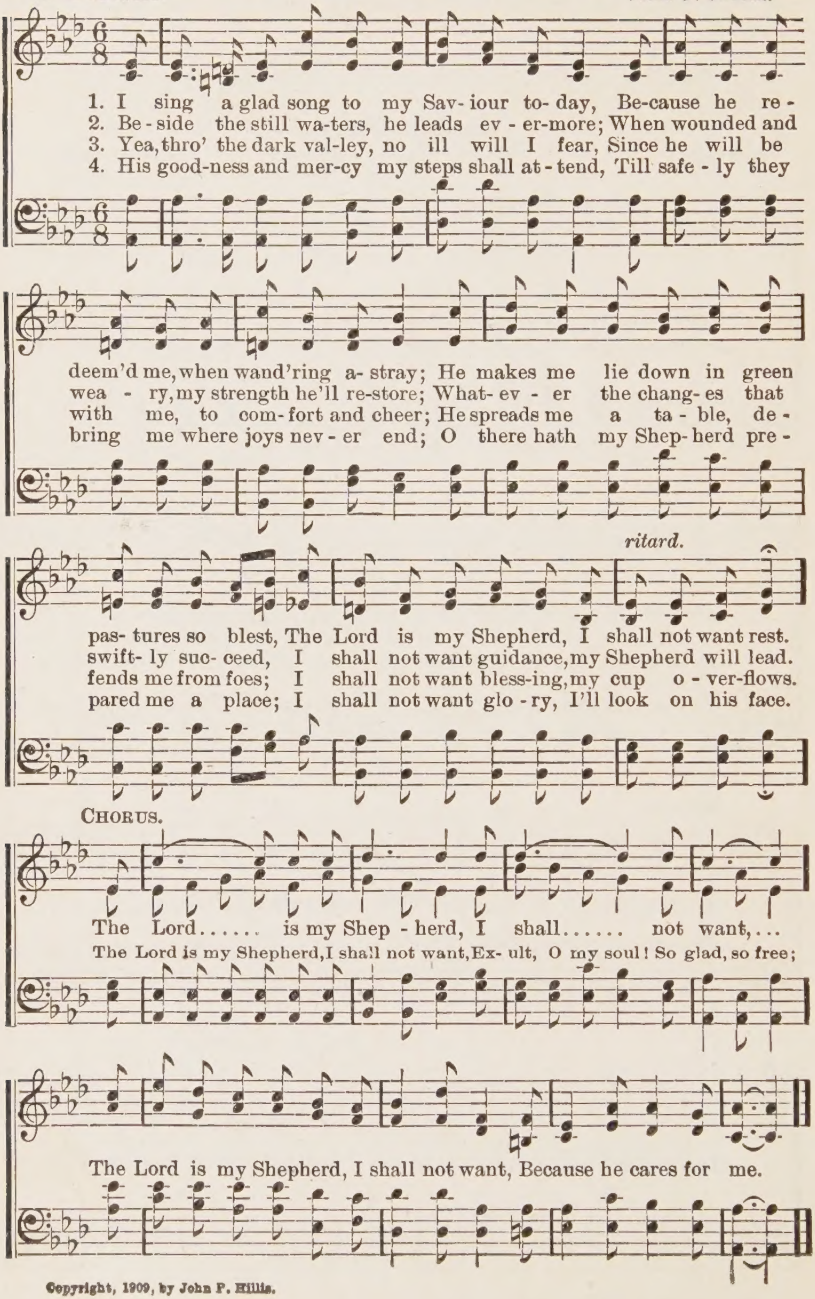
I Shall Not Want.

E. E. Hewitt. John P. Hillis.

1. I sing a glad song to my Sav-iour to-day, Be-cause he re-
2. Be-side the still wa-ters, he leads ev-er-more; When wounded and
3. Yea, thro' the dark val-ley, no ill will I fear, Since he will be
4. His good-ness and mer-cy my steps shall at-tend, Till safe-ly they
deem'd me, when wand'ring a-stray; He makes me lie down in green
wea-ry, my strength he'll re-store; What-ev-er the chang-es that
with me, to com-fort and cheer; He spreads me a ta-ble, de-
bring me where joys nev-er end; O there hath my Shep-herd pre-
ritard.
pas-tures so blest, The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want rest.
swift-ly suc-ceed, I shall not want guidance, my Shepherd will lead.
fends me from foes; I shall not want bless-ing, my cup o-ver-flows.
pared me a place; I shall not want glo-ry, I'll look on his face.
Chorus.
The Lord..... is my Shep-herd, I shall..... not want,...
The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want, Ex-ult, O my soul! So glad, so free;
The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want, Because he cares for me.

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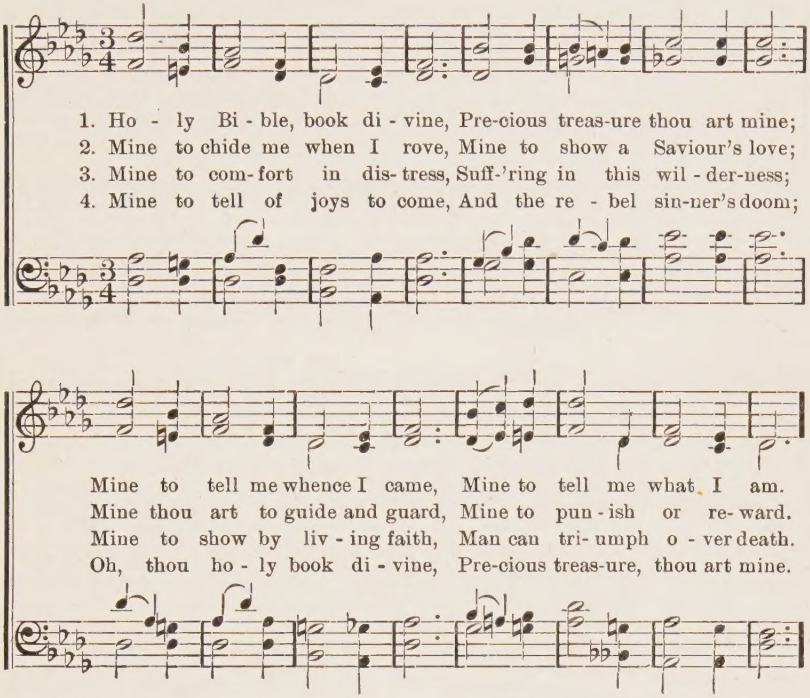
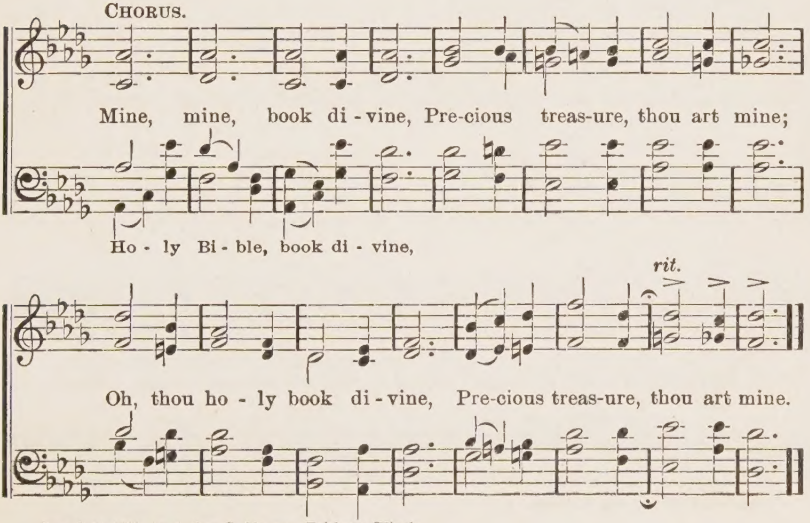
3 Precious Treasure, Thou Art Mine.

Dedicated to my Associate, HERBERT C. HART.

JOHN BURTON. ARTHUR S. MAGANN.


1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine, Pre-cious treas-ure thou art mine;
2. Mine to chide me when I rove, Mine to show a Saviour's love;
3. Mine to com-fort in dis-tress, Suff-'ring in this wil - der-ness;
4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the re - bel sin-ner's doom;
Mine to tell me whence I came, Mine to tell me what I am.
Mine thou art to guide and guard, Mine to pun - ish or re-ward.
Mine to show by liv - ing faith, Man can tri- umph o - ver death.
Oh, thou ho - ly book di - vine, Pre-cious treas-ure, thou art mine.

CHORUS.


Mine, mine, book di - vine, Pre-cious treas-ure, thou art mine;
Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine,
rit.
Oh, thou ho - ly book di - vine, Pre-cious treas-ure, thou art mine.

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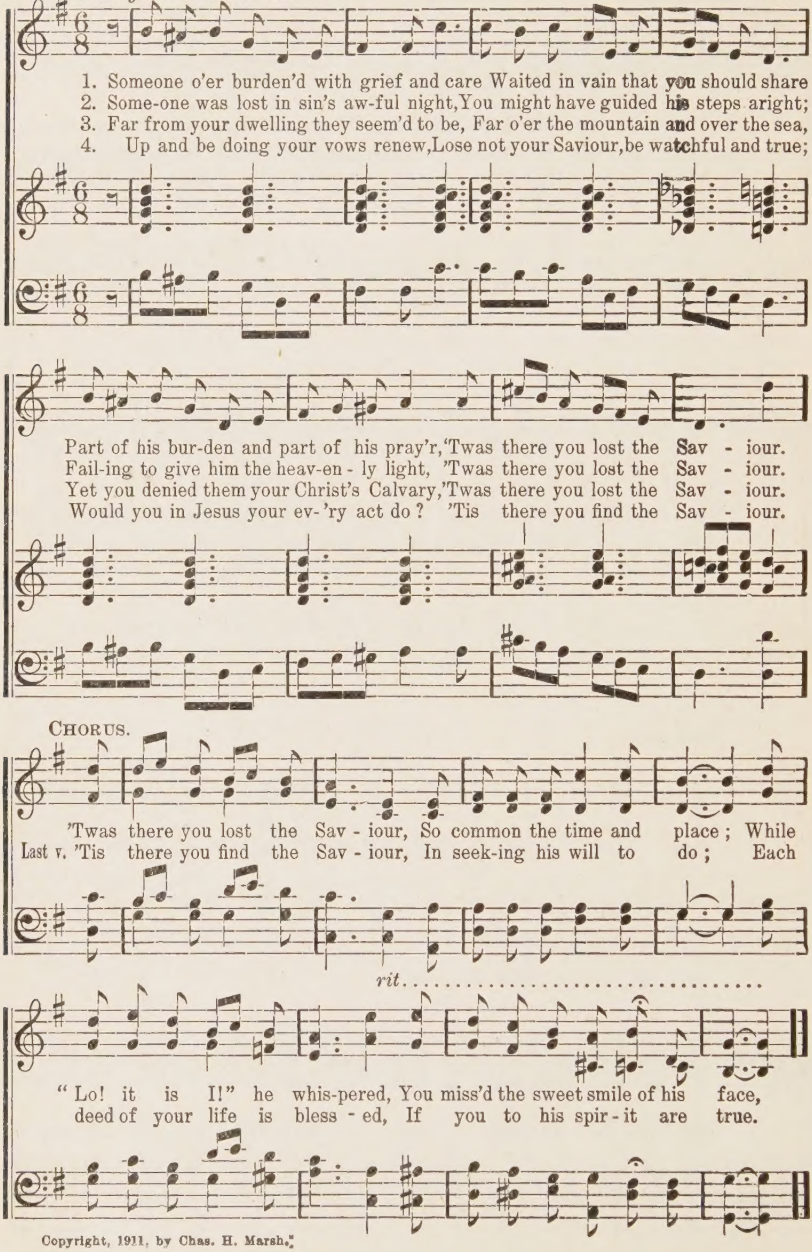
The Lost Christ.

Suggested by Gipsy Smith's sermon on "The Lost Christ."—Luke 2: 42.

JAMES ROWE. © H. MARSH.

Slowly. Solo or unison.


1. Someone o'er burden'd with grief and care Waited in vain that you should share
2. Some-one was lost in sin's aw-ful night, You might have guided his steps aright;
3. Far from your dwelling they seem'd to be, Far o'er the mountain and over the sea,
4. Up and be doing your vows renew, Lose not your Saviour, be watchful and true;
Part of his bur-den and part of his pray'r, 'Twas there you lost the Sav - iour.
Fail-ing to give him the heav-en - ly light, 'Twas there you lost the Sav - iour.
Yet you denied them your Christ's Calvary, 'Twas there you lost the Sav - iour.
Would you in Jesus your ev-'ry act do? 'Tis there you find the Sav - iour.
CHORUS.
'Twas there you lost the Sav - iour, So common the time and place; While
Last v. 'Tis there you find the Sav - iour, In seek-ing his will to do; Each
rit.
"Lo! it is I!" he whis-pered, You miss'd the sweet smile of his face,
deed of your life is bless - ed, If you to his spir - it are true.

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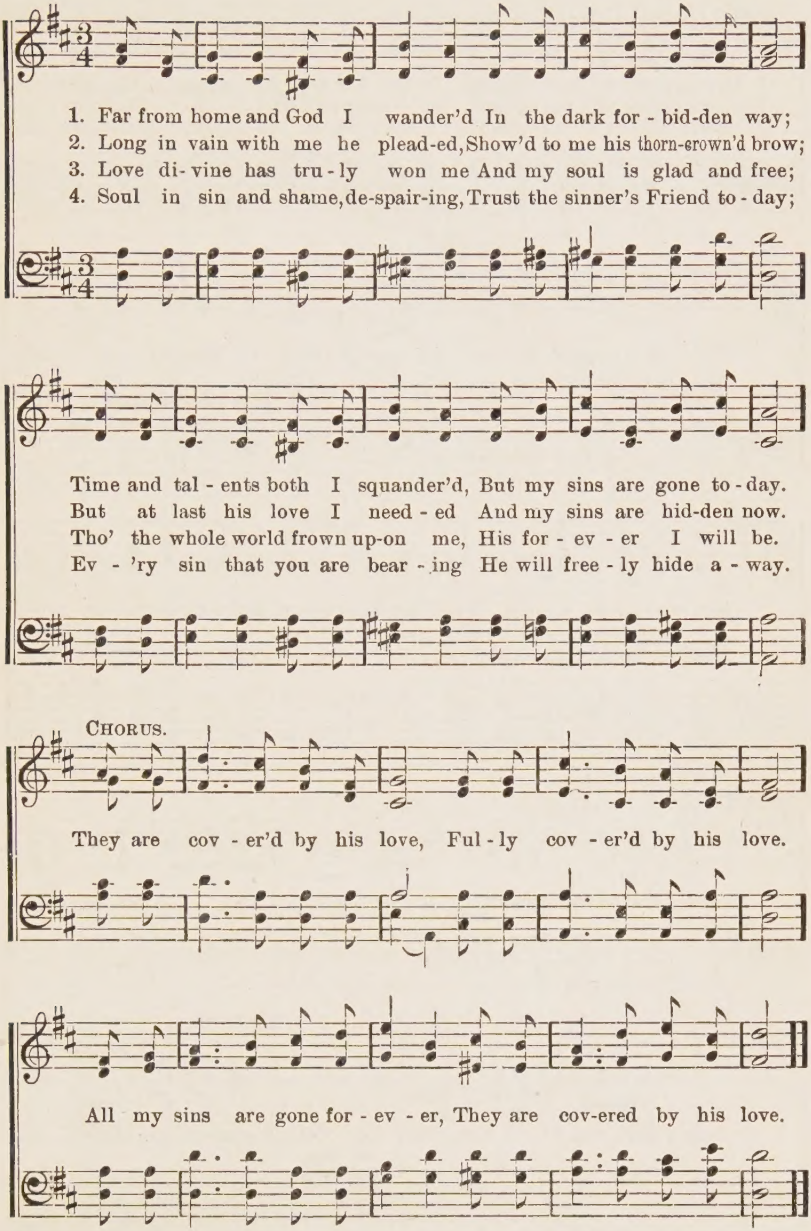
Covered By His Love.

JAMES ROWE. JEAN HOWARD.


1. Far from home and God I wander'd In the dark for - bid-den way;
2. Long in vain with me he plead-ed, Show'd to me his thorn-crown'd brow;
3. Love di- vine has tru - ly won me And my soul is glad and free;
4. Soul in sin and shame, de-spair-ing, Trust the sinner's Friend to - day;
Time and tal - ents both I squander'd, But my sins are gone to - day.
But at last his love I need - ed And my sins are hid-den now.
Tho' the whole world frown up-on me, His for - ev - er I will be.
Ev - 'ry sin that you are bear - ing He will free - ly hide a - way.
CHORUS.
They are cov - er'd by his love, Ful - ly cov - er'd by his love.
All my sins are gone for - ev - er, They are cov-ered by his love.

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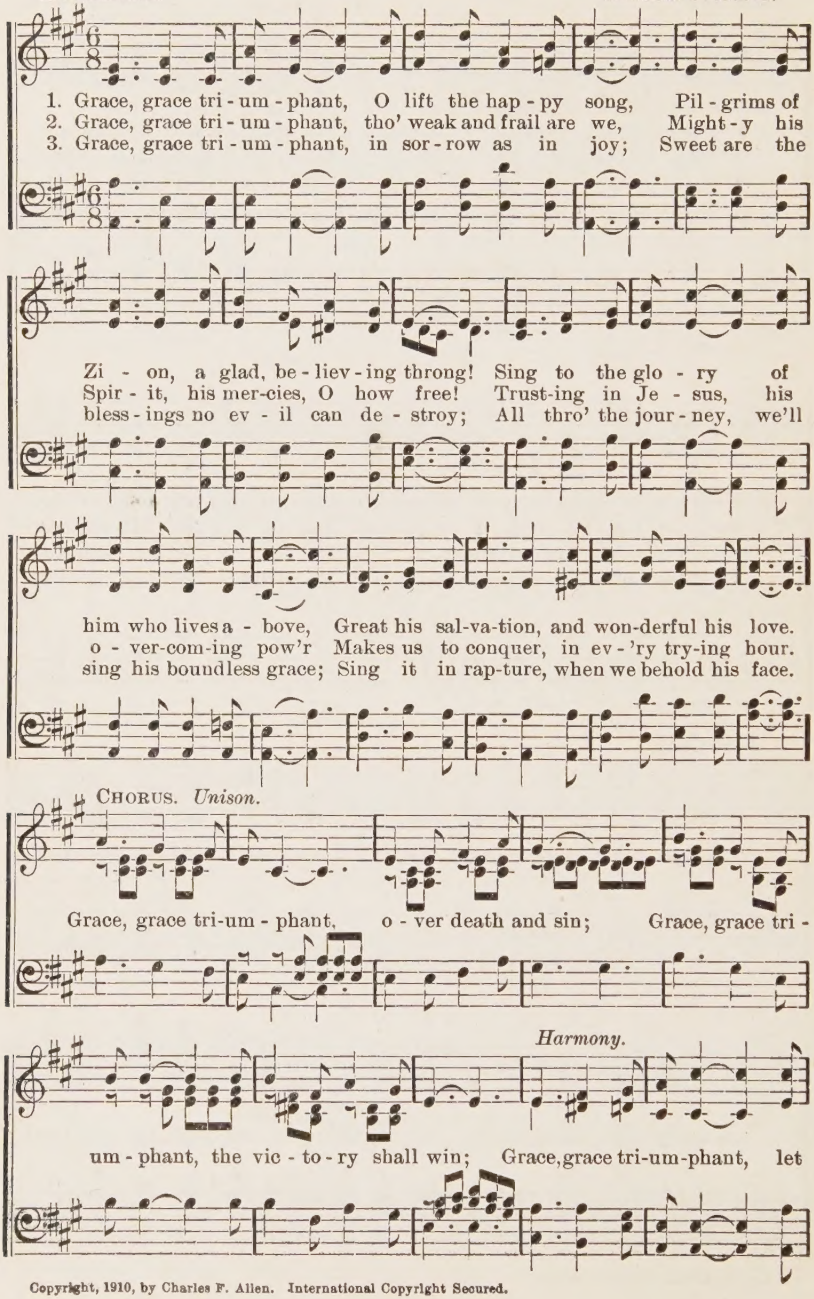
Grace Triumphant.

E. E. Hewitt. Charles F. Allen.


1. Grace, grace tri - um - phant, O lift the hap - py song, Pil - grims of
2. Grace, grace tri - um - phant, tho' weak and frail are we, Might - y his
3. Grace, grace tri - um - phant, in sor - row as in joy; Sweet are the
Zi - on, a glad, be - liev - ing throng! Sing to the glo - ry of
Spir - it, his mer-cies, O how free! Trust-ing in Je - sus, his
bless - ings no ev - il can de - stroy; All thro' the jour - ney, we'll
him who lives a - bove, Great his sal-va-tion, and won-derful his love.
o - ver-com-ing pow'r Makes us to conquer, in ev - 'ry try-ing hour.
sing his boundless grace; Sing it in rap-ture, when we behold his face.
Chorus. Unison.
Grace, grace tri-um - phant, o - ver death and sin; Grace, grace tri -
Harmony.
um - phant, the vic - to - ry shall win; Grace, grace tri-um-phant, let

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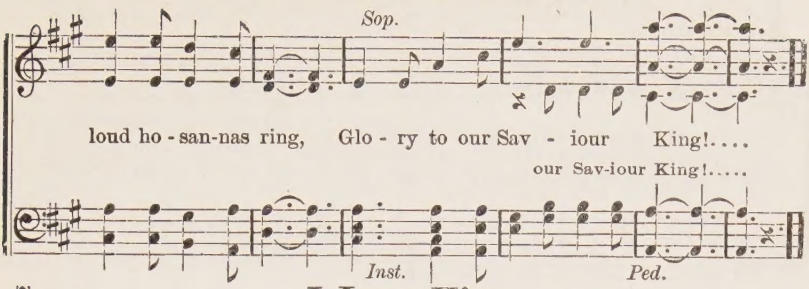
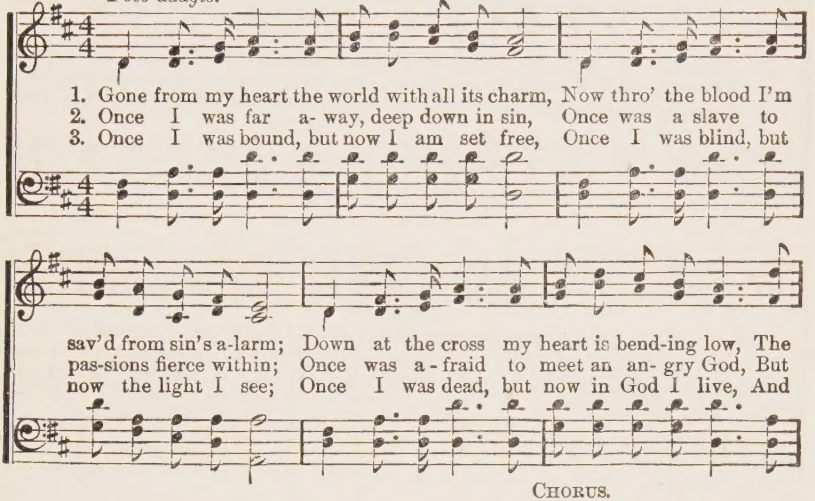


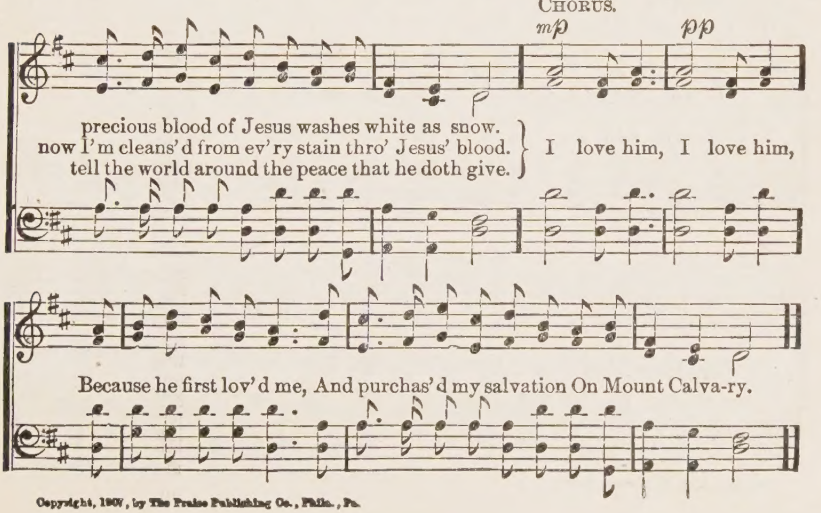
7

I Love Him.

C. F. O. S. C. Foster. Arr. by A. S. M.

Poco adagio.


1. Gone from my heart the world with all its charm, Now thro' the blood I'm
2. Once I was far a- way, deep down in sin, Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free, Once I was blind, but
sav'd from sin's a-larm; Down at the cross my heart is bend-ing low, The
pas-sions fierce within; Once was a - fraid to meet an an- gry God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in God I live, And


Chorus.
mp
pp
precious blood of Jesus washes white as snow.
now I'm cleans'd from ev'ry stain thro' Jesus' blood.
tell the world around the peace that he doth give.
I love him, I love him,
Because he first lov'd me, And purchas'd my salvation On Mount Calva-ry.

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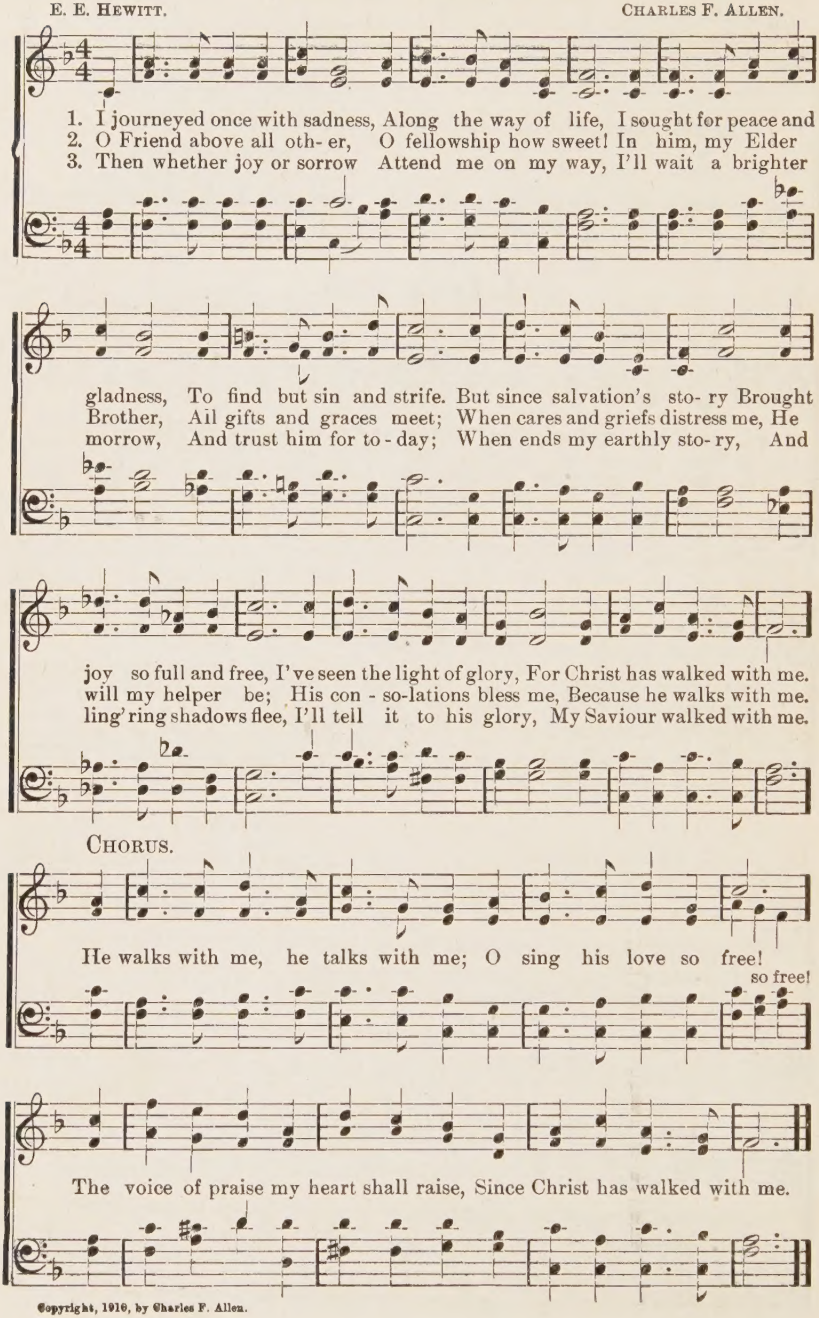
8 Christ Has Walked With Me.

E. E. HEWITT. CHARLES F. ALLEN.

1. I journeyed once with sadness, Along the way of life, I sought for peace and
gladness, To find but sin and strife. But since salvation's sto- ry Brought
joy so full and free, I've seen the light of glory, For Christ has walked with me.
2. O Friend above all oth- er, O fellowship how sweet! In him, my Elder
Brother, All gifts and graces meet; When cares and griefs distress me, He
will my helper be; His con - so-lations bless me, Because he walks with me.
3. Then whether joy or sorrow Attend me on my way, I'll wait a brighter
morrow, And trust him for to - day; When ends my earthly sto- ry, And
ling'ring shadows flee, I'll tell it to his glory, My Saviour walked with me.
CHORUS.
He walks with me, he talks with me; O sing his love so free!
so free!
The voice of praise my heart shall raise, Since Christ has walked with me.

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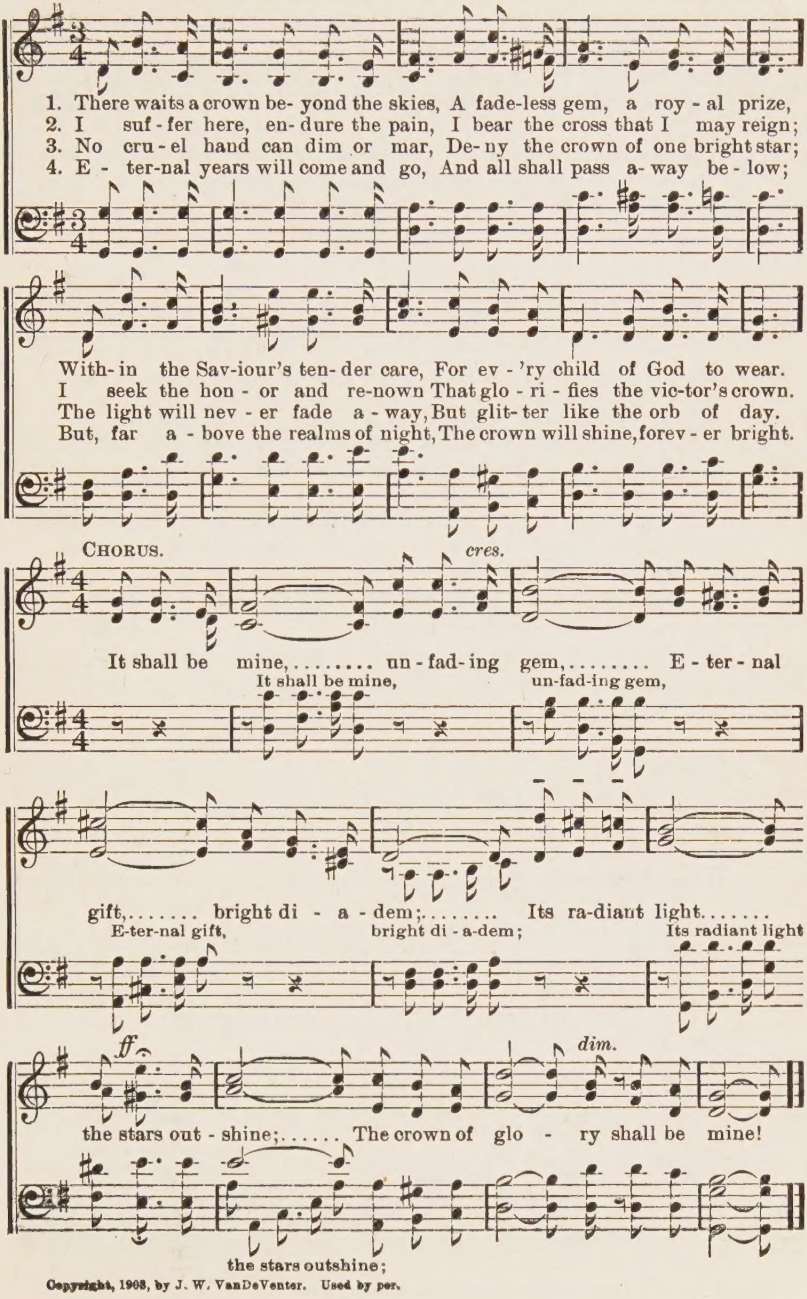
It Shall Be Mine.

J. W. V. (Dedicated to Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D.D.) J. W. VanDeVenter.

1. There waits a crown be- yond the skies, A fade-less gem, a roy - al prize,
2. I suf - fer here, en- dure the pain, I bear the cross that I may reign;
3. No cru - el hand can dim or mar, De- ny the crown of one bright star;
4. E - ter-nal years will come and go, And all shall pass a- way be - low;
With- in the Sav-iour's ten- der care, For ev - 'ry child of God to wear.
I seek the hon - or and re-nown That glo - ri - fies the vic-tor's crown.
The light will nev - er fade a - way, But glit- ter like the orb of day.
But, far a - bove the realms of night, The crown will shine, forev - er bright.
Chorus.
cres.
It shall be mine, ... un - fad- ing gem, ... E - ter - nal
It shall be mine,
un-fad-ing gem,
gift, ... bright di - a - dem; ..... Its ra-diant light.....
E-ter-nal gift,
bright di - a-dem;
Its radiant light
ff
dim.
the stars out - shine; ..... The crown of glo - ry shall be mine!
the stars outshine;

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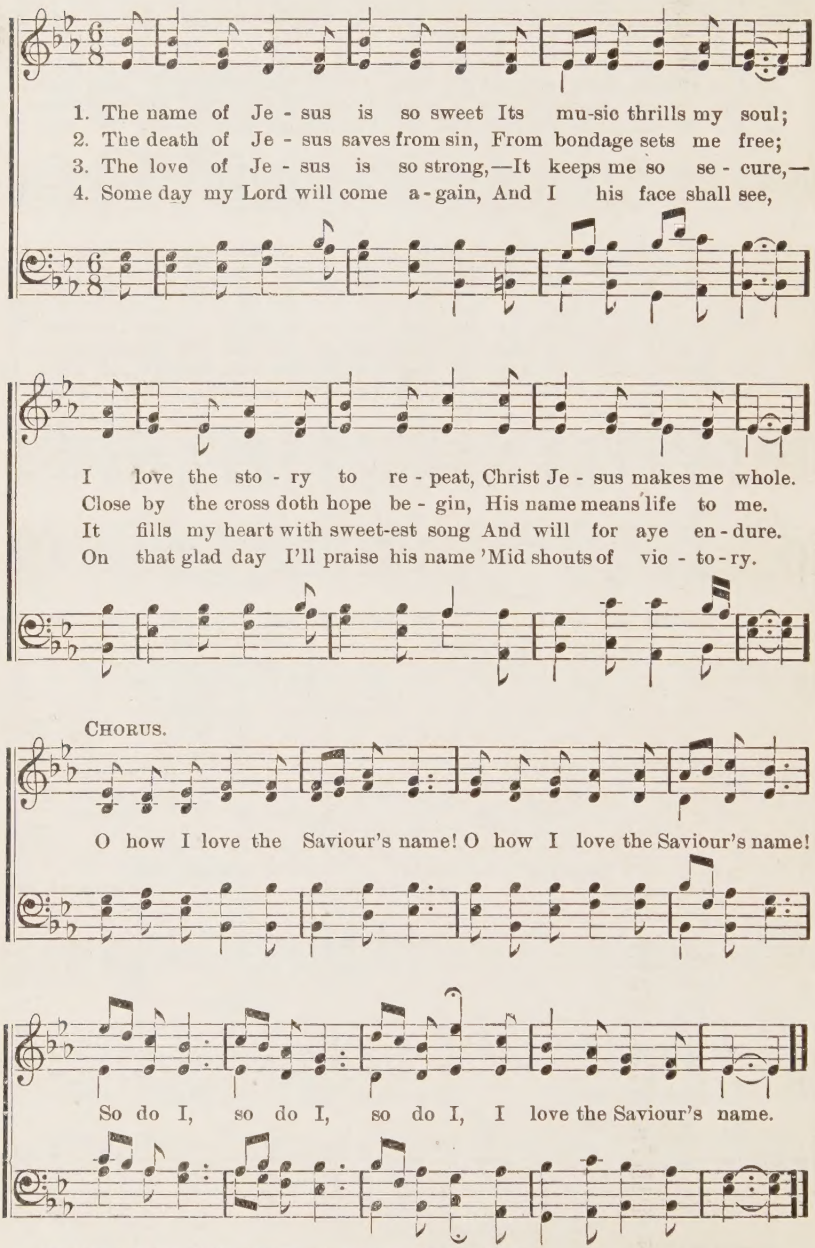
I Love the Saviour's Name.

DR. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN. Arr. by C. H. MARSH.

1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet Its mu-sic thrills my soul;
2. The death of Je - sus saves from sin, From bondage sets me free;
3. The love of Je - sus is so strong,—It keeps me so se - cure,—
4. Some day my Lord will come a - gain, And I his face shall see,
I love the sto - ry to re - peat, Christ Je - sus makes me whole.
Close by the cross doth hope be - gin, His name means life to me.
It fills my heart with sweet-est song And will for aye en - dure.
On that glad day I'll praise his name 'Mid shouts of vic - to - ry.
CHORUS.
O how I love the Saviour's name! O how I love the Saviour's name!
So do I, so do I, so do I, I love the Saviour's name.

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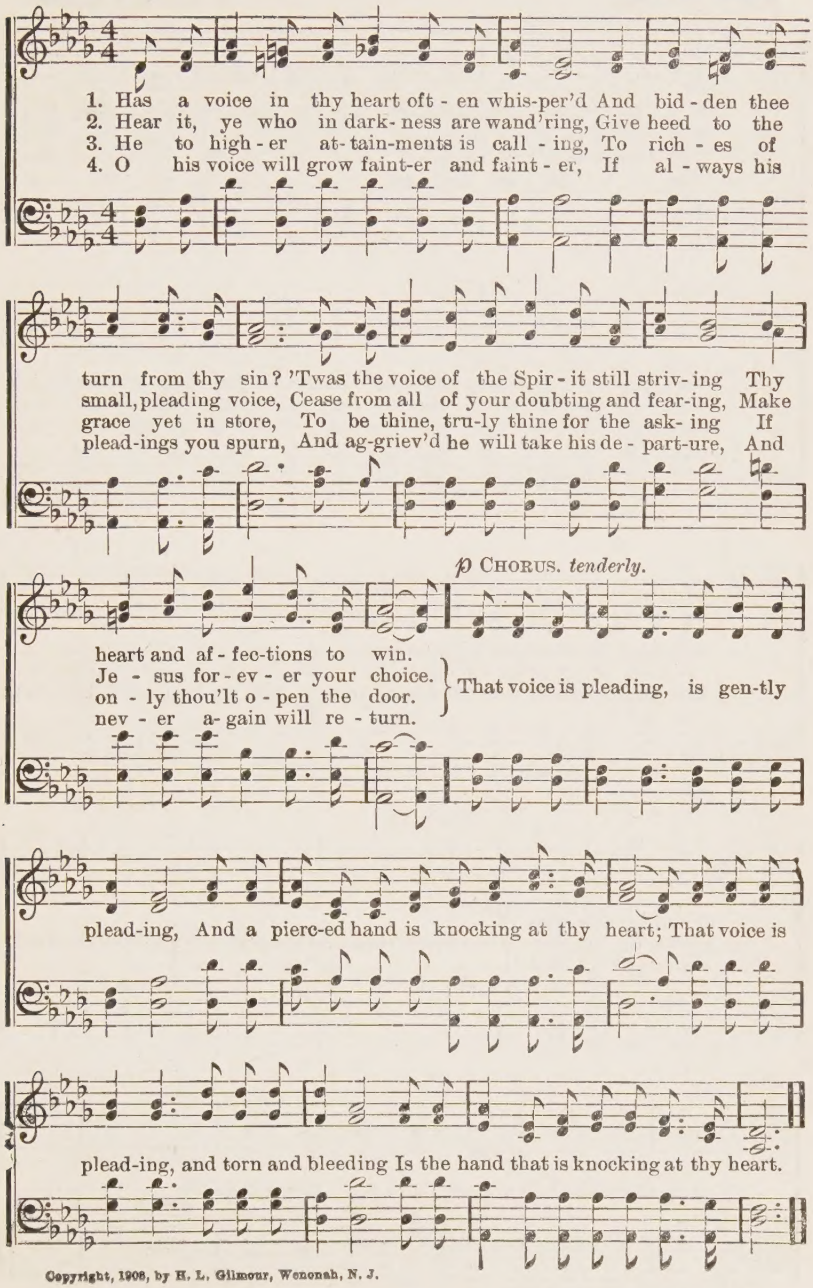
The Pleading Voice.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.


1. Has a voice in thy heart oft - en whis-per'd And bid - den thee
2. Hear it, ye who in dark - ness are wand'ring, Give heed to the
3. He to high - er at - tain-ments is call - ing, To rich - es of
4. O his voice will grow faint-er and faint - er, If al - ways his
turn from thy sin? 'Twas the voice of the Spir - it still striv - ing Thy
small, pleading voice, Cease from all of your doubting and fear-ing, Make
grace yet in store, To be thine, tru-ly thine for the ask- ing If
plead-ings you spurn, And ag-griev'd he will take his de - part-ure, And
p CHORUS. tenderly.
heart and af - fec-tions to win.
Je - sus for - ev - er your choice.
on - ly thou'lt o - pen the door.
nev - er a- gain will re - turn.
That voice is pleading, is gen-tly
plead-ing, And a pierc-ed hand is knocking at thy heart; That voice is
plead-ing, and torn and bleeding Is the hand that is knocking at thy heart.

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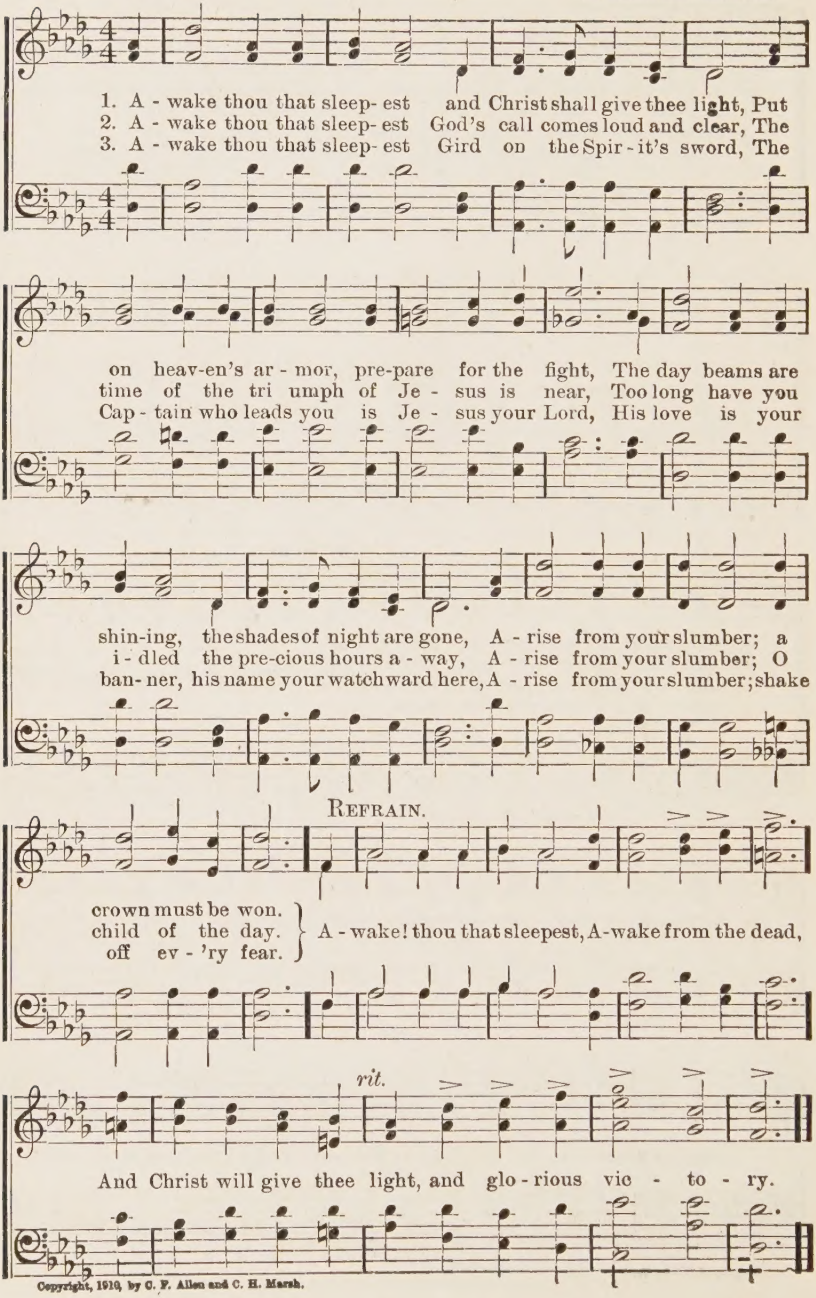
Awake! Arise.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. W. Stillman Martin.

1. A - wake thou that sleep- est and Christ shall give thee light, Put
2. A - wake thou that sleep- est God's call comes loud and clear, The
3. A - wake thou that sleep- est Gird on the Spir - it's sword, The
on heav-en's ar - mor, pre-pare for the fight, The day beams are
time of the tri umph of Je - sus is near, Too long have you
Cap - tain who leads you is Je - sus your Lord, His love is your
shin-ing, the shades of night are gone, A - rise from your slumber; a
i - dled the pre-cious hours a - way, A - rise from your slumber; O
ban- ner, his name your watchward here, A - rise from your slumber; shake
Refrain.
crown must be won.
child of the day.
off ev - 'ry fear.
A - wake! thou that sleepest, A-wake from the dead,
rit.
And Christ will give thee light, and glo - rious vic - to - ry.

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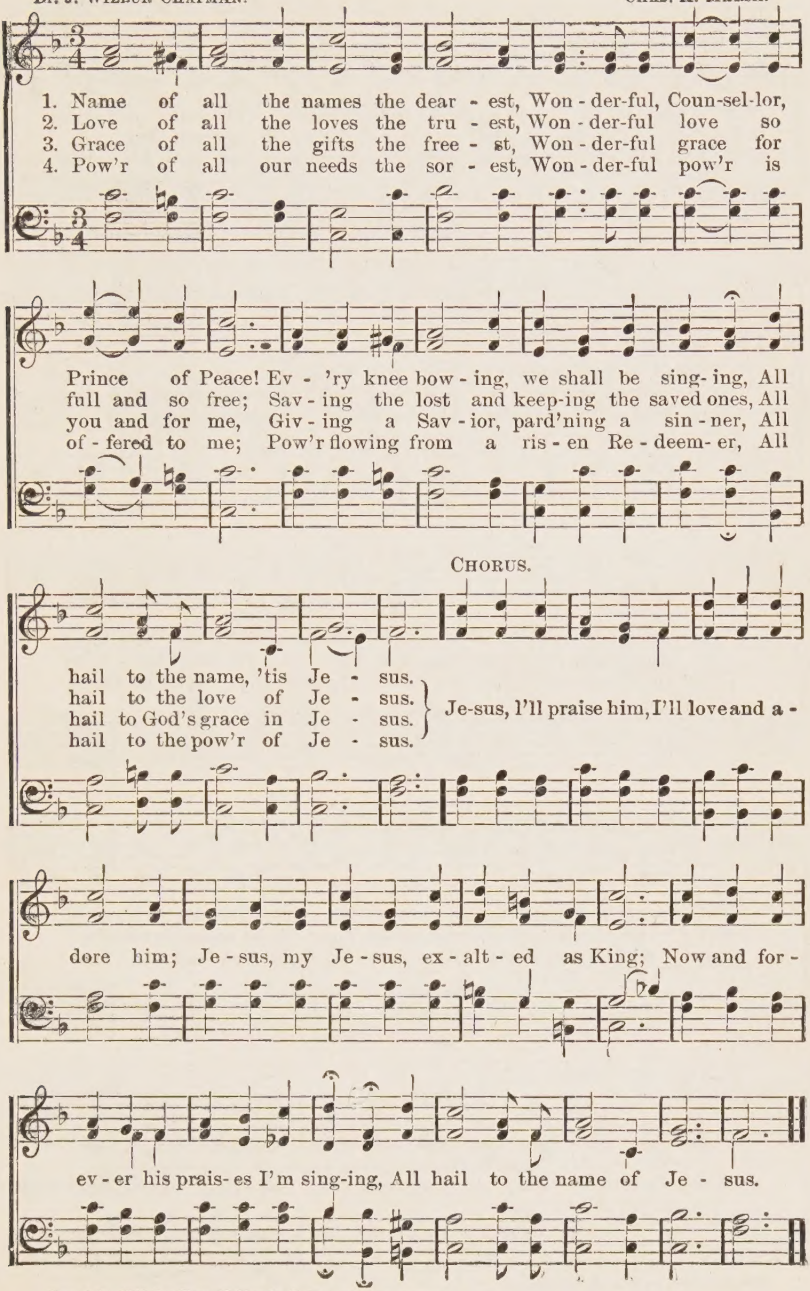
13 All Hail to the Name.

Dr. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN. CHAS. H. MARSH.

1. Name of all the names the dear - est, Won - der-ful, Coun-sel-lor,
2. Love of all the loves the tru - est, Won - der-ful love so
3. Grace of all the gifts the free - st, Won - der-ful grace for
4. Pow'r of all our needs the sor - est, Won - der-ful pow'r is
Prince of Peace! Ev - 'ry knee bow - ing, we shall be sing- ing, All
full and so free; Sav - ing the lost and keep-ing the saved ones, All
you and for me, Giv - ing a Sav - ior, pard'ning a sin - ner, All
of - fered to me; Pow'r flowing from a ris - en Re - deem- er, All
CHORUS.
hail to the name, 'tis Je - sus.
hail to the love of Je - sus.
hail to God's grace in Je - sus.
hail to the pow'r of Je - sus.
Je-sus, I'll praise him, I'll love and a -
dore him; Je - sus, my Je - sus, ex - alt - ed as King; Now and for -
ev - er his prais- es I'm sing-ing, All hail to the name of Je - sus.

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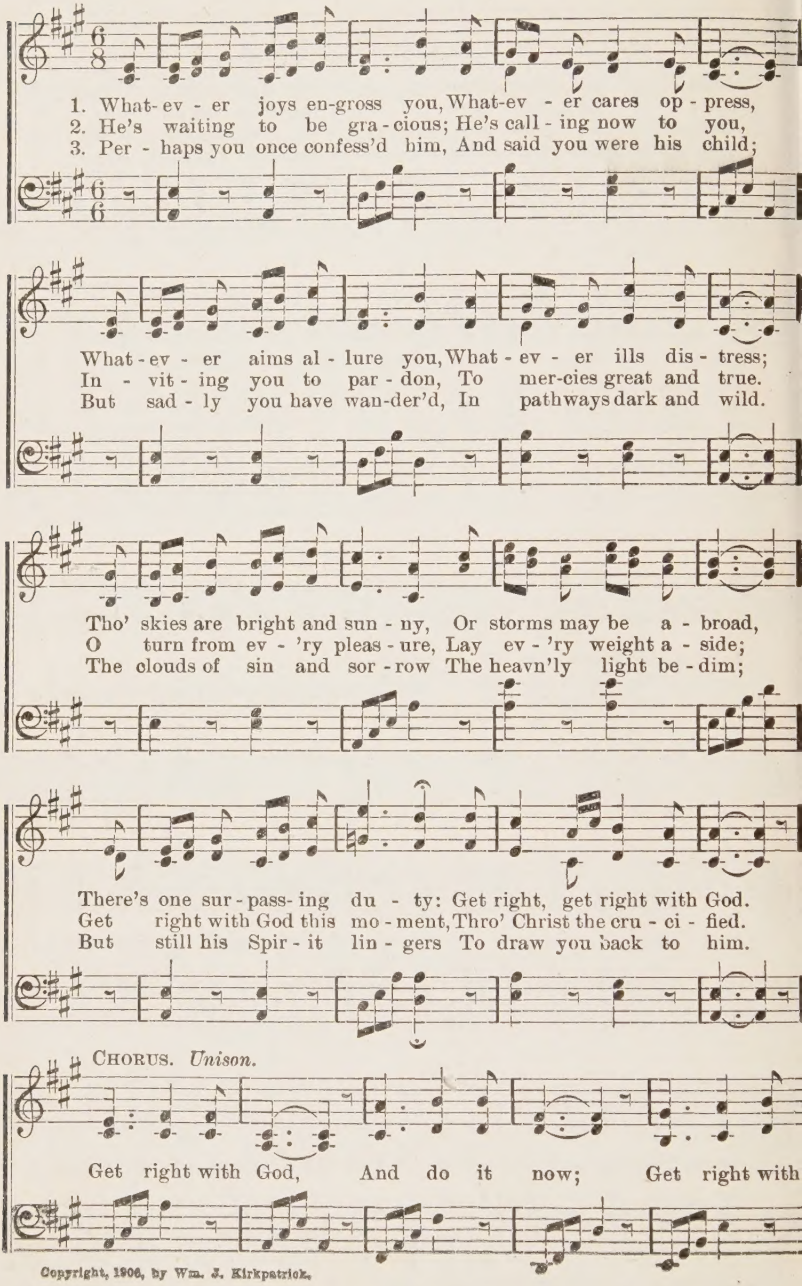
Get Right with God.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. What-ev - er joys en-gross you, What-ev - er cares op - press,
2. He's waiting to be gra - cious; He's call - ing now to you,
3. Per - haps you once confess'd him, And said you were his child;
What-ev - er aims al - lure you, What - ev - er ills dis - tress;
In - vit - ing you to par - don, To mer-cies great and true.
But sad - ly you have wan-der'd, In pathways dark and wild.
Tho' skies are bright and sun - ny, Or storms may be a - broad,
O turn from ev - 'ry pleas - ure, Lay ev - 'ry weight a - side;
The clouds of sin and sor - row The heavn'ly light be - dim;
There's one sur - pass- ing du - ty: Get right, get right with God.
Get right with God this mo - ment, Thro' Christ the cru - ci - fied.
But still his Spir - it lin - gers To draw you back to him.
CHORUS. *Unison.*
Get right with God, And do it now; Get right with

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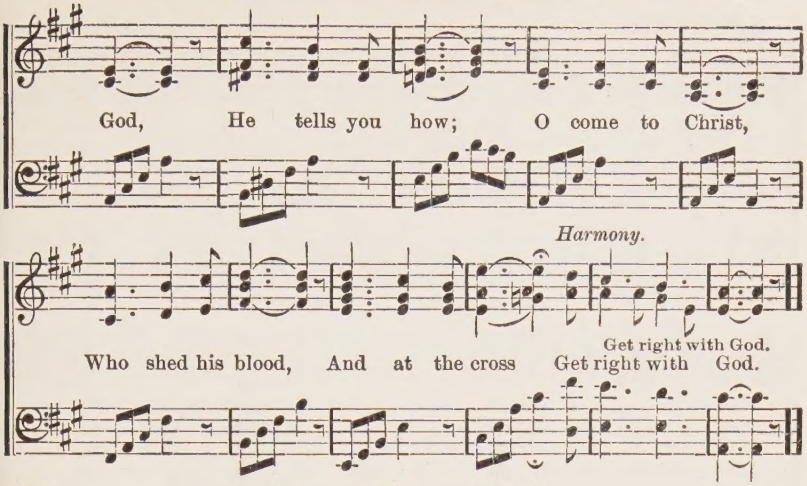
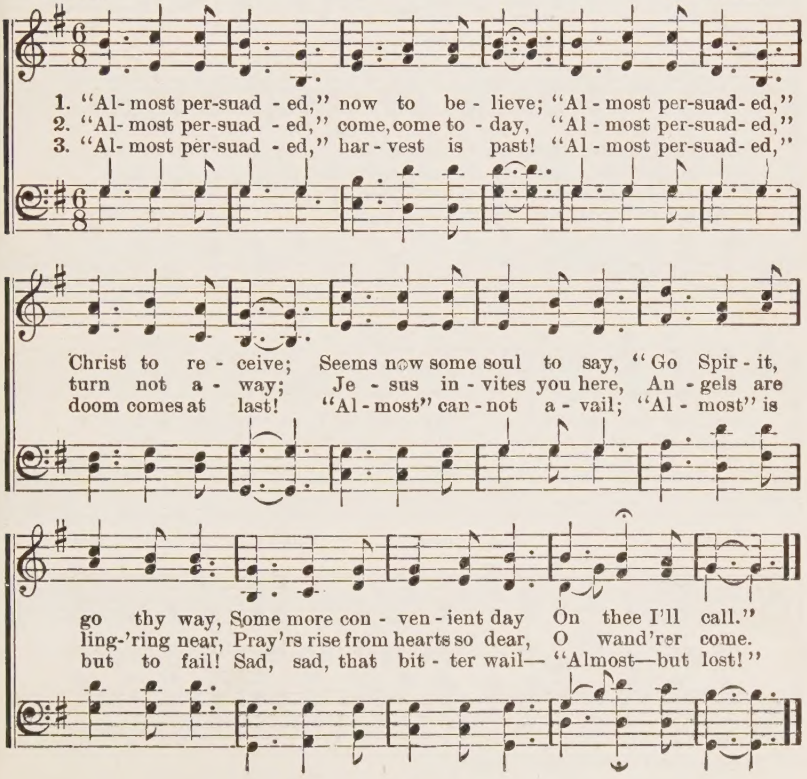
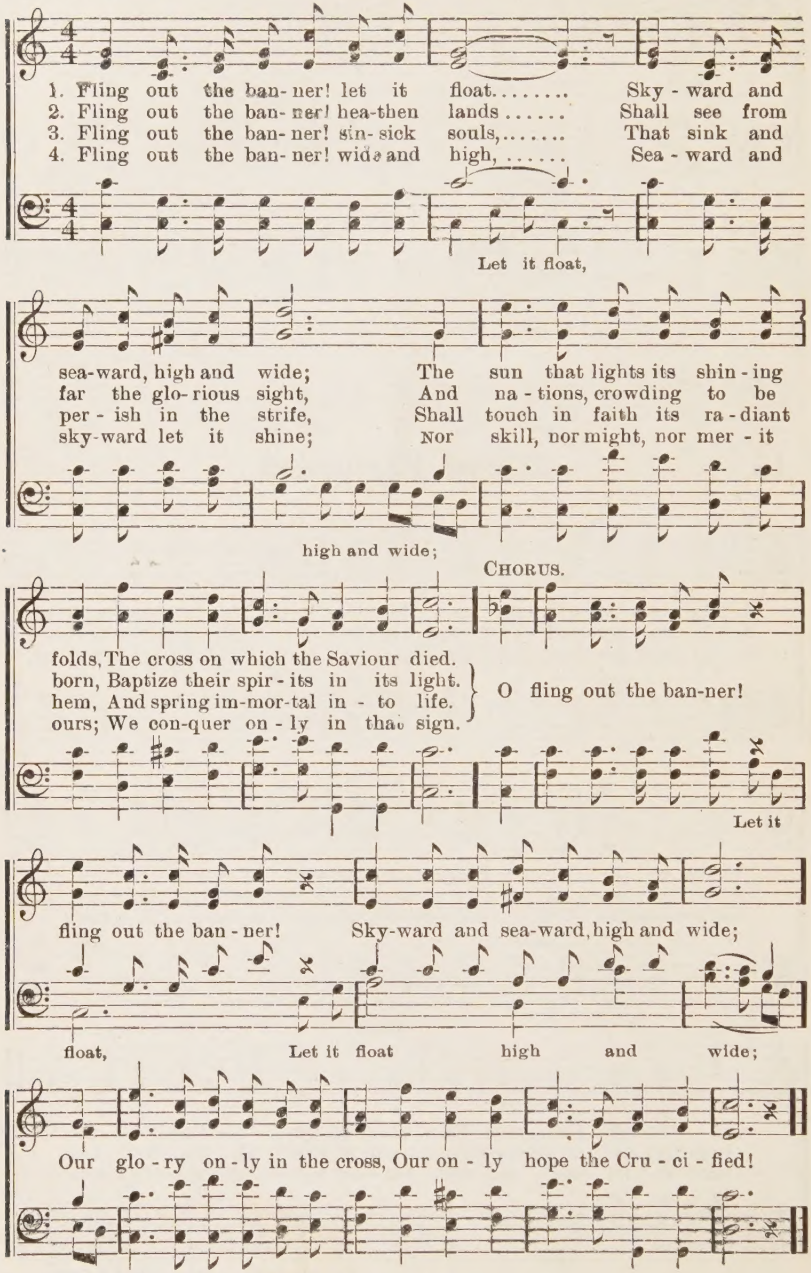


15 Almost Persuaded.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. "Al- most per-suad - ed," now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad- ed,"
2. "Al- most per-suad - ed," come, come to - day, "Al - most per-suad- ed,"
3. "Al- most per-suad - ed," har - vest is past! "Al - most per-suad- ed,"
Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is
go thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On thee I'll call."
ling-'ring near, Pray'rs rise from hearts so dear, O wand'rer come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail— "Almost—but lost!"

O Fling Out the Banner.

G. W. DOANE. J. B. HERBERT.

1. Fling out the ban-ner! let it float..... Sky-ward and
2. Fling out the ban-ner! hea-then lands..... Shall see from
3. Fling out the ban-ner! sin-sick souls,..... That sink and
4. Fling out the ban-ner! wide and high, ... Sea-ward and
Let it float,
sea-ward, high and wide; The sun that lights its shin-ing
far the glo-rious sight, And na-tions, crowding to be
per-ish in the strife, Shall touch in faith its ra-diant
sky-ward let it shine; Nor skill, nor might, nor mer-it
high and wide;
CHORUS.
folds, The cross on which the Saviour died.
born, Baptize their spir-its in its light.
hem, And spring im-mor-tal in-to life.
ours; We con-quer on-ly in that sign.
O fling out the ban-ner!
Let it
fling out the ban-ner! Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;
float, Let it float high and wide;
Our glo-ry on-ly in the cross, Our on-ly hope the Cru-ci-fied!

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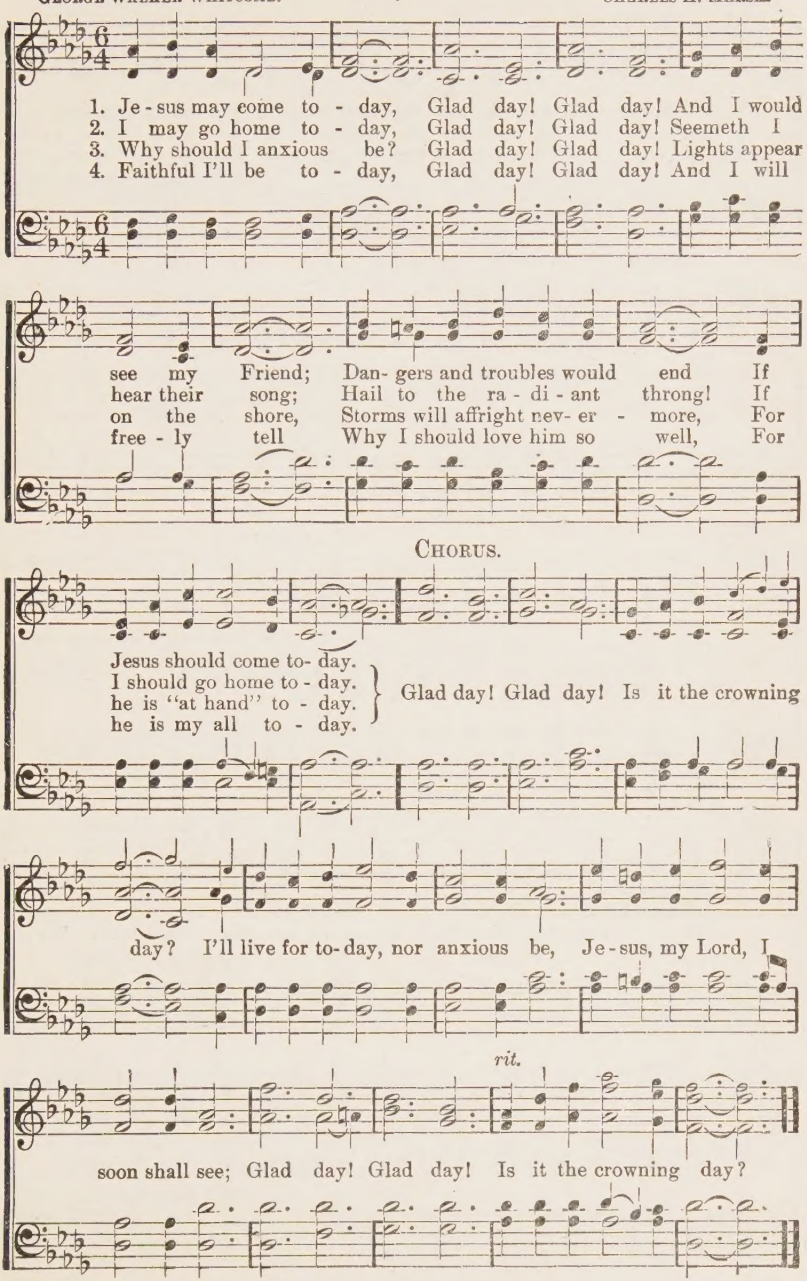
Is It the Crowning Day?

GEORGE WALKER WHITCOMB. CHARLES H. MARSH.

1. Je - sus may come to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I would see my Friend; Dan- gers and troubles would end If
2. I may go home to - day, Glad day! Glad day! Seemeth I hear their song; Hail to the ra - di - ant throng! If
3. Why should I anxious be? Glad day! Glad day! Lights appear on the shore, Storms will affright nev- er - more, For
4. Faithful I'll be to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I will free - ly tell Why I should love him so well, For
CHORUS.
Jesus should come to- day.
I should go home to - day.
he is "at hand" to - day.
he is my all to - day.
Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crowning day? I'll live for to-day, nor anxious be, Je - sus, my Lord, I
rit.
soon shall see; Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crowning day?

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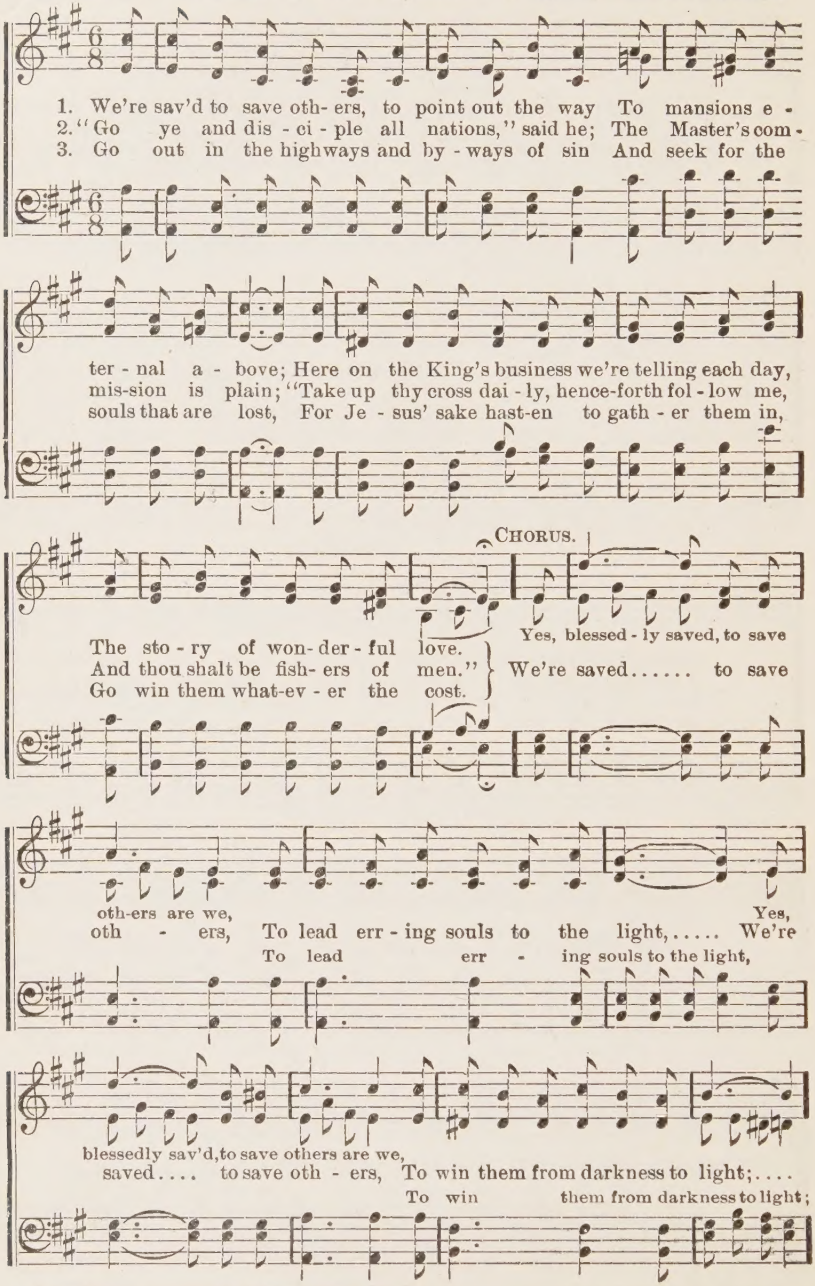
Saved to Save Others.

MRS. C. H. M. (Dedicated by the author to Arthur S. Magann.) MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. We're sav'd to save oth- ers, to point out the way To mansions e -
2. "Go ye and dis - ci - ple all nations," said he; The Master's com -
3. Go out in the highways and by - ways of sin And seek for the
ter - nal a - bove; Here on the King's business we're telling each day,
mis-sion is plain; "Take up thy cross dai - ly, hence-forth fol - low me,
souls that are lost, For Je - sus' sake hast-en to gath - er them in,
CHORUS.
Yes, blessed - ly saved, to save
The sto - ry of won- der - ful love.
And thou shalt be fish- ers of men."
Go win them what-ev - er the cost.
We're saved..... to save
oth-ers are we,
Yes,
oth - ers, To lead err - ing souls to the light,..... We're
To lead err - ing souls to the light,
blessedly sav'd, to save others are we,
saved.... to save oth - ers, To win them from darkness to light;....
To win them from darkness to light;

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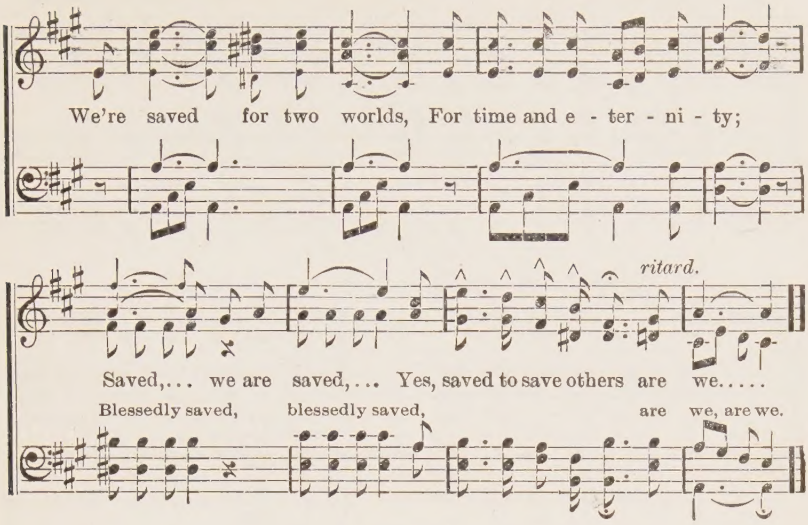
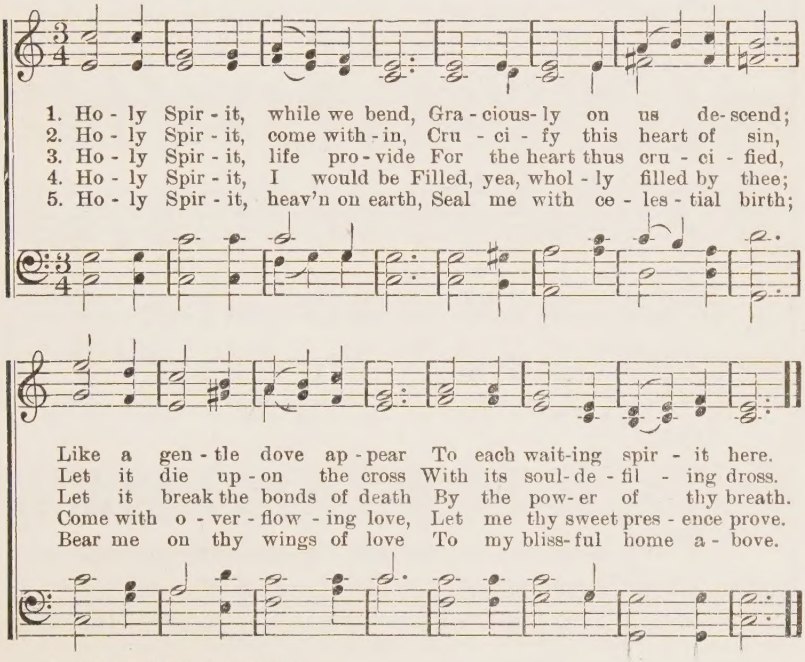
Saved to Save Others.—Concluded.


We're saved for two worlds, For time and e - ter - ni - ty;
ritard.
Saved,... we are saved,... Yes, saved to save others are we.....
Blessedly saved, blessedly saved, are we, are we.

19 A Prayer.

REV. G. W. CROFTS. JOHN P. HILLIS.


1. Ho - ly Spir - it, while we bend, Gra - cious- ly on us de- scend;
2. Ho - ly Spir - it, come with - in, Cru - ci - fy this heart of sin,
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, life pro - vide For the heart thus cru - ci - fied,
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, I would be Filled, yea, whol - ly filled by thee;
5. Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n on earth, Seal me with ce - les - tial birth;
Like a gen - tle dove ap - pear To each wait-ing spir - it here.
Let it die up - on the cross With its soul- de - fil - ing dross.
Let it break the bonds of death By the pow- er of thy breath.
Come with o - ver - flow - ing love, Let me thy sweet pres - ence prove.
Bear me on thy wings of love To my bliss- ful home a - bove.

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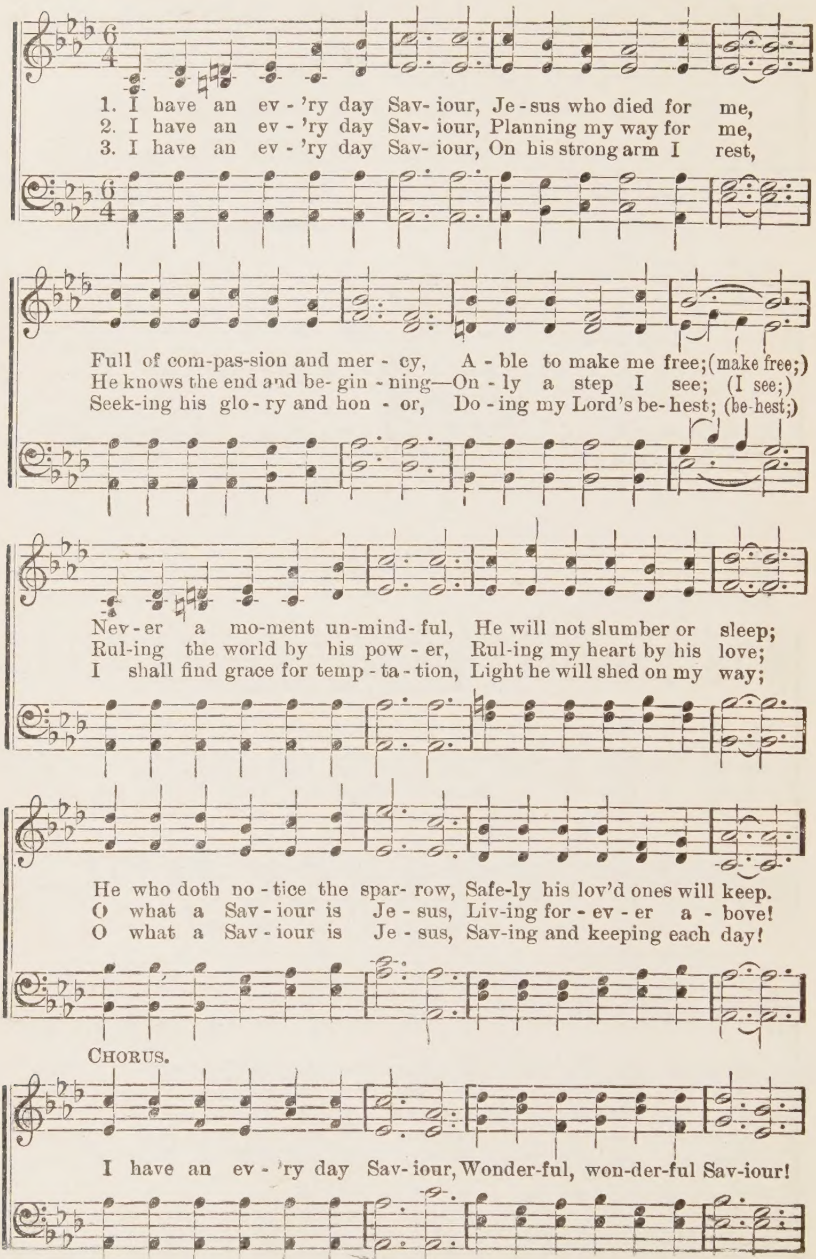
20 I Have an Every Day Saviour.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. I have an ev - 'ry day Sav- iour, Je - sus who died for me,
2. I have an ev - 'ry day Sav- iour, Planning my way for me,
3. I have an ev - 'ry day Sav- iour, On his strong arm I rest,
Full of com-pas-sion and mer - cy, A - ble to make me free;(make free;)
He knows the end and be- gin - ning—On - ly a step I see; (I see;)
Seek-ing his glo - ry and hon - or, Do - ing my Lord's be- hest; (be-hest;)
Nev - er a mo-ment un-mind- ful, He will not slumber or sleep;
Rul-ing the world by his pow - er, Rul-ing my heart by his love;
I shall find grace for temp - ta - tion, Light he will shed on my way;
He who doth no - tice the spar- row, Safe-ly his lov'd ones will keep.
O what a Sav - iour is Je - sus, Liv-ing for - ev - er a - bove!
O what a Sav - iour is Je - sus, Sav-ing and keeping each day!
CHORUS.
I have an ev - 'ry day Sav- iour, Wonder-ful, won-der-ful Sav-iour!

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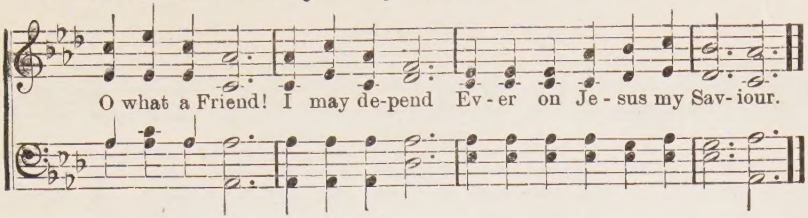
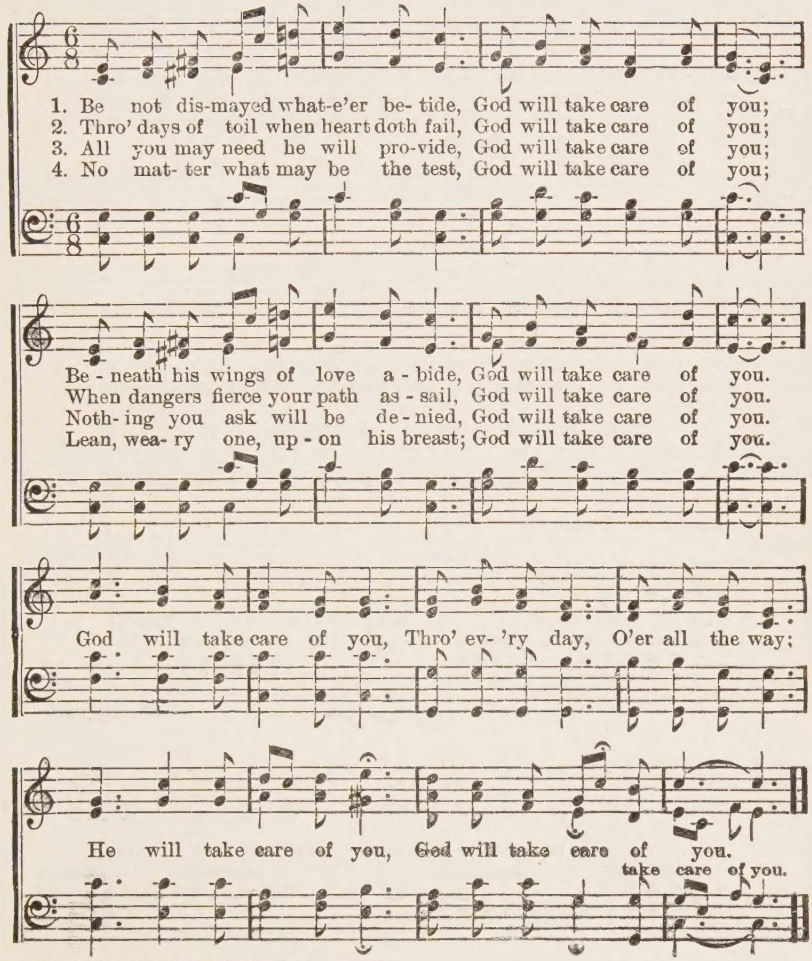
I Have an Every Day Saviour.—Concluded.



21 God Will Take Care of You.

MRS C. D. MARTIN. Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis. W. S. MARTIN.

1. Be not dis-mayed what-e'er be-tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need he will pro-vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;
Be-neath his wings of love a-bide, God will take care of you.
When dangers fierce your path as-sail, God will take care of you.
Noth-ing you ask will be de-nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wea-ry one, up-on his breast; God will take care of you.
God will take care of you, Thro' ev-'ry day, O'er all the way;
He will take care of you, God will take care of you.
take care of you.

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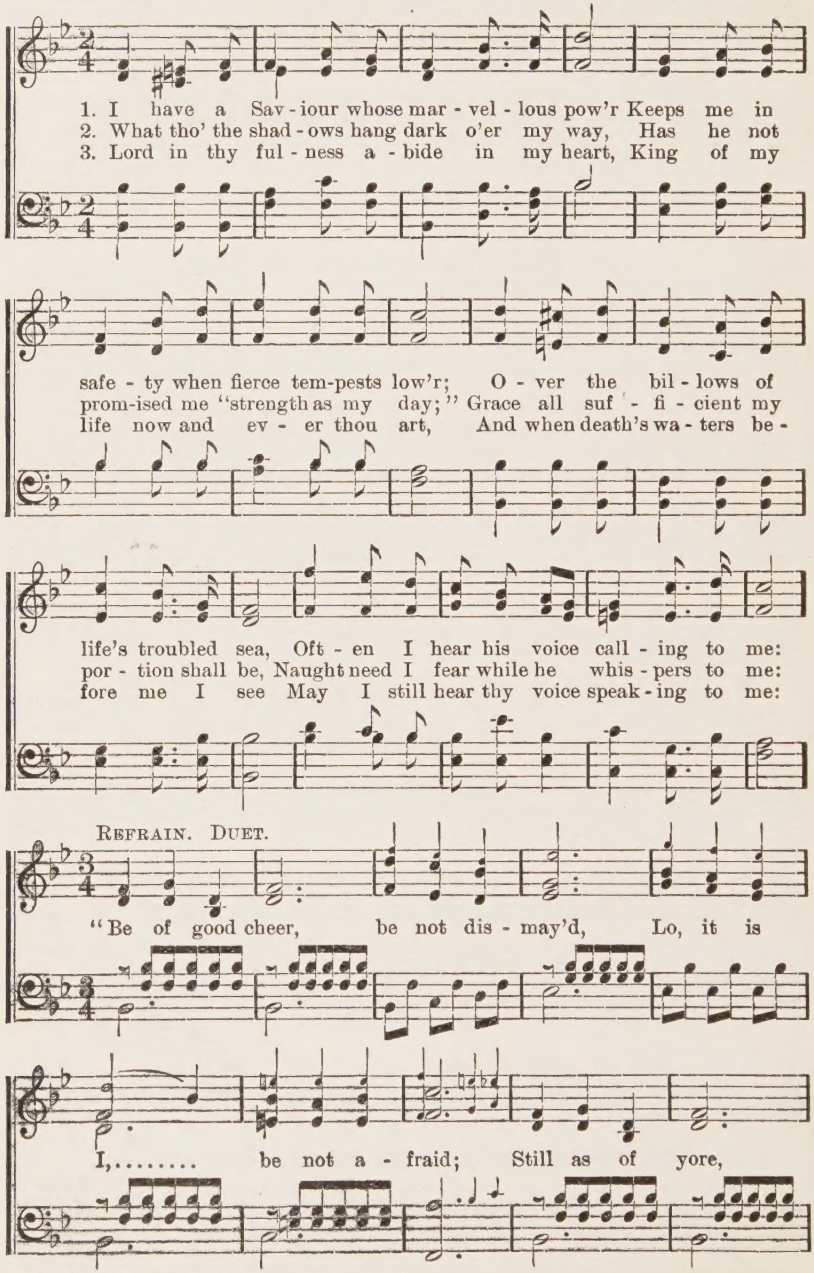
"Lo, It Is I."

MRS. C. H. M. Matt. 14: 27. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.


1. I have a Sav - iour whose mar - vel - lous pow'r Keeps me in
2. What tho' the shad - ows hang dark o'er my way, Has he not
3. Lord in thy ful - ness a - bide in my heart, King of my
safe - ty when fierce tem-pests low'r; O - ver the bil - lows of
prom-ised me "strength as my day;" Grace all suf - fi - cient my
life now and ev - er thou art, And when death's wa - ters be -
life's troubled sea, Oft - en I hear his voice call - ing to me:
por - tion shall be, Naught need I fear while he whis - pers to me:
fore me I see May I still hear thy voice speak - ing to me:
REFRAIN. DUET.
"Be of good cheer, be not dis - may'd, Lo, it is
I,..... be not a - fraid; Still as of yore,

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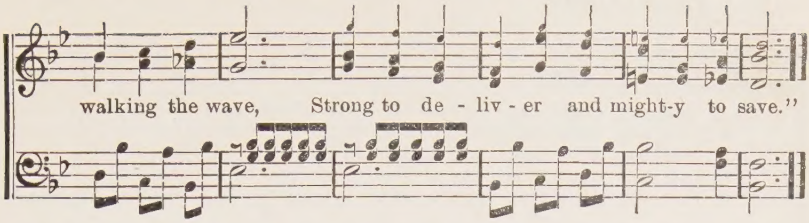
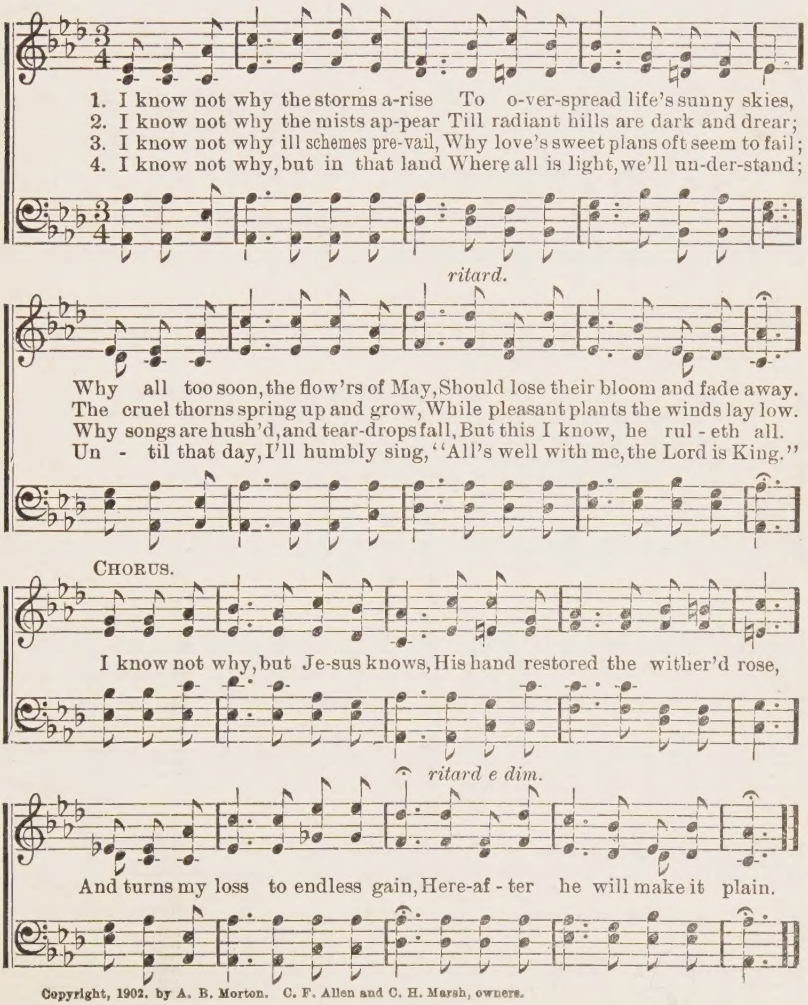
"Lo, It Is I."—Concluded.



23 I Know Not Why.

E. E. Hewitt. A. B. Morton.

1. I know not why the storms a-rise To o-ver-spread life's sunny skies,
2. I know not why the mists ap-pear Till radiant hills are dark and drear;
3. I know not why ill schemes pre-vail, Why love's sweet plans oft seem to fail;
4. I know not why, but in that land Where all is light, we'll un-der-stand;
ritard.
Why all too soon, the flow'rs of May, Should lose their bloom and fade away.
The cruel thorns spring up and grow, While pleasant plants the winds lay low.
Why songs are hush'd, and tear-drops fall, But this I know, he rul - eth all.
Un - til that day, I'll humbly sing, "All's well with me, the Lord is King."
Chorus.
I know not why, but Je-sus knows, His hand restored the wither'd rose,
ritard e dim.
And turns my loss to endless gain, Here-af - ter he will make it plain.

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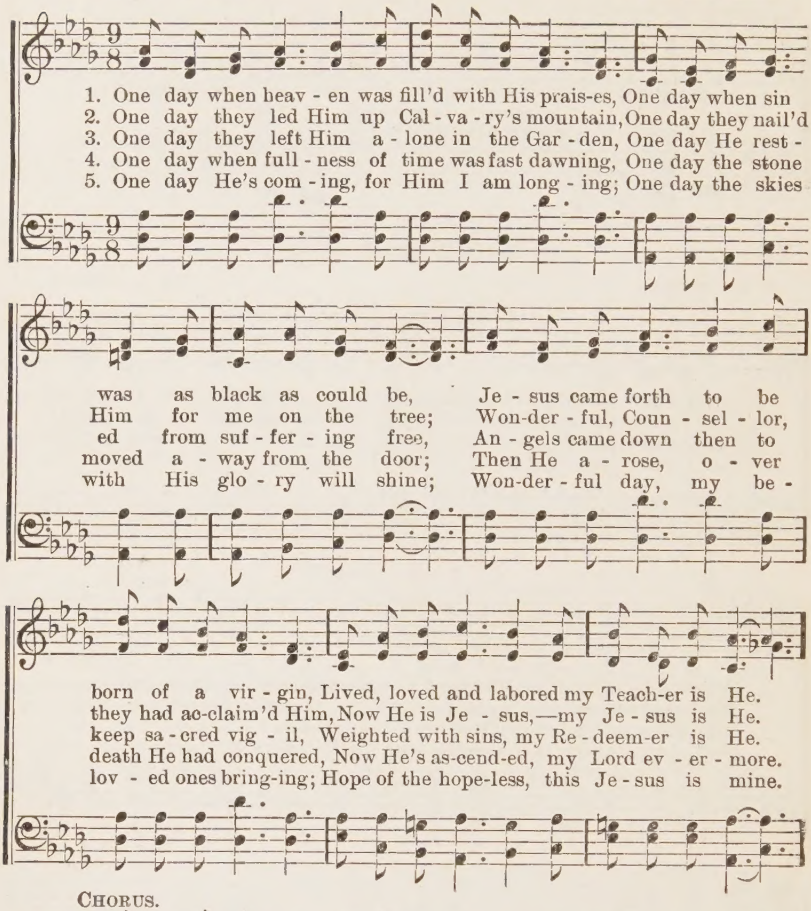
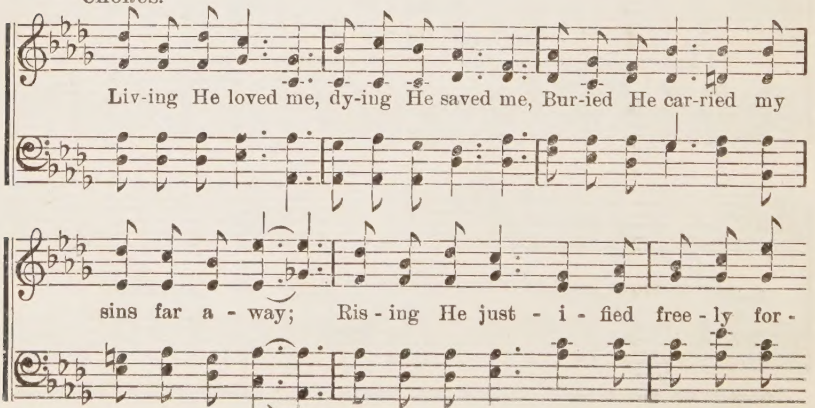
One Day.

DR. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN. CHAS. H. MARSH.

1. One day when heav - en was fill'd with His prais-es, One day when sin was as black as could be, Je - sus came forth to be born of a vir - gin, Lived, loved and labored my Teach-er is He.
2. One day they led Him up Cal - va - ry's mountain, One day they nail'd Him for me on the tree; Won-der - ful, Coun - sel - lor, they had ac-claim'd Him, Now He is Je - sus,—my Je - sus is He.
3. One day they left Him a - lone in the Gar - den, One day He rest - ed from suf - fer - ing free, An - gels came down then to keep sa - cred vig - il, Weighted with sins, my Re - deem-er is He.
4. One day when full - ness of time was fast dawning, One day the stone moved a - way from the door; Then He a - rose, o - ver death He had conquered, Now He's as-cend-ed, my Lord ev - er - more.
5. One day He's com - ing, for Him I am long - ing; One day the skies with His glo - ry will shine; Won-der - ful day, my be - lov - ed ones bring-ing; Hope of the hope-less, this Je - sus is mine.

CHORUS.



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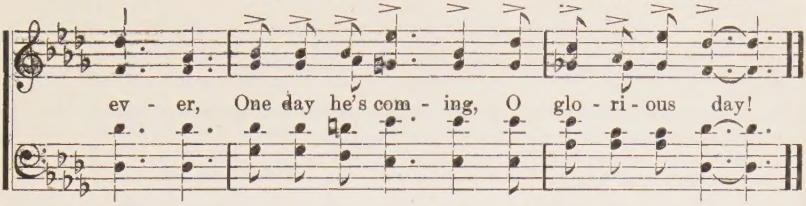
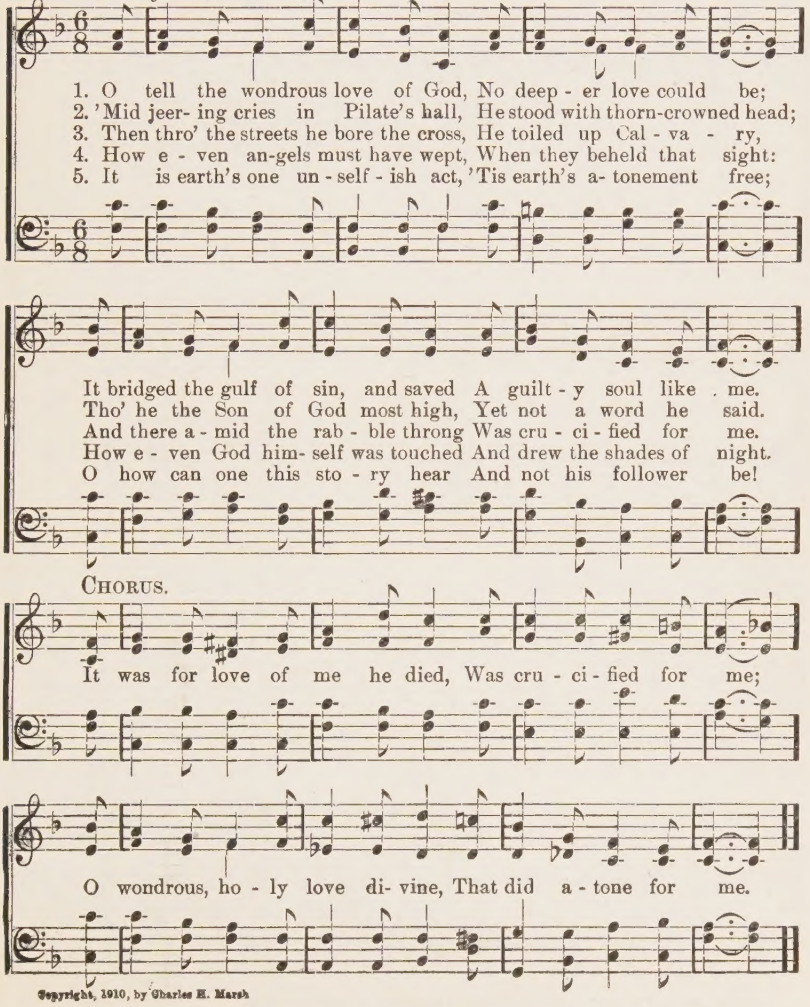
One Day.—Concluded.



25 Calvary.

J. H. *Slowly.* JEAN HOWARD.

1. O tell the wondrous love of God, No deep - er love could be;
2. 'Mid jeer- ing cries in Pilate's hall, He stood with thorn-crowned head;
3. Then thro' the streets he bore the cross, He toiled up Cal - va - ry,
4. How e - ven an-gels must have wept, When they beheld that sight:
5. It is earth's one un - self - ish act, 'Tis earth's a- tonement free;
It bridged the gulf of sin, and saved A guilt - y soul like me.
Tho' he the Son of God most high, Yet not a word he said.
And there a - mid the rab - ble throng Was cru - ci - fied for me.
How e - ven God him- self was touched And drew the shades of night.
O how can one this sto - ry hear And not his follower be!
CHORUS.
It was for love of me he died, Was cru - ci - fied for me;
O wondrous, ho - ly love di- vine, That did a - tone for me.

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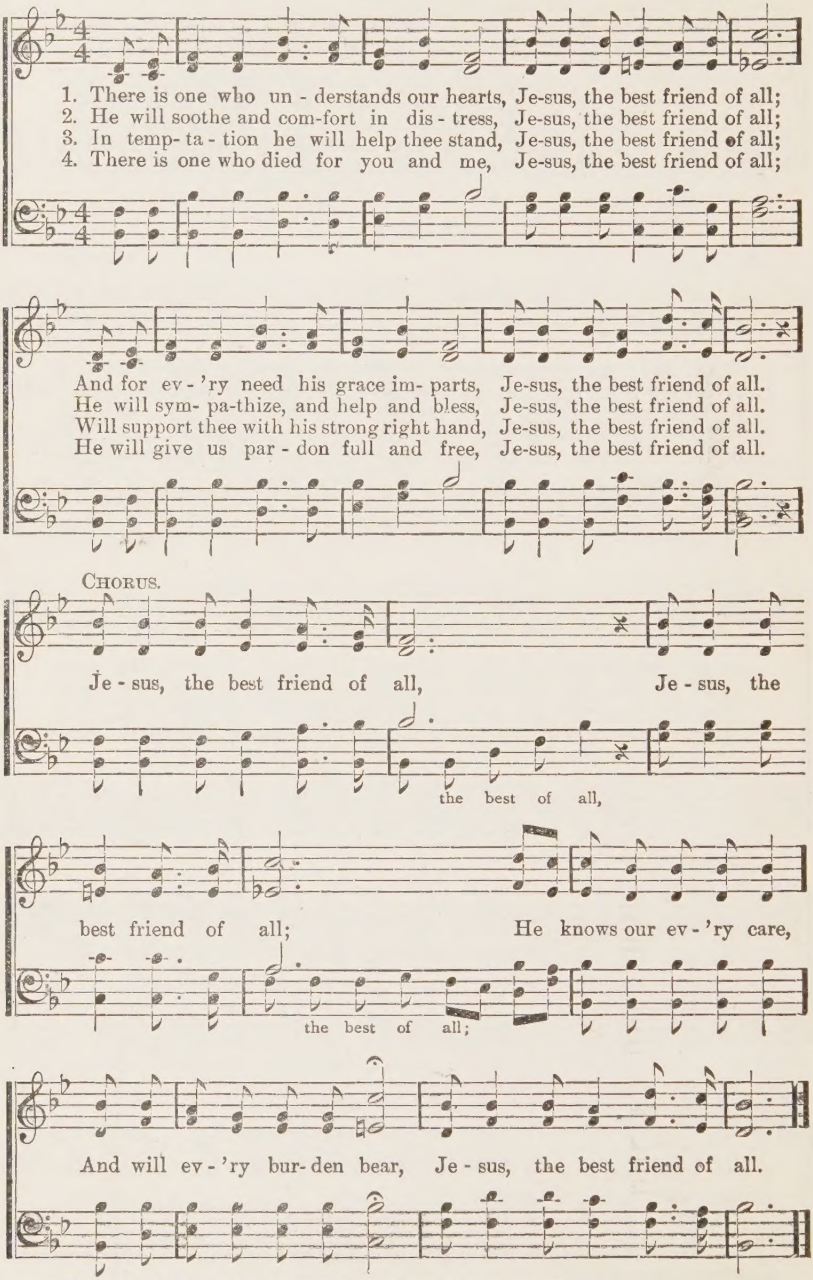
26 Jesus, the Best Friend of All.

H. G. S. H. G. SMYTH.

1. There is one who un - derstands our hearts, Je-sus, the best friend of all;
2. He will soothe and com-fort in dis - tress, Je-sus, the best friend of all;
3. In temp- ta - tion he will help thee stand, Je-sus, the best friend of all;
4. There is one who died for you and me, Je-sus, the best friend of all;
And for ev - 'ry need his grace im- parts, Je-sus, the best friend of all.
He will sym- pa-thize, and help and bless, Je-sus, the best friend of all.
Will support thee with his strong right hand, Je-sus, the best friend of all.
He will give us par - don full and free, Je-sus, the best friend of all.
CHORUS.
Je - sus, the best friend of all, Je - sus, the
the best of all,
best friend of all; He knows our ev - 'ry care,
the best of all;
And will ev - 'ry bur- den bear, Je - sus, the best friend of all.

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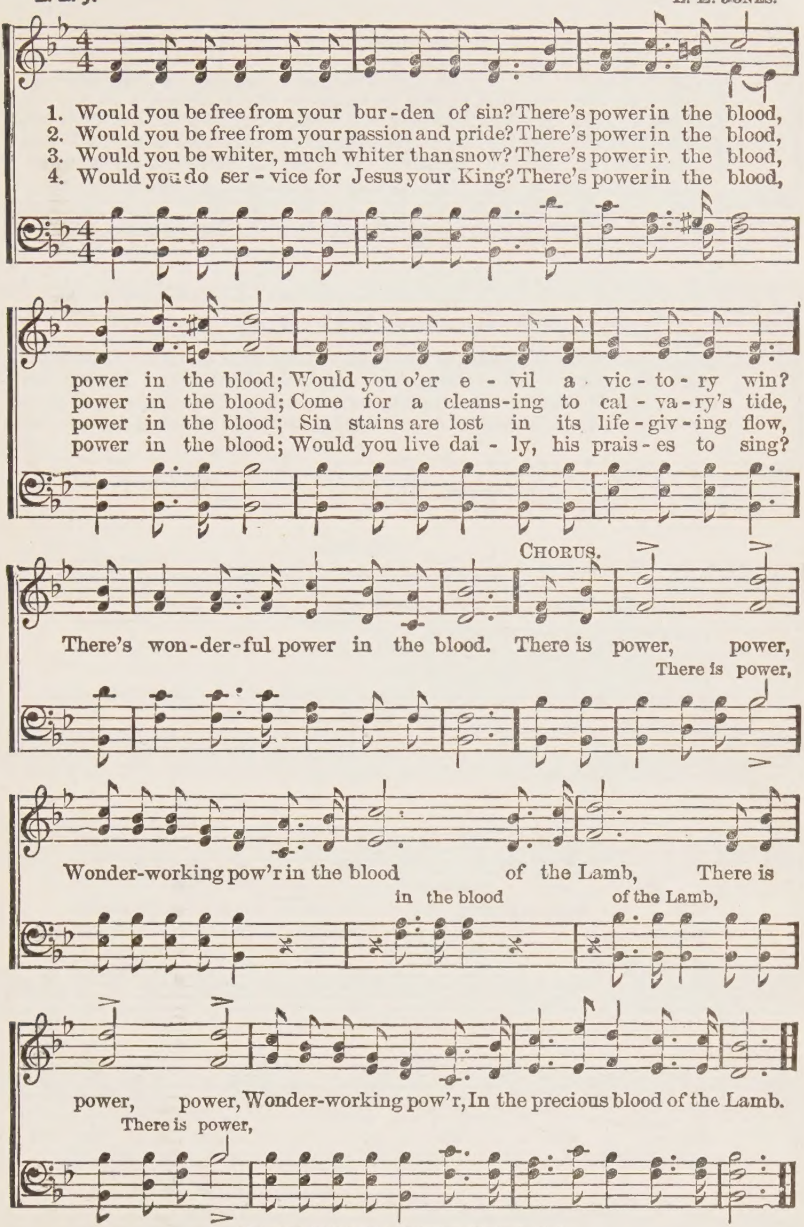
27 There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J. L. E. JONES.

1. Would you be free from your bur-den of sin? There's power in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's power in the blood,
3. Would you be whiter, much whiter than snow? There's power in the blood,
4. Would you do ser-vice for Jesus your King? There's power in the blood,
power in the blood; Would you o'er e-vil a vic-to-ry win?
power in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to cal-va-ry's tide,
power in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life-giv-ing flow,
power in the blood; Would you live dai-ly, his prais-es to sing?
CHORUS.
There's won-der-ful power in the blood. There is power, power,
There is power,
Wonder-working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb, There is
in the blood of the Lamb,
power, power, Wonder-working pow'r, In the precious blood of the Lamb.
There is power,

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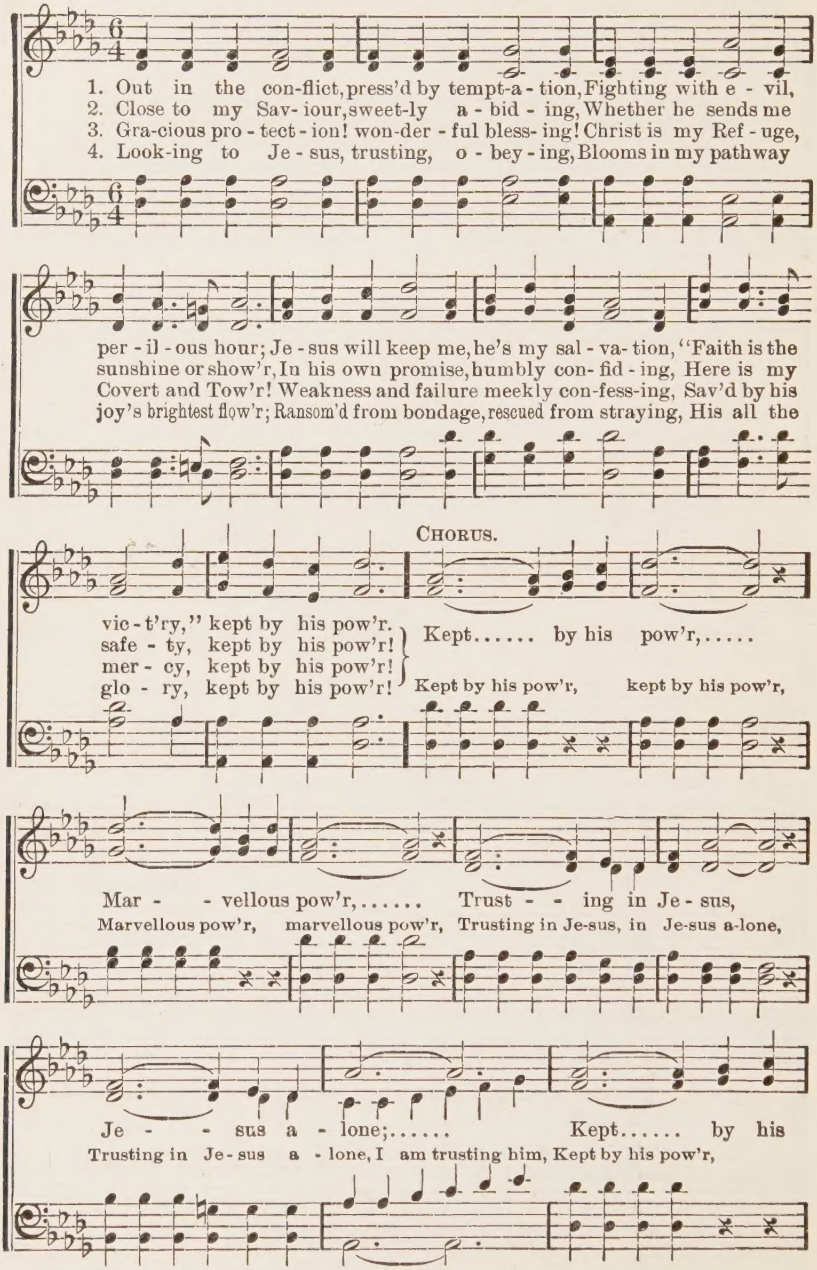
Kept By His Power.

E. E. HEWITT. MELVIN J. HILL.

1. Out in the con-flict, press'd by tempt-a-tion, Fighting with e-vil,
2. Close to my Sav-iour, sweet-ly a-bid-ing, Whether he sends me
3. Gra-cious pro-tect-ion! won-der-ful bless-ing! Christ is my Ref-uge,
4. Look-ing to Je-sus, trusting, o-bey-ing, Blooms in my pathway
per-il-ous hour; Je-sus will keep me, he's my sal-va-tion, "Faith is the
sunshine or show'r, In his own promise, humbly con-fid-ing, Here is my
Covert and Tow'r! Weakness and failure meekly con-fess-ing, Sav'd by his
joy's brightest flow'r; Ransom'd from bondage, rescued from straying, His all the
CHORUS.
vic-t'ry," kept by his pow'r.
safe-ty, kept by his pow'r!
mer-cy, kept by his pow'r!
glo-ry, kept by his pow'r!
Kept..... by his pow'r,.....
Kept by his pow'r, kept by his pow'r,
Mar- -vellous pow'r,..... Trust- -ing in Je-sus,
Marvellous pow'r, marvellous pow'r, Trusting in Je-sus, in Je-sus a-lone,
Je- -sus a-lone;..... Kept..... by his
Trusting in Je-sus a-lone, I am trusting him, Kept by his pow'r,

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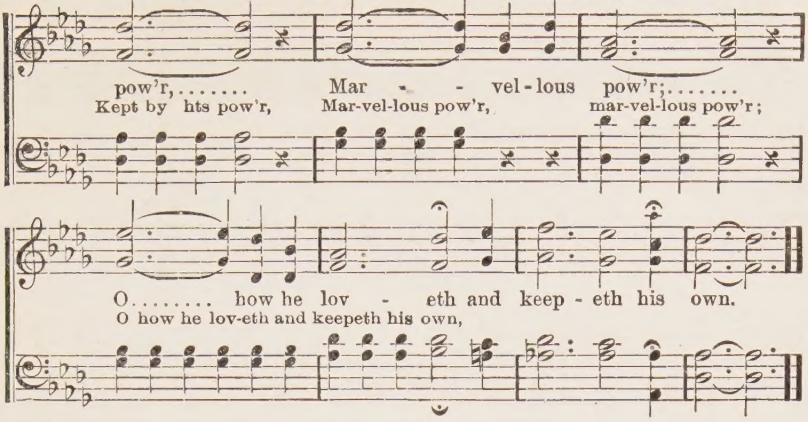
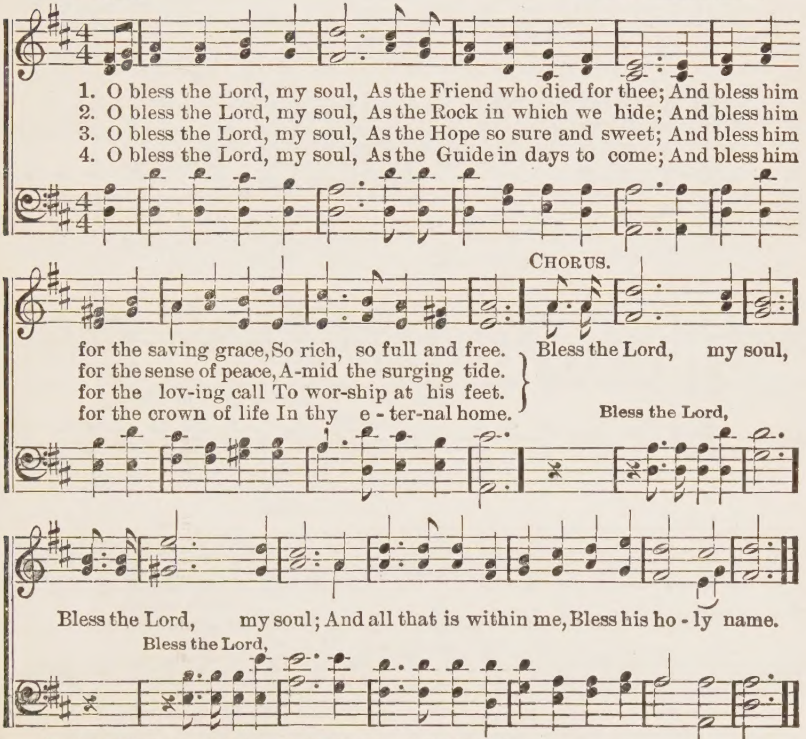
Kept By His Power.—Concluded.


pow'r,.....
Mar - - vel-lous pow'r;.....
Kept by his pow'r,
Mar-vel-lous pow'r,
mar-vel-lous pow'r;
O..... how he lov - eth and keep - eth his own.
O how he lov-eth and keepeth his own,

29 Bless the Lord, My Soul.

E. A. Barnes. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. O bless the Lord, my soul, As the Friend who died for thee; And bless him
2. O bless the Lord, my soul, As the Rock in which we hide; And bless him
3. O bless the Lord, my soul, As the Hope so sure and sweet; And bless him
4. O bless the Lord, my soul, As the Guide in days to come; And bless him
Chorus.
for the saving grace, So rich, so full and free.
for the sense of peace, A-mid the surging tide.
for the lov-ing call To wor-ship at his feet.
for the crown of life In thy e - ter-nal home.
Bless the Lord, my soul,
Bless the Lord,
Bless the Lord, my soul; And all that is within me, Bless his ho - ly name.
Bless the Lord,

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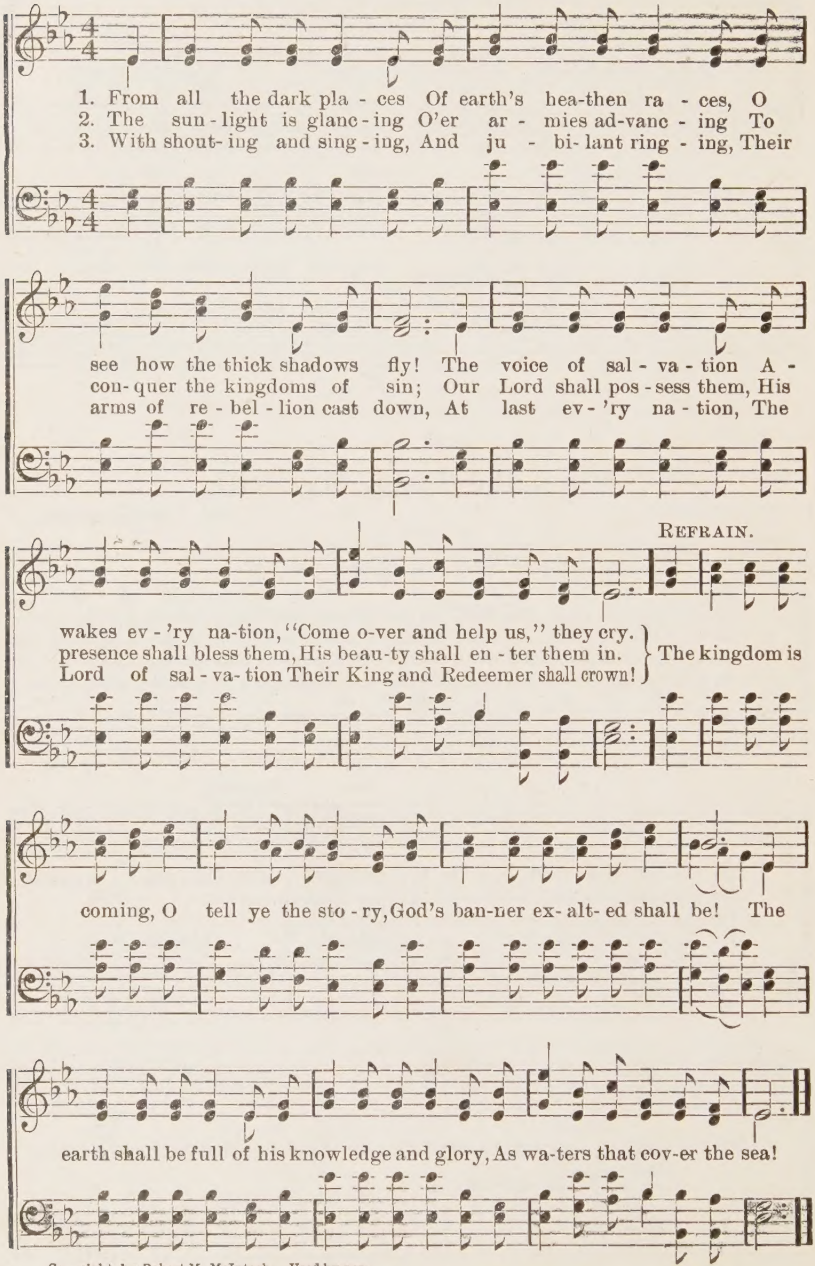
The Kingdom Coming.

MARY B. C. SLADE. ROBERT M. McINTOSH.

1. From all the dark pla - ces Of earth's hea-then ra - ces, O
2. The sun - light is glanc - ing O'er ar - mies ad-vanc - ing To
3. With shout- ing and sing - ing, And ju - bi- lant ring - ing, Their
see how the thick shadows fly! The voice of sal - va - tion A -
con- quer the kingdoms of sin; Our Lord shall pos - sess them, His
arms of re - bel - lion cast down, At last ev - 'ry na - tion, The
REFRAIN.
wakes ev - 'ry na-tion, "Come o-ver and help us," they cry.
presence shall bless them, His beau-ty shall en - ter them in.
Lord of sal - va- tion Their King and Redeemer shall crown!
} The kingdom is
coming, O tell ye the sto - ry, God's ban-ner ex- alt- ed shall be! The
earth shall be full of his knowledge and glory, As wa-ters that cov-er the sea!

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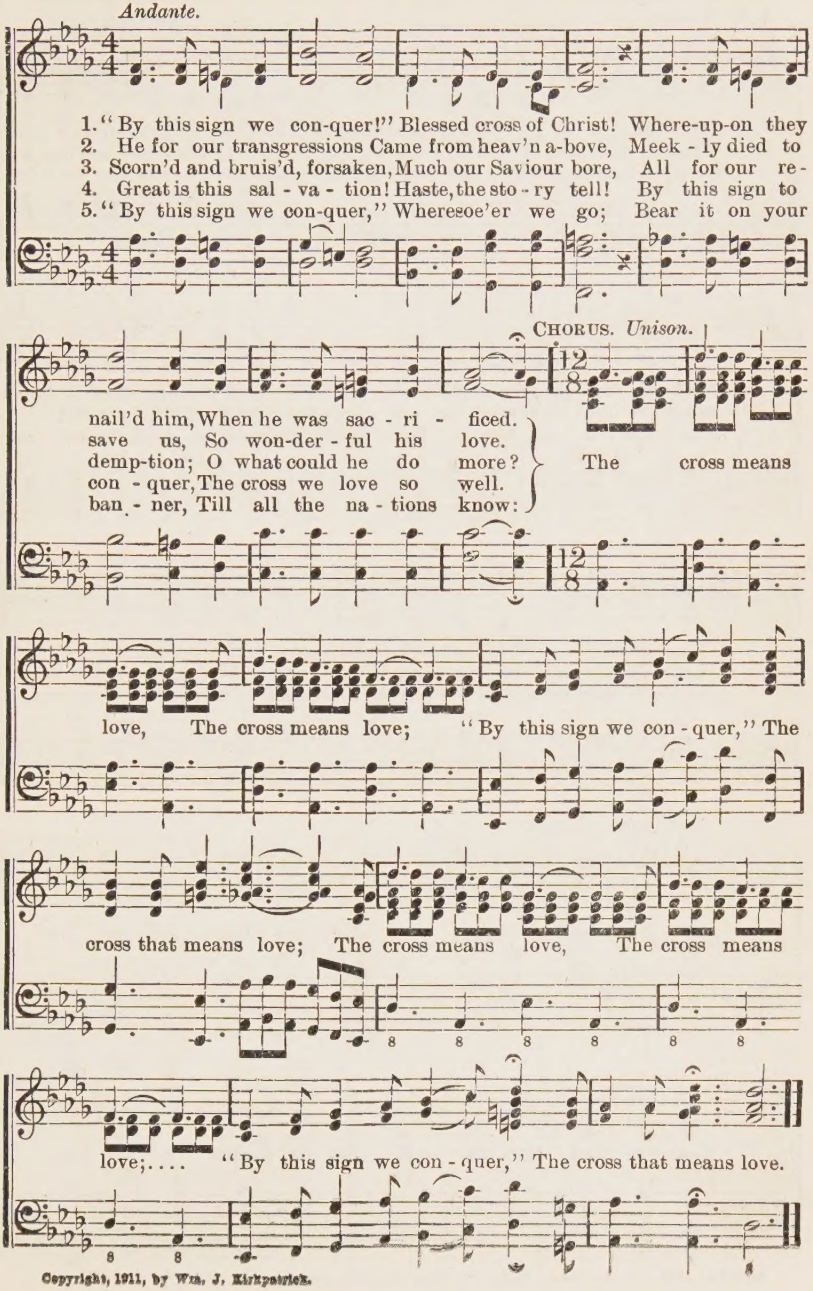
The Cross Means Love.

MRS. F. A. BRECK. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Andante.

1. "By this sign we con-quer!" Blessed cross of Christ! Where-up-on they
2. He for our transgressions Came from heav'n a-bove, Meek - ly died to
3. Scorn'd and bruis'd, forsaken, Much our Saviour bore, All for our re-
4. Great is this sal - va - tion! Haste, the sto - ry tell! By this sign to
5. "By this sign we con-quer," Wheresoe'er we go; Bear it on your
CHORUS. Unison.
nail'd him, When he was sac - ri - ficed.
save us, So won-der - ful his love.
demp-tion; O what could he do more?
con - quer, The cross we love so well.
ban - ner, Till all the na - tions know:
The cross means
love, The cross means love; "By this sign we con - quer," The
cross that means love; The cross means love, The cross means
love;.... "By this sign we con - quer," The cross that means love.

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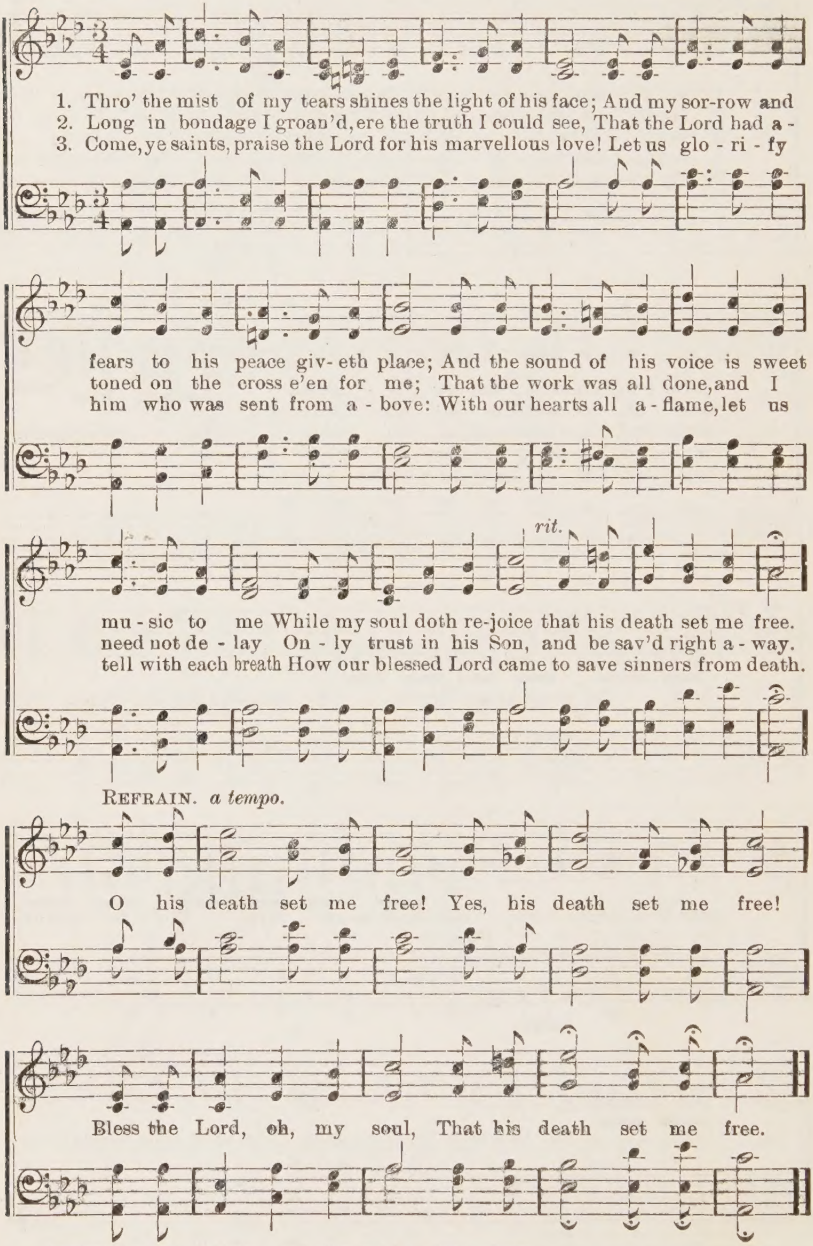
His Death Set Me Free.

"Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us."—Gal. 3: 13

J. E. WOLFE. EDITH E SCOTT.


1. Thro' the mist of my tears shines the light of his face; And my sor-row and
2. Long in bondage I groan'd, ere the truth I could see, That the Lord had a -
3. Come, ye saints, praise the Lord for his marvellous love! Let us glo - ri - fy
fears to his peace giv- eth place; And the sound of his voice is sweet
toned on the cross e'en for me; That the work was all done, and I
him who was sent from a - bove: With our hearts all a - flame, let us
rit.
mu - sic to me While my soul doth re-joice that his death set me free.
need not de - lay On - ly trust in his Son, and be sav'd right a - way.
tell with each breath How our blessed Lord came to save sinners from death.
REFRAIN. a tempo.
O his death set me free! Yes, his death set me free!
Bless the Lord, oh, my soul, That his death set me free.

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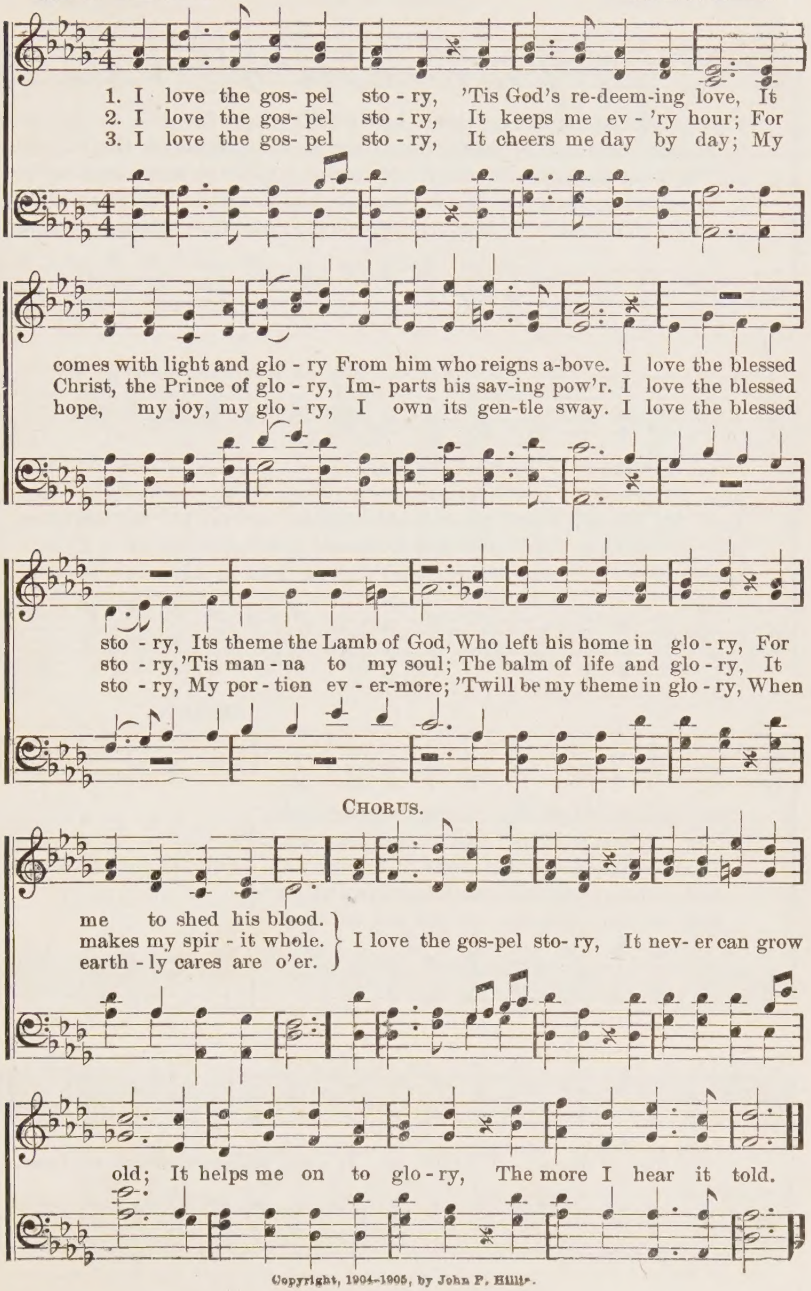
I Love the Gospel Story.

REV. N. A. McAULAY. JOHN P. HILLIS.

1. I love the gos- pel sto - ry, 'Tis God's re-deem-ing love, It
2. I love the gos- pel sto - ry, It keeps me ev - 'ry hour; For
3. I love the gos- pel sto - ry, It cheers me day by day; My
comes with light and glo - ry From him who reigns a-bove. I love the blessed
Christ, the Prince of glo - ry, Im- parts his sav-ing pow'r. I love the blessed
hope, my joy, my glo - ry, I own its gen-tle sway. I love the blessed
sto - ry, Its theme the Lamb of God, Who left his home in glo - ry, For
sto - ry, 'Tis man - na to my soul; The balm of life and glo - ry, It
sto - ry, My por - tion ev - er-more; 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, When
CHORUS.
me to shed his blood.
makes my spir - it whole.
earth - ly cares are o'er.
I love the gos-pel sto- ry, It nev- er can grow
old; It helps me on to glo - ry, The more I hear it told.

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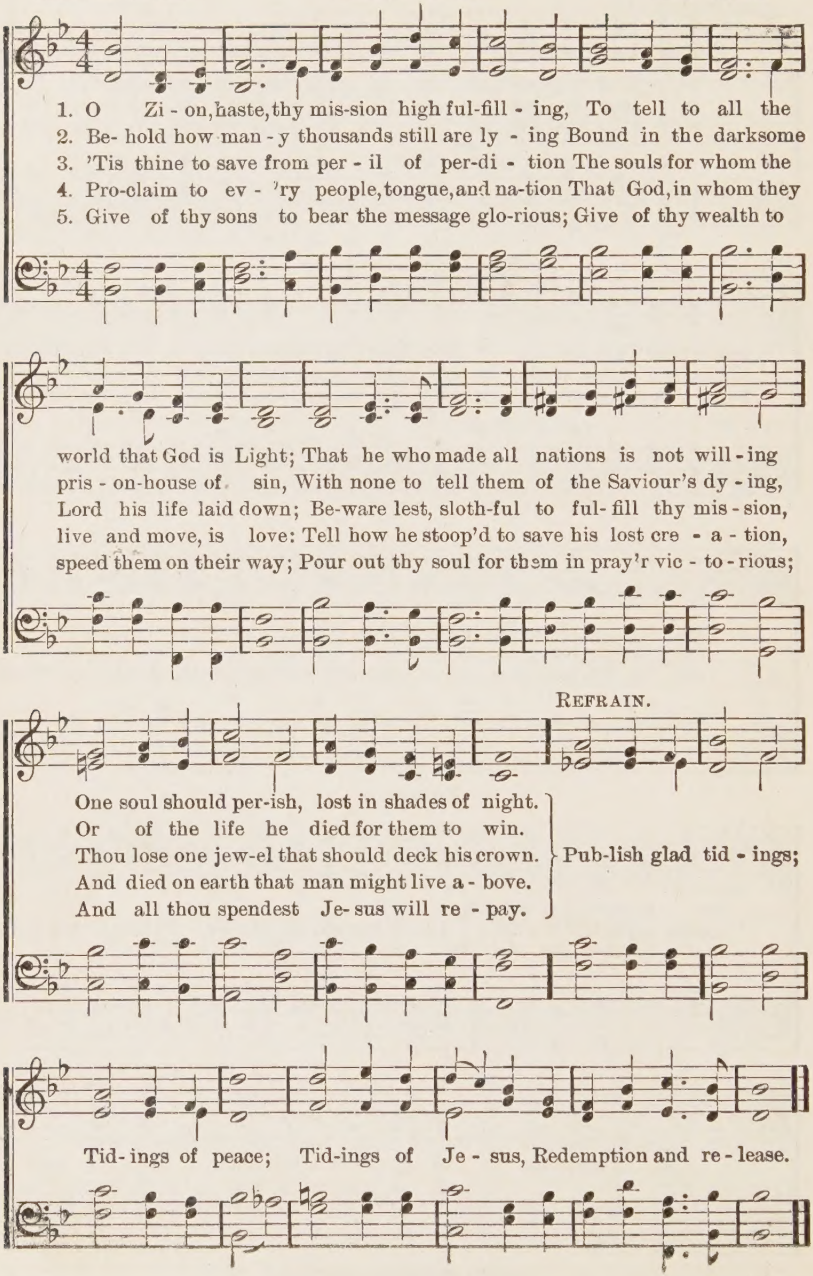
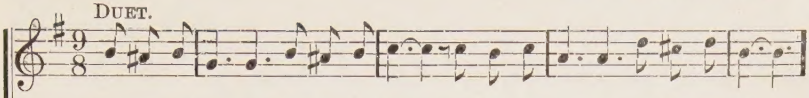
O Zion, Haste.

MARY A. THOMSON. (TIDINGS. P. M.) JAMES WALCH.

1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful-fill - ing, To tell to all the
2. Be- hold how man - y thousands still are ly - ing Bound in the darksome
3. 'Tis thine to save from per - il of per-di - tion The souls for whom the
4. Pro-claim to ev - 'ry people, tongue, and na-tion That God, in whom they
5. Give of thy sons to bear the message glo-rious; Give of thy wealth to
world that God is Light; That he who made all nations is not will - ing
pris - on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Saviour's dy - ing,
Lord his life laid down; Be-ware lest, sloth-ful to ful- fill thy mis - sion,
live and move, is love: Tell how he stoop'd to save his lost cre - a - tion,
speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in pray'r vic - to - rious;
REFRAIN.
One soul should per-ish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life he died for them to win.
Thou lose one jew-el that should deck his crown.
And died on earth that man might live a - bove.
And all thou spendest Je- sus will re - pay.
Pub-lish glad tid - ings;
Tid- ings of peace; Tid-ings of Je - sus, Redemption and re - lease.

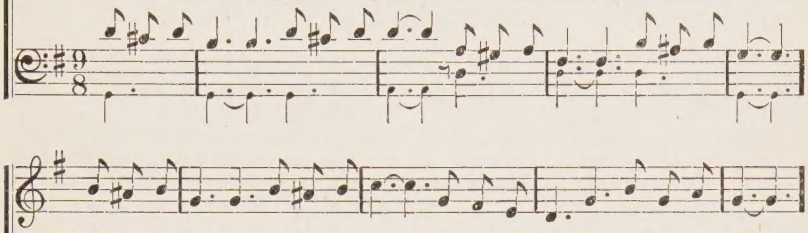
Looking This Way.

J. W. V. J. W. VanDeVenter.

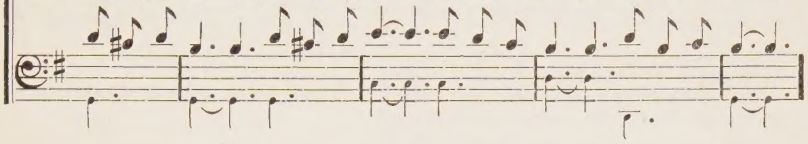
DUET.



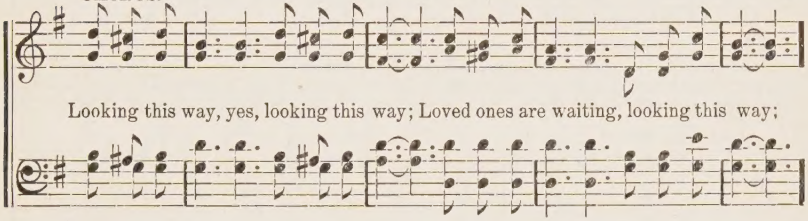
1. O - ver the riv - er fa - ces I see, Fair as the morning, looking for me;
2. Fa - ther and mother, safe in the vale, Watch for the boatman, wait for the sail,
3. Broth-er and sis-ter, gone to that clime, Wait for the others, com-ing some-time;
4. Sweet lit-tle darling, light of the home, Looking for someone, beckoning "come!"
5. Jesus the Saviour, bright Morning Star, Look-ing for lost ones stray-ing a - far;



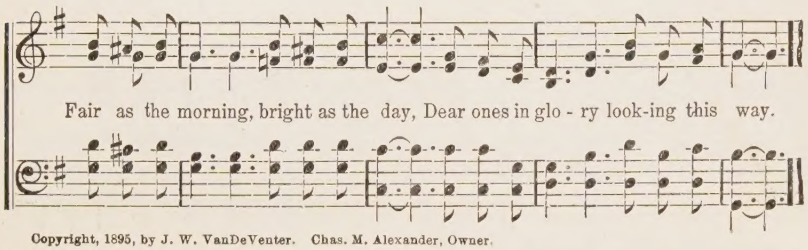
Free from their sorrow, grief and despair, Waiting and watching, pa-tient-ly there.
Bear - ing the loved ones o - ver the tide In - to the har - bor, near to their side.
Safe with the an-gels, whit-er than snow, Watching for dear ones waiting be - low.
Bright as a sunbeam, pure as the dew, Anx-ious-ly look-ing, moth-er, for you.
Hear the glad message; why will you roam? Je-sus is call-ing, "Sin-ner, come home."



CHORUS.



Looking this way, yes, looking this way; Loved ones are waiting, looking this way;



Fair as the morning, bright as the day, Dear ones in glo - ry look-ing this way.

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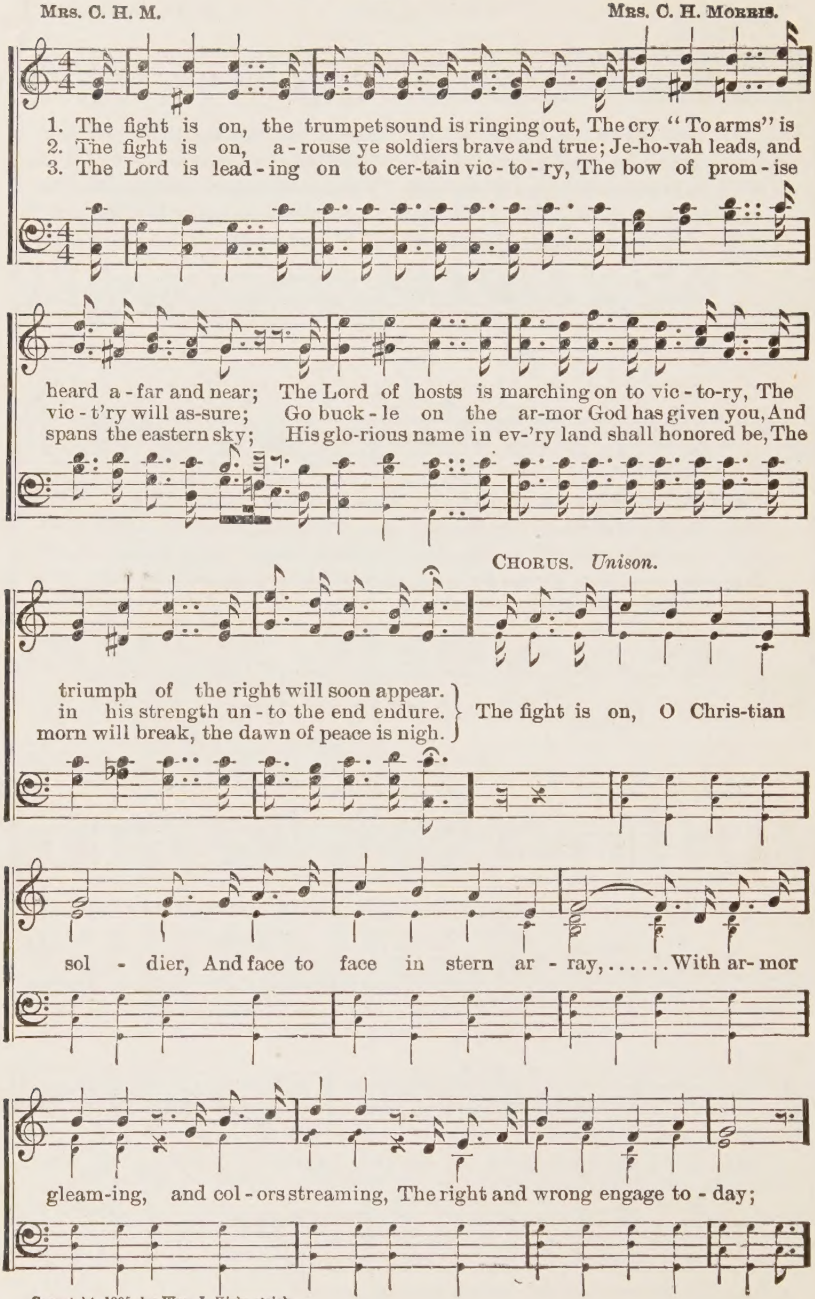
The Fight Is On.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. The fight is on, the trumpet sound is ringing out, The cry "To arms" is
2. The fight is on, a-rouse ye soldiers brave and true; Je-ho-vah leads, and
3. The Lord is lead-ing on to cer-tain vic-to-ry, The bow of prom-ise
heard a-far and near; The Lord of hosts is marching on to vic-to-ry, The
vic-t'ry will as-sure; Go buck-le on the ar-mor God has given you, And
spans the eastern sky; His glo-rious name in ev-'ry land shall honored be, The
CHORUS. Unison.
triumph of the right will soon appear.
in his strength un-to the end endure.
morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.
The fight is on, O Chris-tian
sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-ray,.....With ar-mor
gleam-ing, and col-ors streaming, The right and wrong engage to-day;

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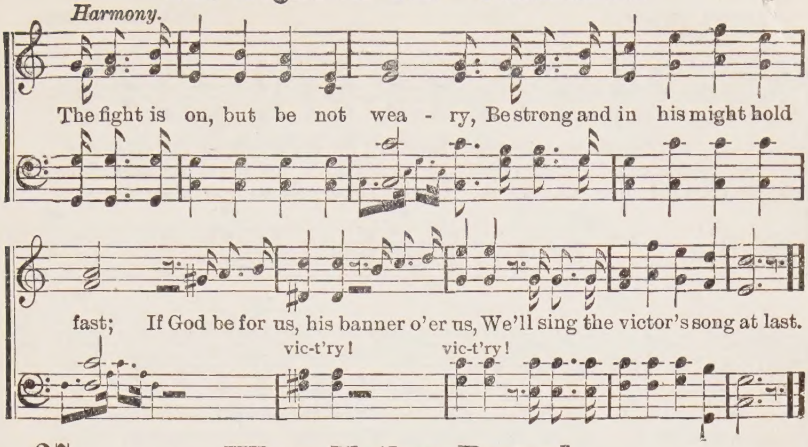
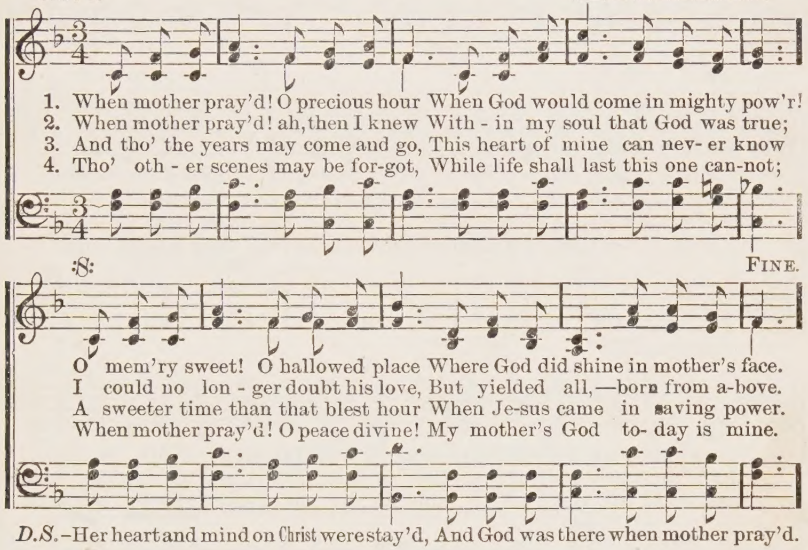
The Fight Is On.—Concluded.


Harmony.
The fight is on, but be not wea - ry, Be strong and in his might hold
fast; If God be for us, his banner o'er us, We'll sing the victor's song at last.
vic-t'ry! vic-t'ry!

37 When Mother Prayed.

C. F. O. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. When mother pray'd! O precious hour When God would come in mighty pow'r!
2. When mother pray'd! ah, then I knew With - in my soul that God was true;
3. And tho' the years may come and go, This heart of mine can nev- er know
4. Tho' oth - er scenes may be for-got, While life shall last this one can-not;
:S:
FINE.
O mem'ry sweet! O hallowed place Where God did shine in mother's face.
I could no lon - ger doubt his love, But yielded all,—born from a-bove.
A sweeter time than that blest hour When Je-sus came in saving power.
When mother pray'd! O peace divine! My mother's God to- day is mine.
D.S.—Her heart and mind on Christ were stay'd, And God was there when mother pray'd.
CHORUS.
D.S.
When mother pray'd, she found sweet rest! When mother pray'd, her soul was blest!

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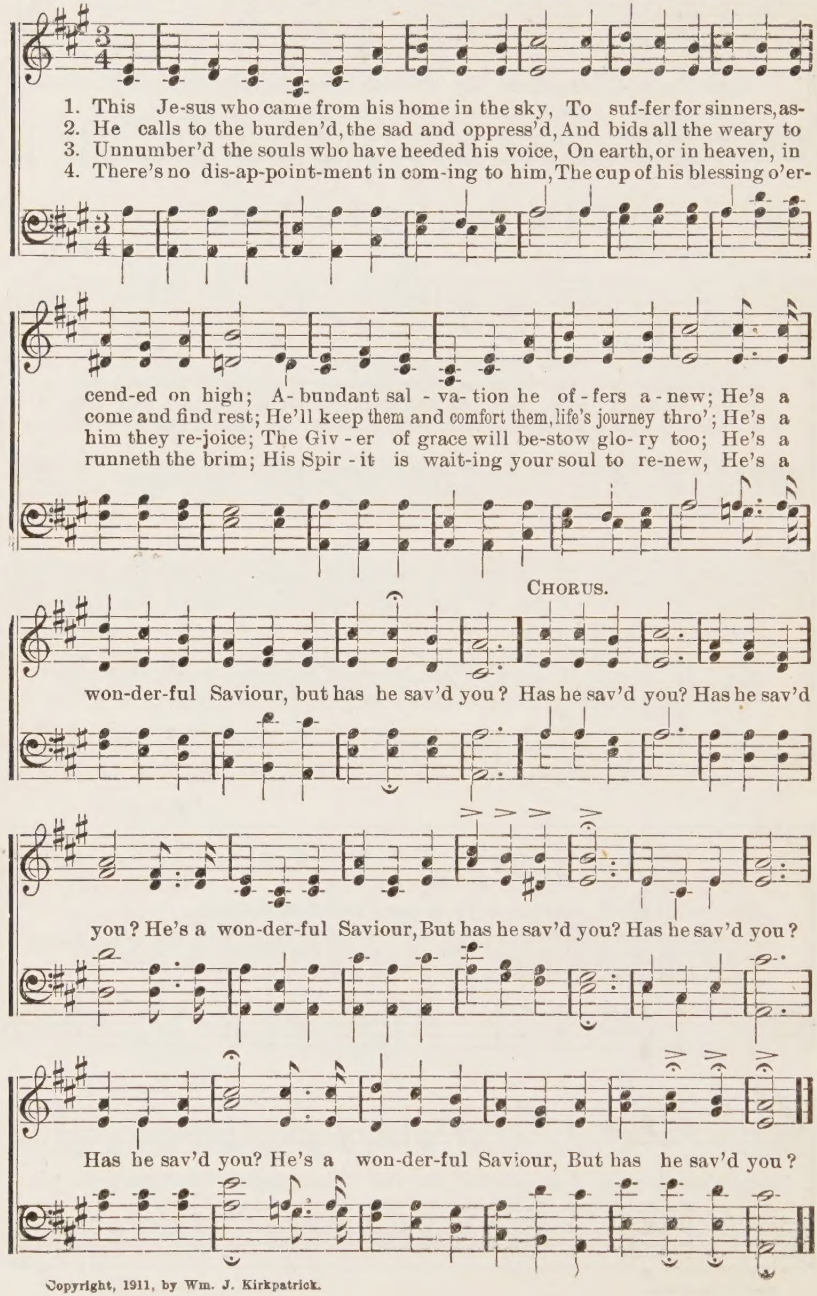
40 Has He Saved You?

E. E. HEWITT. Dedicated to Rev. Arthur S. Magann. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. This Je-sus who came from his home in the sky, To suf-fer for sinners, as-
2. He calls to the burden'd, the sad and oppress'd, And bids all the weary to
3. Unnumber'd the souls who have heeded his voice, On earth, or in heaven, in
4. There's no dis-ap-point-ment in com-ing to him, The cup of his blessing o'er-
cend-ed on high; A-bundant sal-va-tion he of-fers a-new; He's a
come and find rest; He'll keep them and comfort them, life's journey thro'; He's a
him they re-joice; The Giv-er of grace will be-stow glo-ry too; He's a
runneth the brim; His Spir-it is wait-ing your soul to re-new, He's a
CHORUS.
won-der-ful Saviour, but has he sav'd you? Has he sav'd you? Has he sav'd
you? He's a won-der-ful Saviour, But has he sav'd you? Has he sav'd you?
Has he sav'd you? He's a won-der-ful Saviour, But has he sav'd you?

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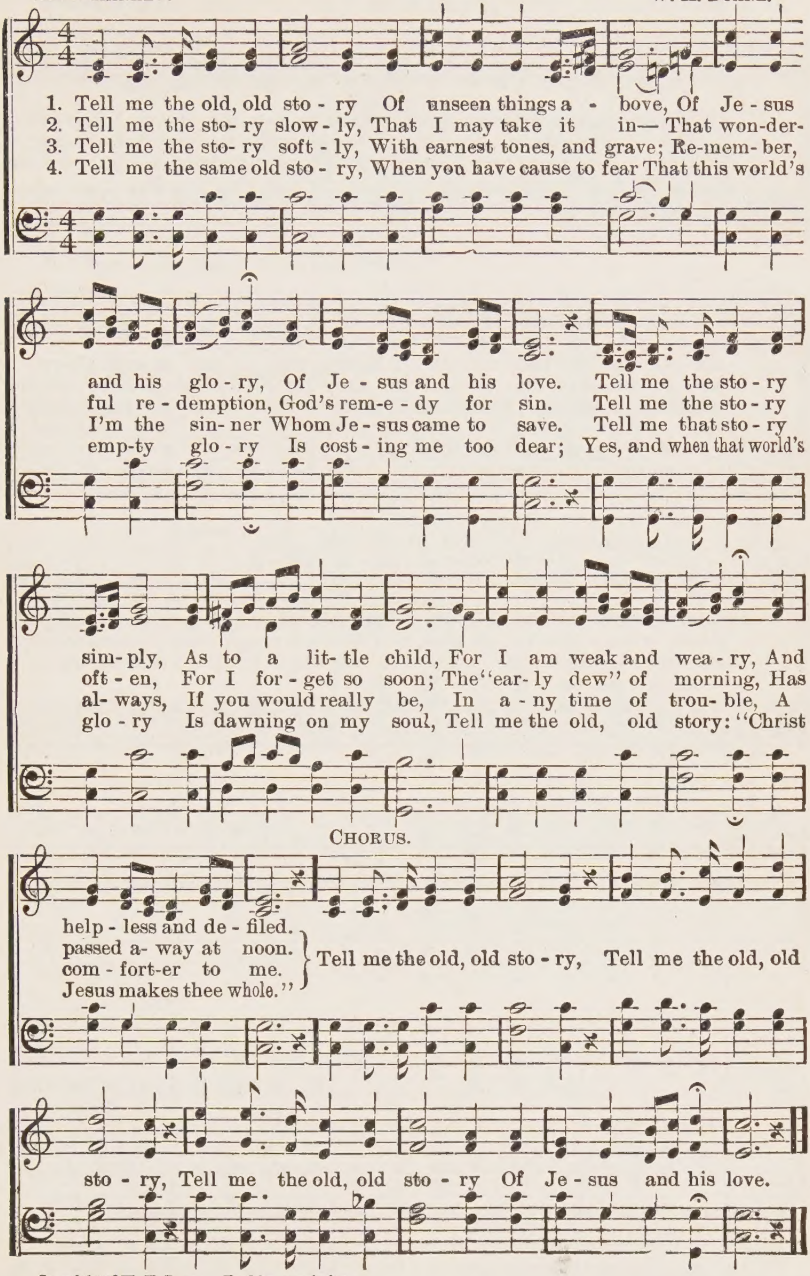
41 Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

KATE HANKEY. W. H. DOANE.

1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. Tell me the sto- ry slow - ly, That I may take it in— That won-der-
3. Tell me the sto- ry soft - ly, With earnest tones, and grave; Re-mem- ber,
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's
and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love. Tell me the sto - ry
ful re - demption, God's rem-e - dy for sin. Tell me the sto - ry
I'm the sin- ner Whom Je - sus came to save. Tell me that sto - ry
emp-ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's
sim- ply, As to a lit- tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And
oft - en, For I for - get so soon; The "ear- ly dew" of morning, Has
al- ways, If you would really be, In a - ny time of trou- ble, A
glo - ry Is dawning on my soul, Tell me the old, old story: "Christ
CHORUS.
help - less and de - filed.
passed a- way at noon.
com - fort-er to me.
Jesus makes thee whole."
Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old
sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and his love.

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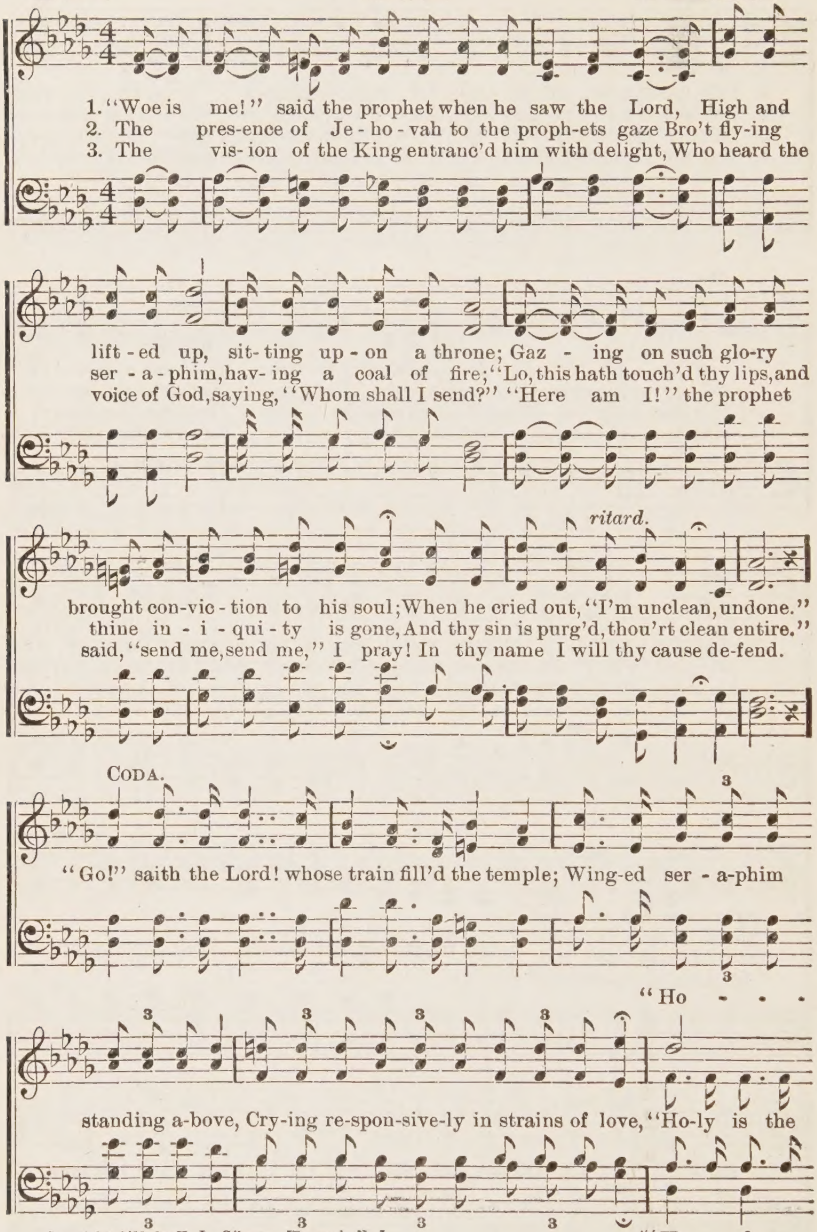
Isaiah's Vision.

H. L. G. Isa. 6: 1-8. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. "Woe is me!" said the prophet when he saw the Lord, High and
2. The pres-ence of Je - ho - vah to the proph-ets gaze Bro't fly-ing
3. The vis-ion of the King entranc'd him with delight, Who heard the
lift - ed up, sit - ting up - on a throne; Gaz - ing on such glo-ry
ser - a - phim, hav - ing a coal of fire; "Lo, this hath touch'd thy lips, and
voice of God, saying, "Whom shall I send?" "Here am I!" the prophet
ritard.
brought con-vic - tion to his soul; When he cried out, "I'm unclean, undone."
thine in - i - qui - ty is gone, And thy sin is purg'd, thou'rt clean entire."
said, "send me, send me," I pray! In thy name I will thy cause de-fend.
CODA.
"Go!" saith the Lord! whose train fill'd the temple; Wing-ed ser - a-phim
"Ho - - -
standing a-bove, Cry-ing re-spon-sive-ly in strains of love, "Ho-ly is the
"Ho - ly,

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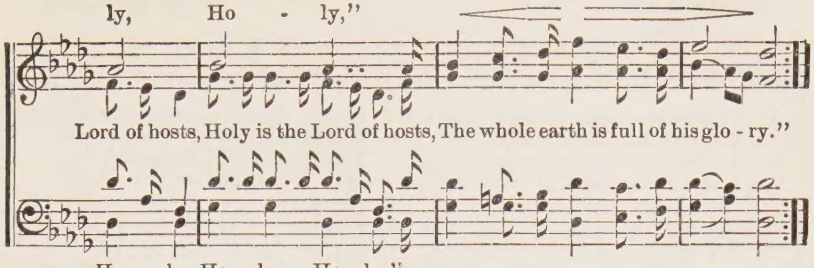
NOTE.—Woe! Lo! Go! Emphasized in a sermon at Mt. Lake Park, Md., by Rev. G. H. Babcock, July, 1910.

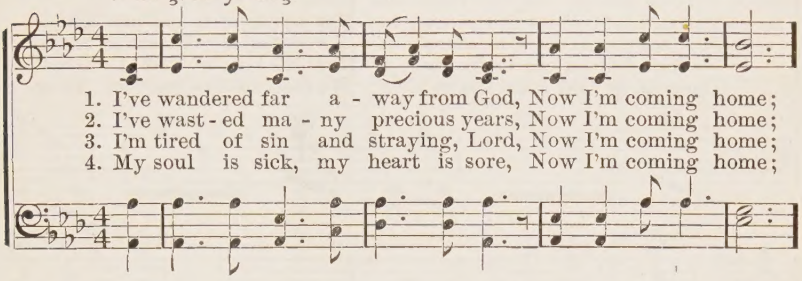
Isaiah's Vision.—Concluded.

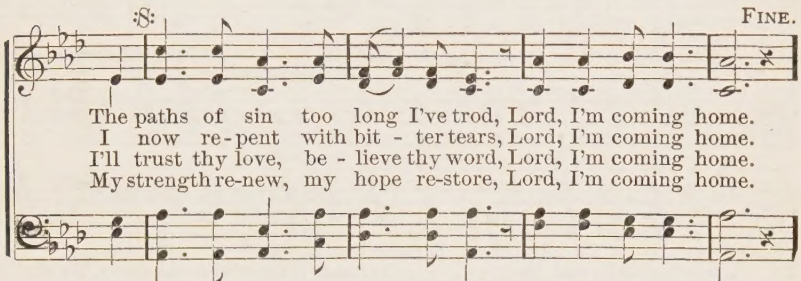


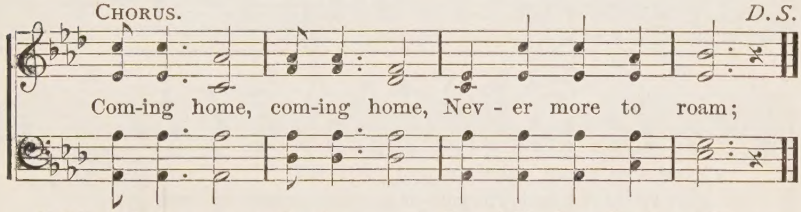
43 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

With great feeling.


1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm coming home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny precious years, Now I'm coming home;
3. I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord, Now I'm coming home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm coming home;


𝄋
Fine.
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm coming home.
I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
I'll trust thy love, be - lieve thy word, Lord, I'm coming home.
My strength re-new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm coming home.
D. S.—O - pen wide thine arms of love, Lord, I'm coming home.



5. My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home,
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6. I need his cleansing blood I know,
Now I'm coming home;
O wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

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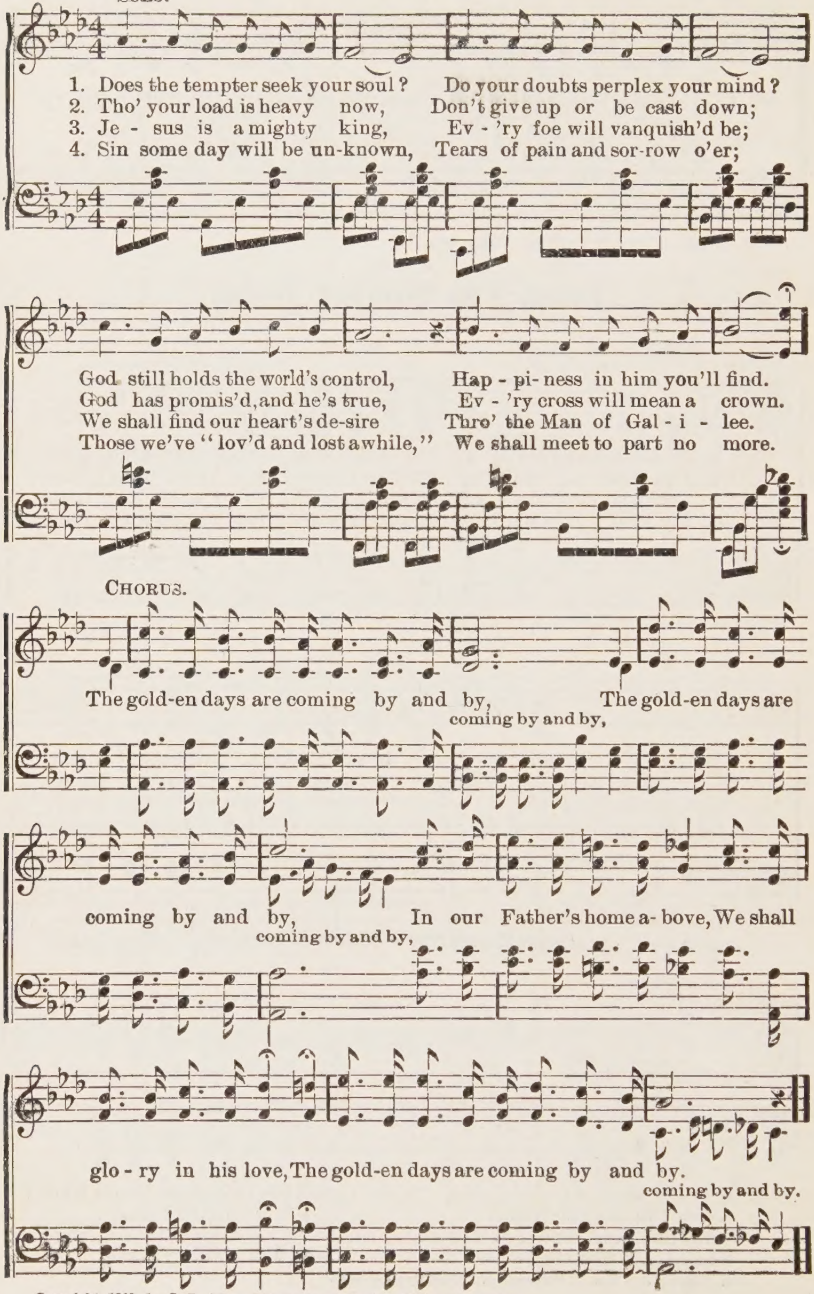
44 The Golden Days are Coming Bye and Bye.

ORA SAMUEL GRAY. CHAS. F. ALLEN.

SOLO.


1. Does the tempter seek your soul? Do your doubts perplex your mind?
2. Tho' your load is heavy now, Don't give up or be cast down;
3. Je - sus is a mighty king, Ev - 'ry foe will vanquish'd be;
4. Sin some day will be un-known, Tears of pain and sor-row o'er;
God still holds the world's control, Hap - pi-ness in him you'll find.
God has promis'd, and he's true, Ev - 'ry cross will mean a crown.
We shall find our heart's de-sire Thro' the Man of Gal - i - lee.
Those we've "lov'd and lost awhile," We shall meet to part no more.
CHORUS.
The gold-en days are coming by and by, The gold-en days are coming by and by,
coming by and by, In our Father's home a- bove, We shall coming by and by,
glo - ry in his love, The gold-en days are coming by and by. coming by and by.

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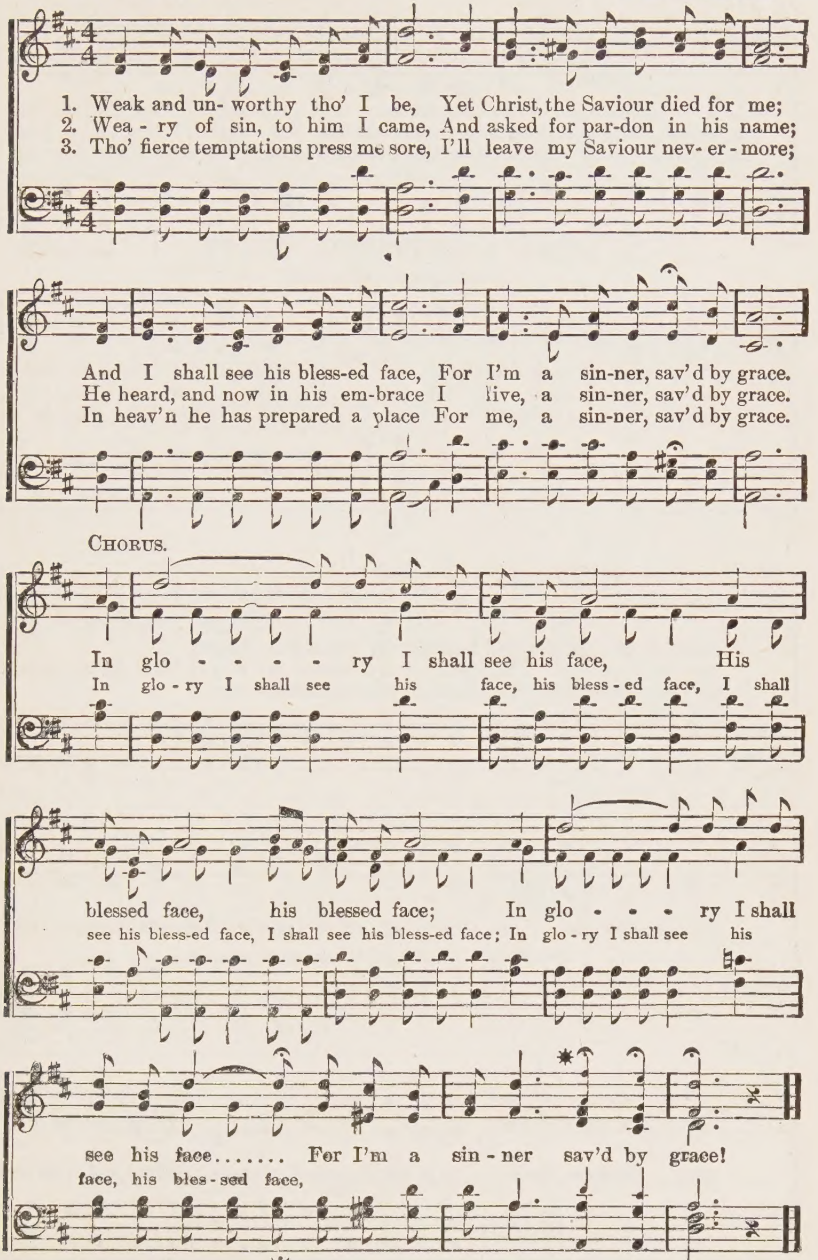
45 A Sinner, Saved by Grace.

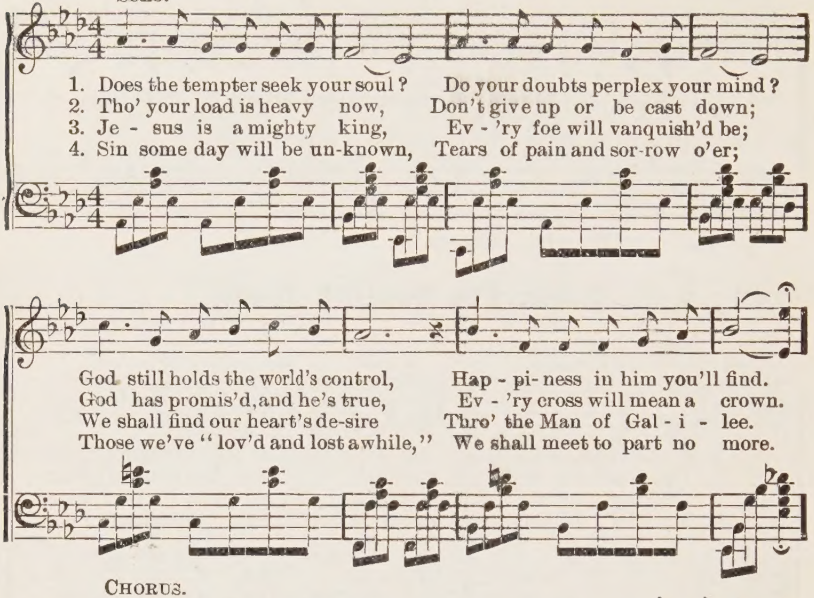
MAGGIE E. GREGORY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Weak and un- worthy tho' I be, Yet Christ, the Saviour died for me;
2. Wea - ry of sin, to him I came, And asked for par-don in his name;
3. Tho' fierce temptations press me sore, I'll leave my Saviour nev- er - more;
And I shall see his bless-ed face, For I'm a sin-ner, sav'd by grace.
He heard, and now in his em-brace I live, a sin-ner, sav'd by grace.
In heav'n he has prepared a place For me, a sin-ner, sav'd by grace.
CHORUS.
In glo - - - - - ry I shall see his face, His
In glo - ry I shall see his face, his bless - ed face, I shall
blessed face, his blessed face; In glo - - - - ry I shall
see his bless-ed face, I shall see his bless-ed face; In glo - ry I shall see his
see his face..... For I'm a sin - ner sav'd by grace!
face, his bles - sed face,

Copyright, 1907, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. * Use the small notes after last verse, or when preferred.

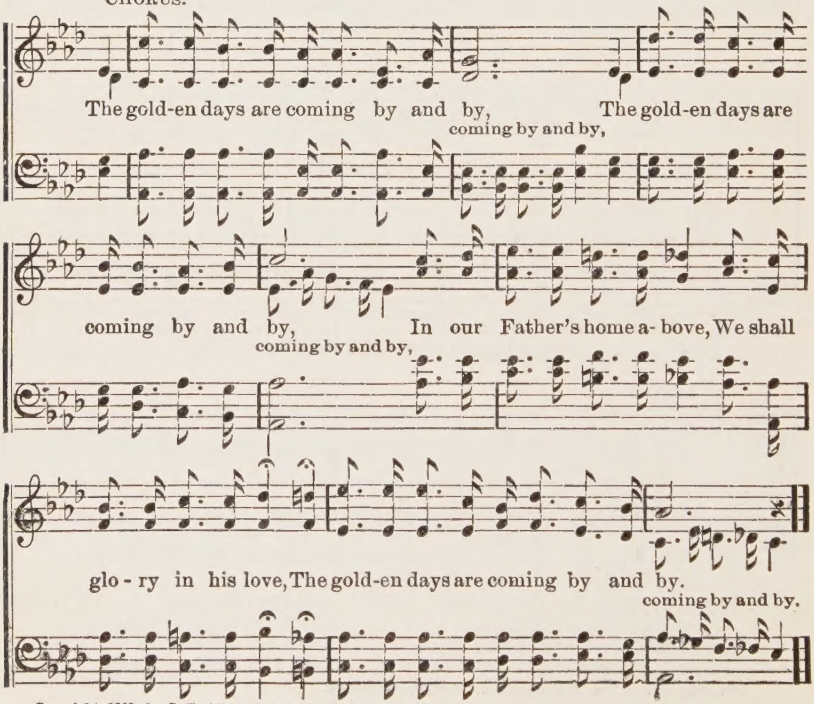
44 The Golden Days are Coming Bye and Bye.

ORA SAMUEL GRAY. CHAS. F. ALLEN.

SOLO.


1. Does the tempter seek your soul? Do your doubts perplex your mind?
2. Tho' your load is heavy now, Don't give up or be cast down;
3. Je - sus is a mighty king, Ev - 'ry foe will vanquish'd be;
4. Sin some day will be un-known, Tears of pain and sor-row o'er;
God still holds the world's control, Hap - pi-ness in him you'll find.
God has promis'd, and he's true, Ev - 'ry cross will mean a crown.
We shall find our heart's de-sire Thro' the Man of Gal - i - lee.
Those we've "lov'd and lost awhile," We shall meet to part no more.

CHORUS.


The gold-en days are coming by and by, The gold-en days are coming by and by,
coming by and by, In our Father's home a- bove, We shall coming by and by,
glo - ry in his love, The gold-en days are coming by and by. coming by and by.

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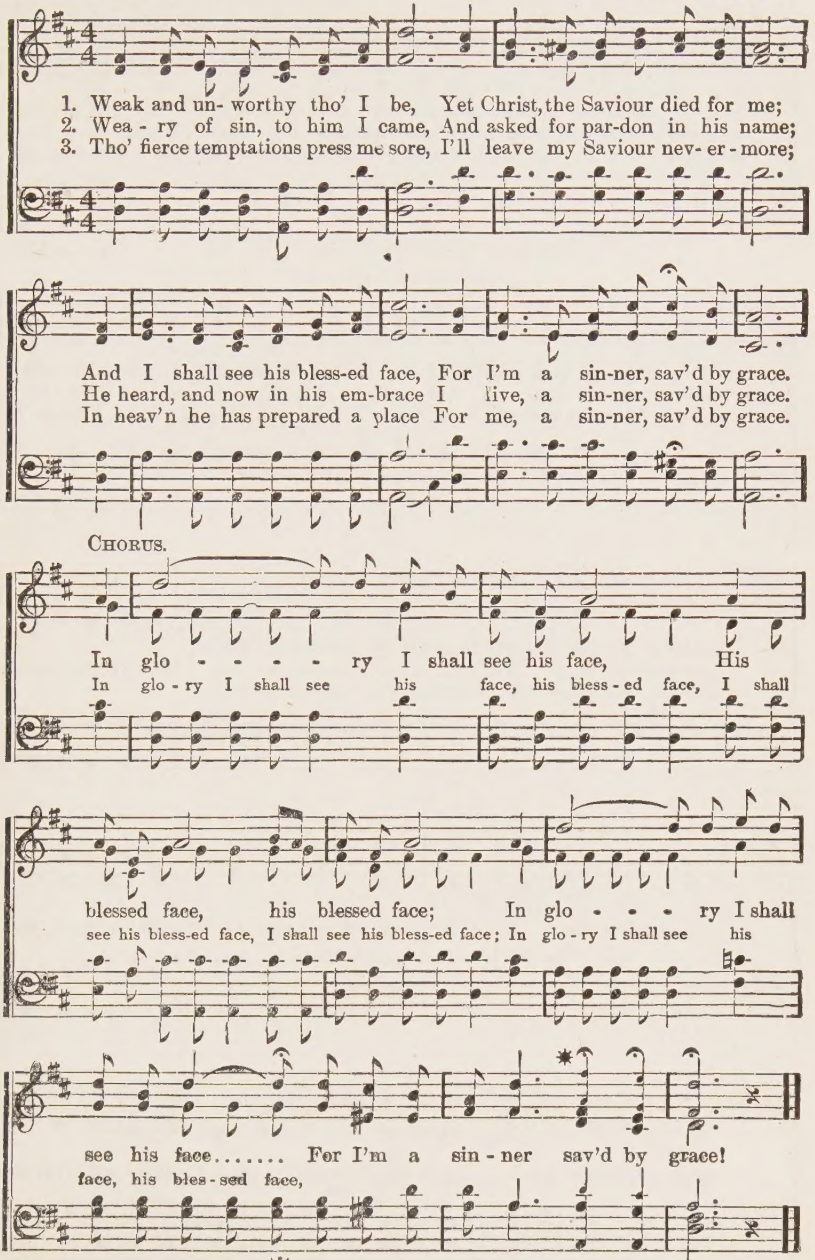
45 A Sinner, Saved by Grace.

MAGGIE E. GREGORY. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Weak and un- worthy tho' I be, Yet Christ, the Saviour died for me;
2. Wea - ry of sin, to him I came, And asked for par-don in his name;
3. Tho' fierce temptations press me sore, I'll leave my Saviour nev- er - more;
And I shall see his bless-ed face, For I'm a sin-ner, sav'd by grace.
He heard, and now in his em-brace I live, a sin-ner, sav'd by grace.
In heav'n he has prepared a place For me, a sin-ner, sav'd by grace.
CHORUS.
In glo - - - - - ry I shall see his face, His
In glo - ry I shall see his face, his bless - ed face, I shall
blessed face, his blessed face; In glo - - - - ry I shall
see his bless-ed face, I shall see his bless-ed face; In glo - ry I shall see his
see his face..... For I'm a sin - ner sav'd by grace!
face, his bles - sed face,

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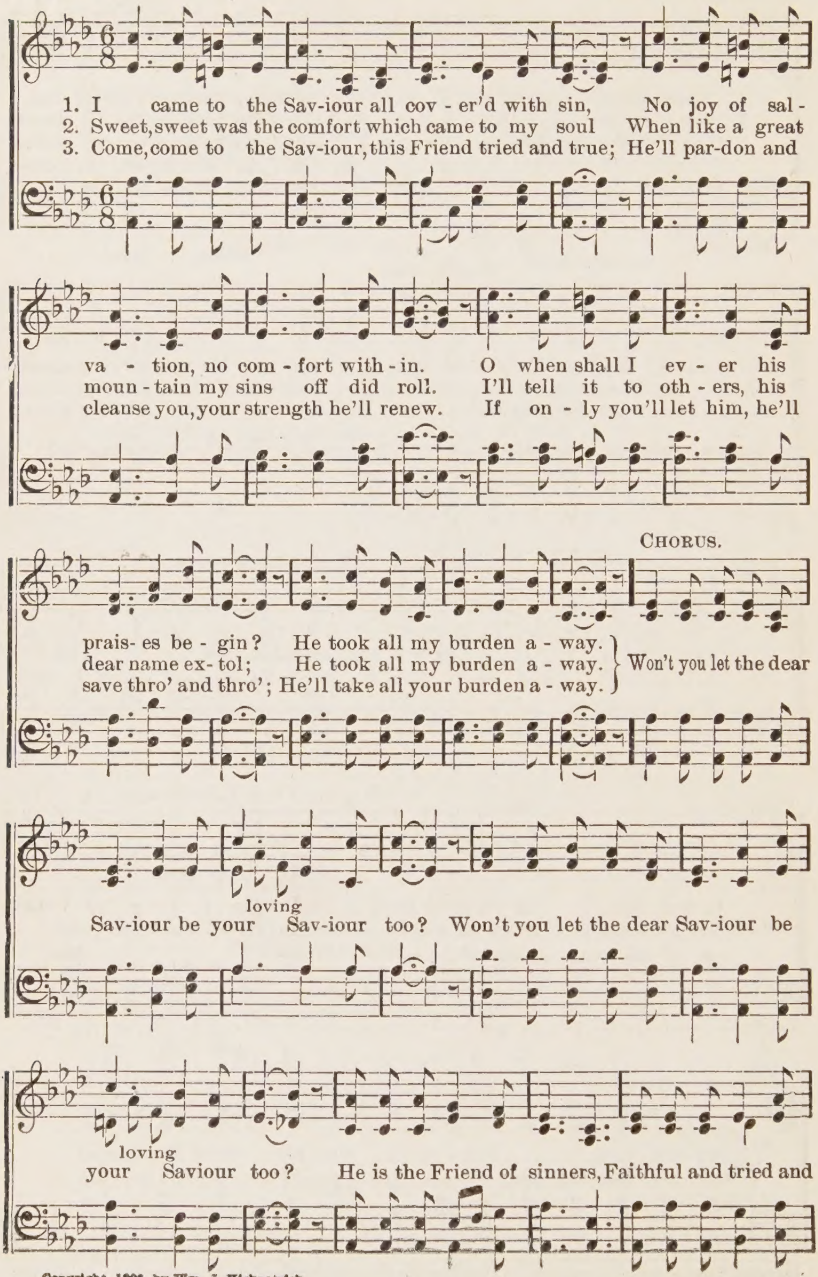
46 Let Him Be Your Saviour Too.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. I came to the Sav-iour all cov - er'd with sin, No joy of sal -
2. Sweet, sweet was the comfort which came to my soul When like a great
3. Come, come to the Sav-iour, this Friend tried and true; He'll par-don and
va - tion, no com - fort with - in. O when shall I ev - er his
moun - tain my sins off did roll. I'll tell it to oth - ers, his
cleanse you, your strength he'll renew. If on - ly you'll let him, he'll
CHORUS.
prais- es be - gin? He took all my burden a - way.
dear name ex- tol; He took all my burden a - way.
save thro' and thro'; He'll take all your burden a - way.
Won't you let the dear
loving
Sav-iour be your Sav-iour too? Won't you let the dear Sav-iour be
loving
your Saviour too? He is the Friend of sinners, Faithful and tried and

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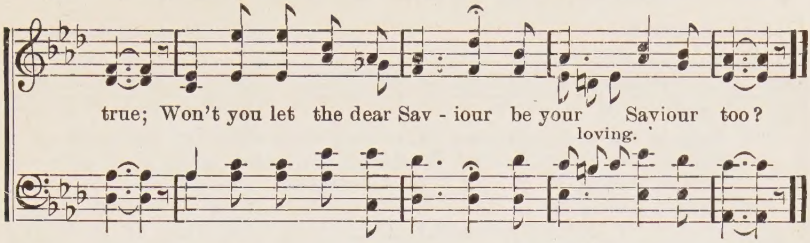
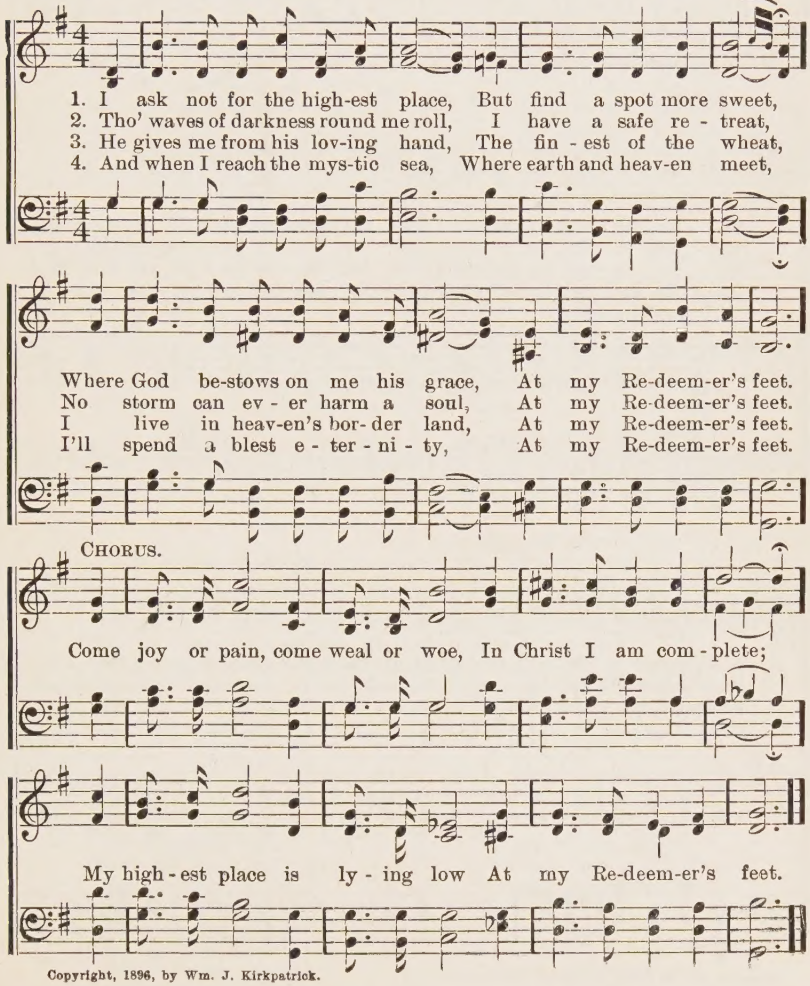
Let Him Be Your Saviour Too.—Concluded.



47 At My Redeemer's Feet.

(Solo or Quartet with Chorus.)

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I ask not for the high-est place, But find a spot more sweet,
2. Tho' waves of darkness round me roll, I have a safe re - treat,
3. He gives me from his lov-ing hand, The fin - est of the wheat,
4. And when I reach the mys-tic sea, Where earth and heav-en meet,
Where God be-stows on me his grace, At my Re-deem-er's feet.
No storm can ev - er harm a soul, At my Re-deem-er's feet.
I live in heav-en's bor-der land, At my Re-deem-er's feet.
I'll spend a blest e - ter - ni - ty, At my Re-deem-er's feet.
CHORUS.
Come joy or pain, come weal or woe, In Christ I am com - plete;
My high - est place is ly - ing low At my Re-deem-er's feet.

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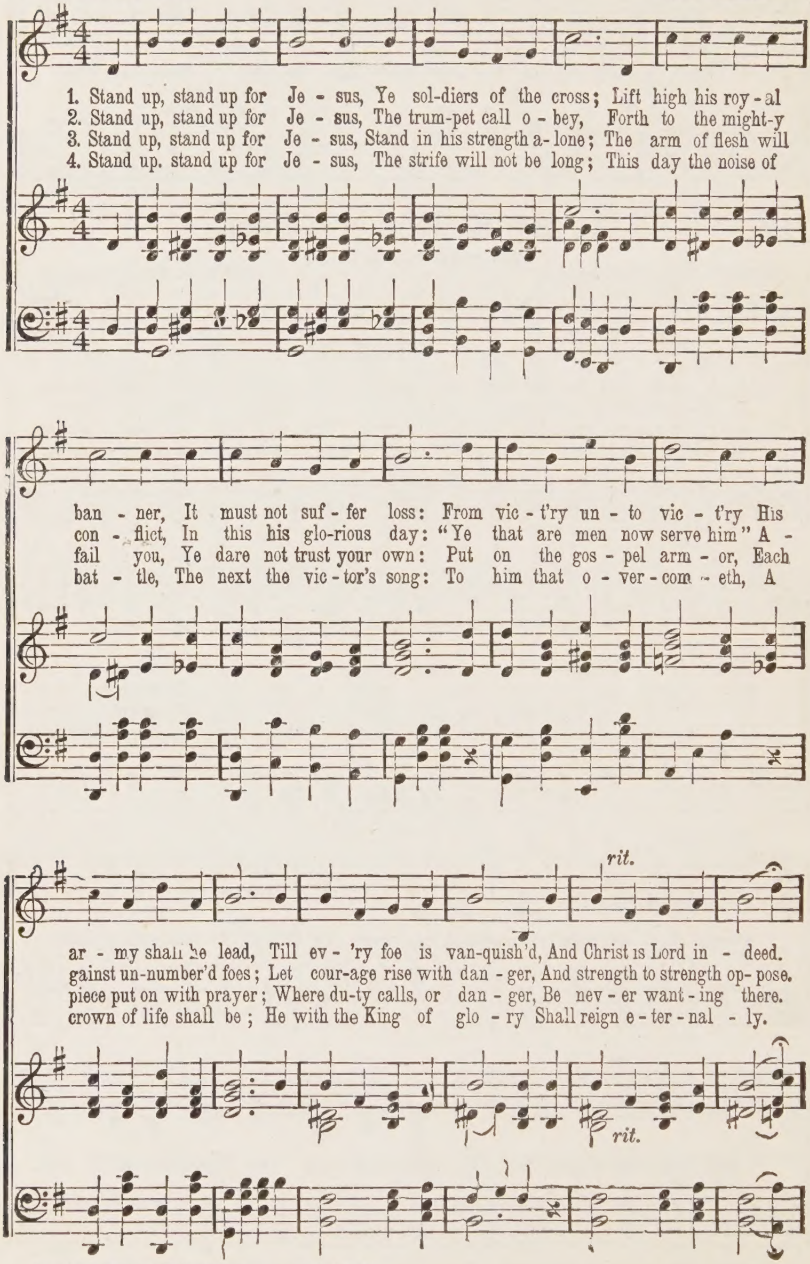
48 Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.

GEORGE DUFFIELD. ADAM GEIBEL.


1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high his roy - al
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trum-pet call o - bey, Forth to the might-y
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in his strength a-lone; The arm of flesh will
4. Stand up. stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the noise of
ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His
con - flict, In this his glo-rious day: "Ye that are men now serve him" A -
fail you, Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the gos - pel arm - or, Each
bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song: To him that o - ver - com - eth, A
rit.
ar - my shall be lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
gainst un-number'd foes; Let cour-age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op- pose.
piece put on with prayer; Where du-ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.
rit.

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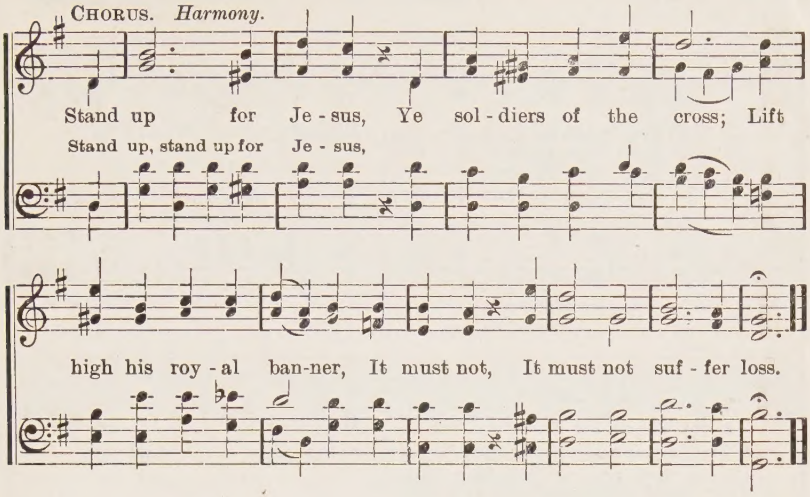
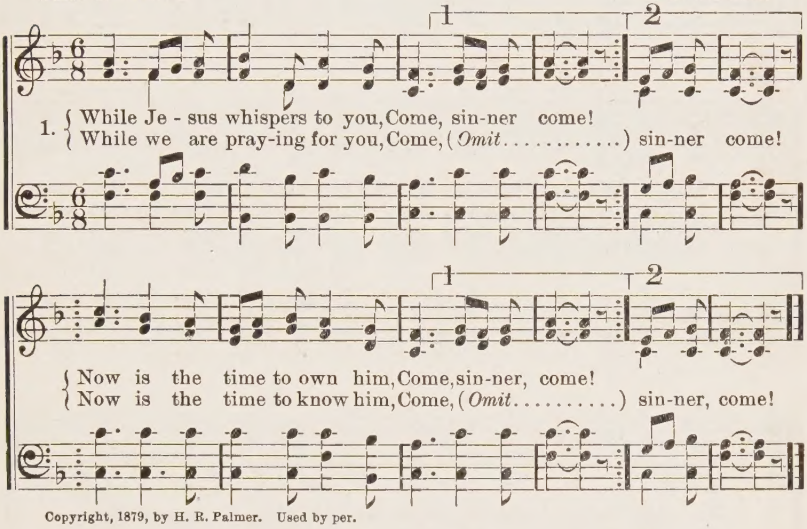
Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus.—Concluded.


CHORUS. Harmony.
Stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift
Stand up, stand up for Je - sus,
high his roy - al ban-ner, It must not, It must not suf - fer loss.

49 While Jesus Whispers to You.

WILL E. WITTER. H. R. PALMER.


1
2
1. While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sin-ner come!
While we are pray-ing for you, Come, (Omit.....) sin-ner come!
Now is the time to own him, Come, sin-ner, come!
Now is the time to know him, Come, (Omit.....) sin-ner, come!

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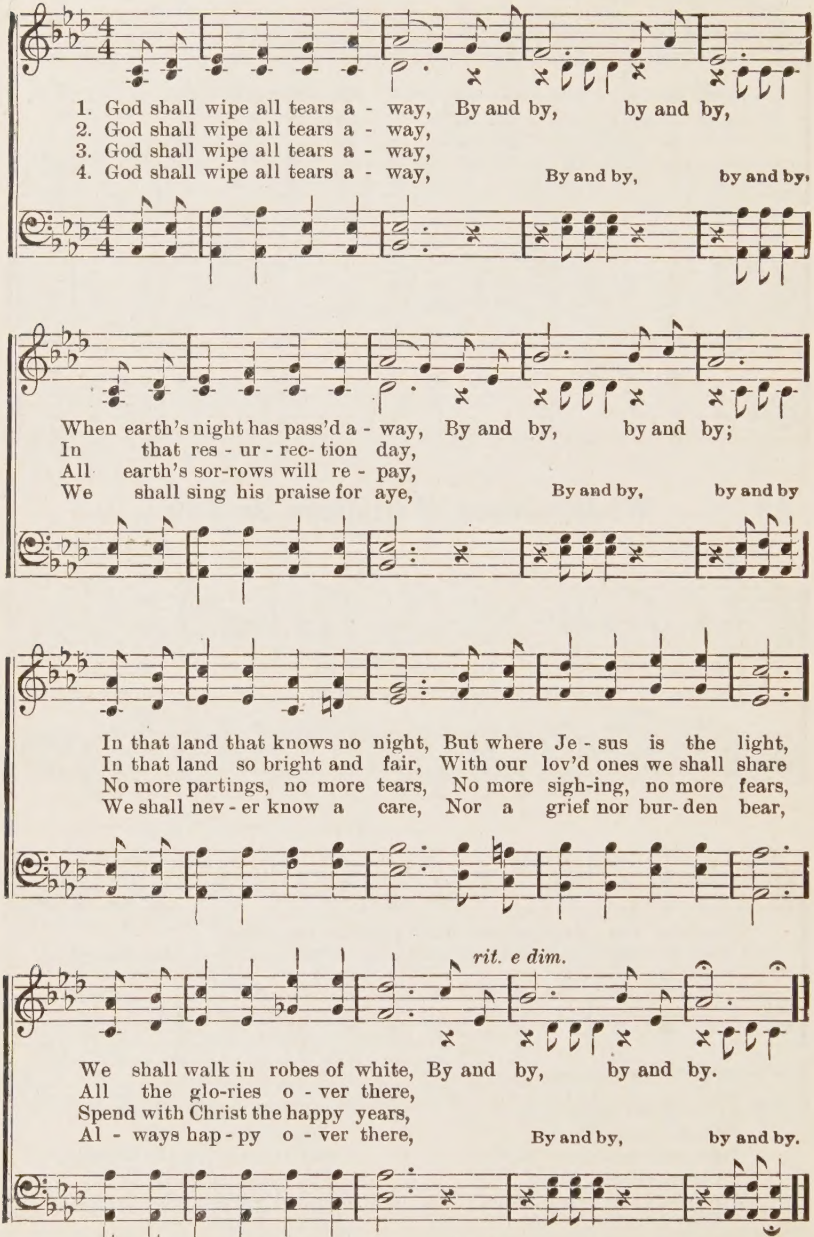
2 Are you too heavy laden?
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will bear your burden,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will not deceive you,
Come, sinner, come!
Jesus can now redeem you,
Come, sinner, come!

3 O hear his tender pleading,
Come, sinner, come!
Come and receive the blessing,
Come, sinner, come!
While Jesus whispers to you,
Come, sinner, come!
While we are praying for you,
Come, sinner, come!

50 God Shall Wipe All Tears Away.

LOTTA B. WHITE. Isaiah xxv: 8. A. B. MORTON.

1. God shall wipe all tears a - way, By and by, by and by,
2. God shall wipe all tears a - way,
3. God shall wipe all tears a - way,
4. God shall wipe all tears a - way, By and by, by and by.
When earth's night has pass'd a - way, By and by, by and by;
In that res - ur - rec- tion day,
All earth's sor-rows will re - pay,
We shall sing his praise for aye, By and by, by and by
In that land that knows no night, But where Je - sus is the light,
In that land so bright and fair, With our lov'd ones we shall share
No more partings, no more tears, No more sigh-ing, no more fears,
We shall nev - er know a care, Nor a grief nor bur- den bear,
rit. e dim.
We shall walk in robes of white, By and by, by and by.
All the glo-ries o - ver there,
Spend with Christ the happy years,
Al - ways hap - py o - ver there, By and by, by and by.

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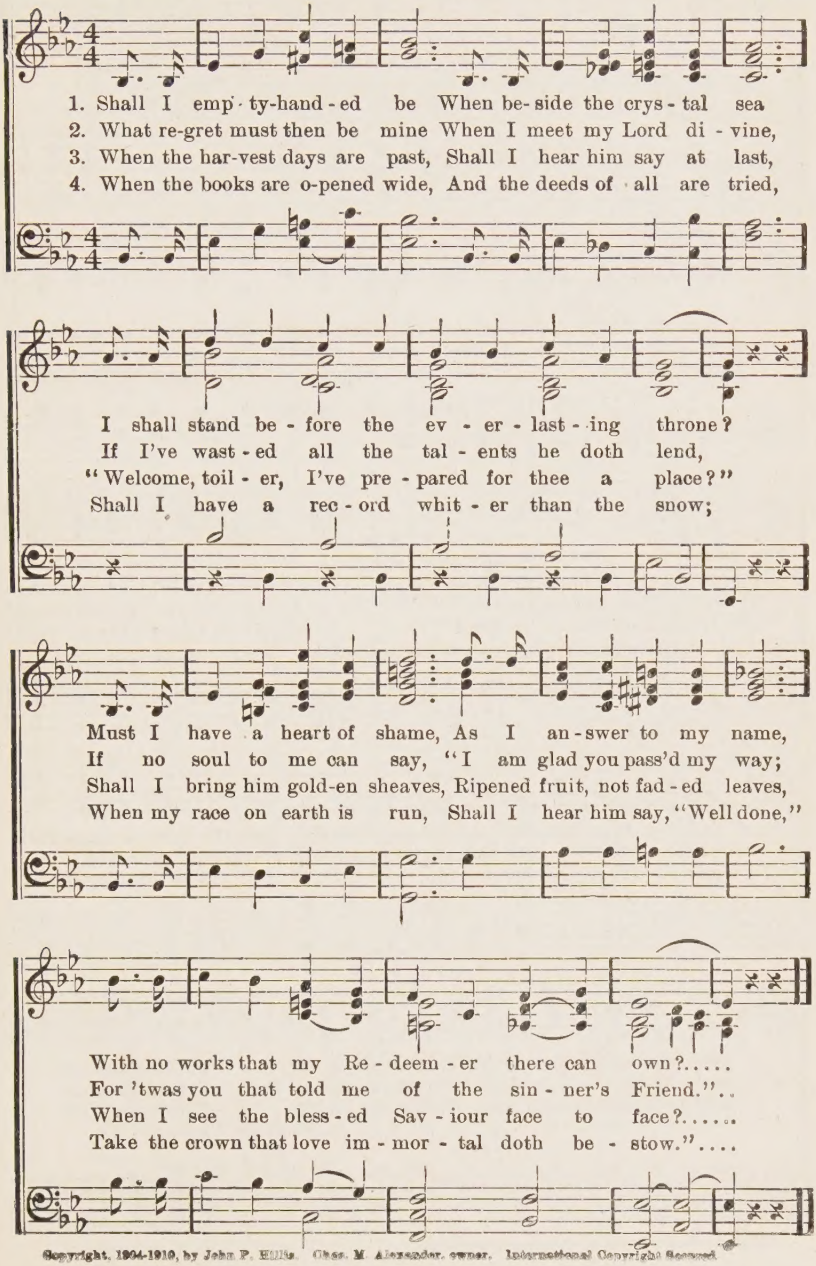
51 Shall I Empty-Handed Be?

REV. NEAL A. McAULAY. (A Hymn for Workers.)
MAUD FRAZER.

JOHN P. HILLIS.


1. Shall I emp - ty-hand - ed be When be - side the crys - tal sea
2. What re-gret must then be mine When I meet my Lord di - vine,
3. When the har-vest days are past, Shall I hear him say at last,
4. When the books are o-pened wide, And the deeds of all are tried,
I shall stand be - fore the ev - er - last - ing throne?
If I've wast - ed all the tal - ents he doth lend,
"Welcome, toil - er, I've pre - pared for thee a place?"
Shall I have a rec - ord whit - er than the snow;
Must I have a heart of shame, As I an - swer to my name,
If no soul to me can say, "I am glad you pass'd my way;
Shall I bring him gold-en sheaves, Ripened fruit, not fad - ed leaves,
When my race on earth is run, Shall I hear him say, "Well done,"
With no works that my Re - deem - er there can own?.....
For 'twas you that told me of the sin - ner's Friend.".
When I see the bless - ed Sav - iour face to face?.....
Take the crown that love im - mor - tal doth be - stow."....

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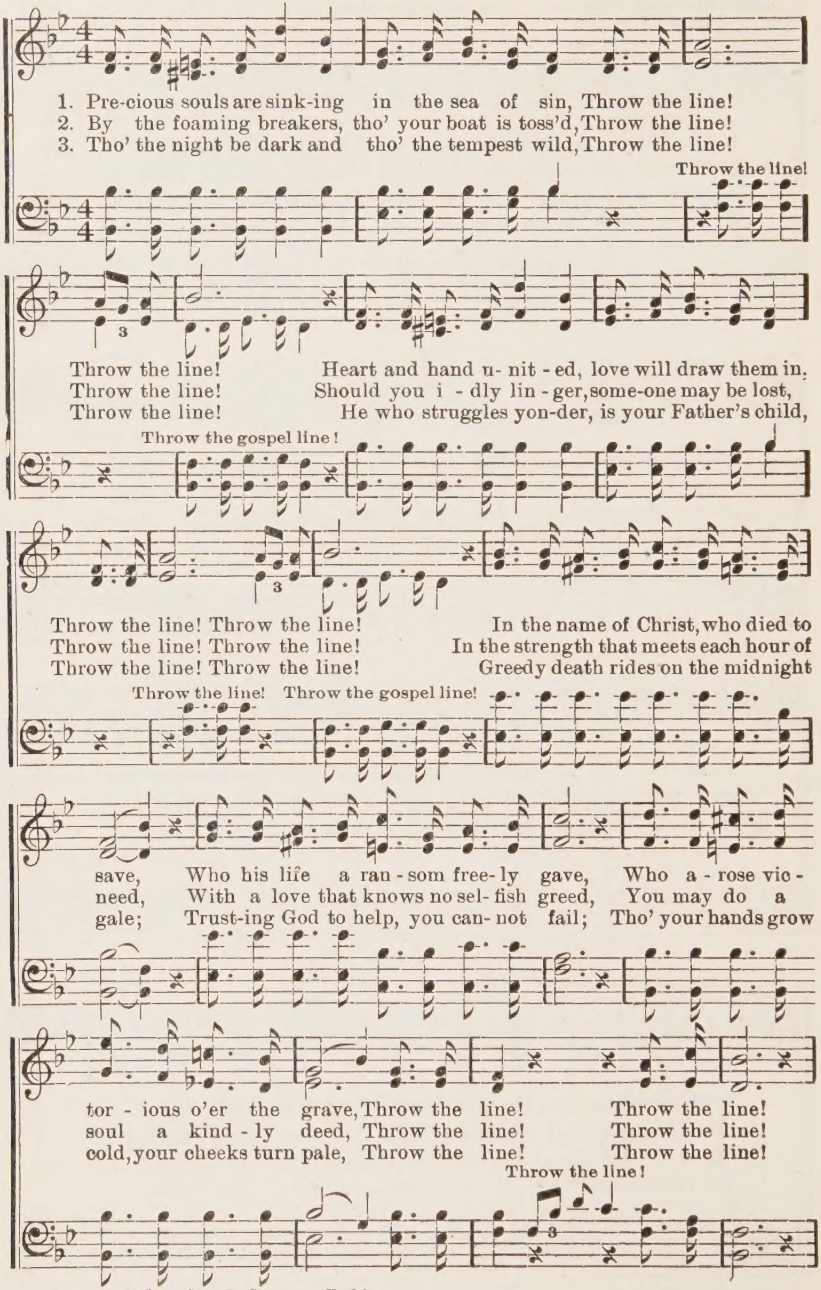
Throw the Gospel Line.

JNO. R. CLEMENTS. W. S. MARTIN.

1. Pre-cious souls are sink-ing in the sea of sin, Throw the line!
2. By the foaming breakers, tho' your boat is toss'd, Throw the line!
3. Tho' the night be dark and tho' the tempest wild, Throw the line!
Throw the line!
Throw the line! Heart and hand u- nit - ed, love will draw them in.
Throw the line! Should you i - dly lin - ger, some-one may be lost,
Throw the line! He who struggles yon-der, is your Father's child,
Throw the gospel line!
Throw the line! Throw the line! In the name of Christ, who died to
Throw the line! Throw the line! In the strength that meets each hour of
Throw the line! Throw the line! Greedy death rides on the midnight
Throw the line! Throw the gospel line!
save, Who his life a ran - som free- ly gave, Who a - rose vic -
need, With a love that knows no sel- fish greed, You may do a
gale; Trust-ing God to help, you can- not fail; Tho' your hands grow
tor - ious o'er the grave, Throw the line! Throw the line!
soul a kind - ly deed, Throw the line! Throw the line!
cold, your cheeks turn pale, Throw the line! Throw the line!
Throw the line!

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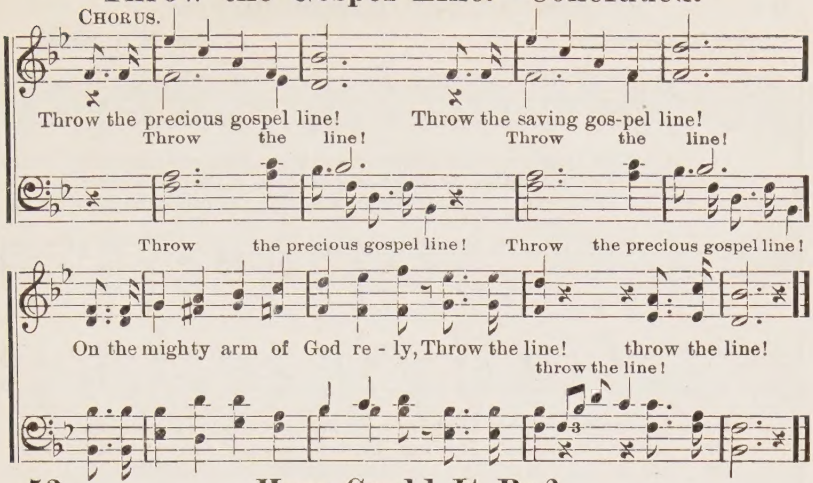
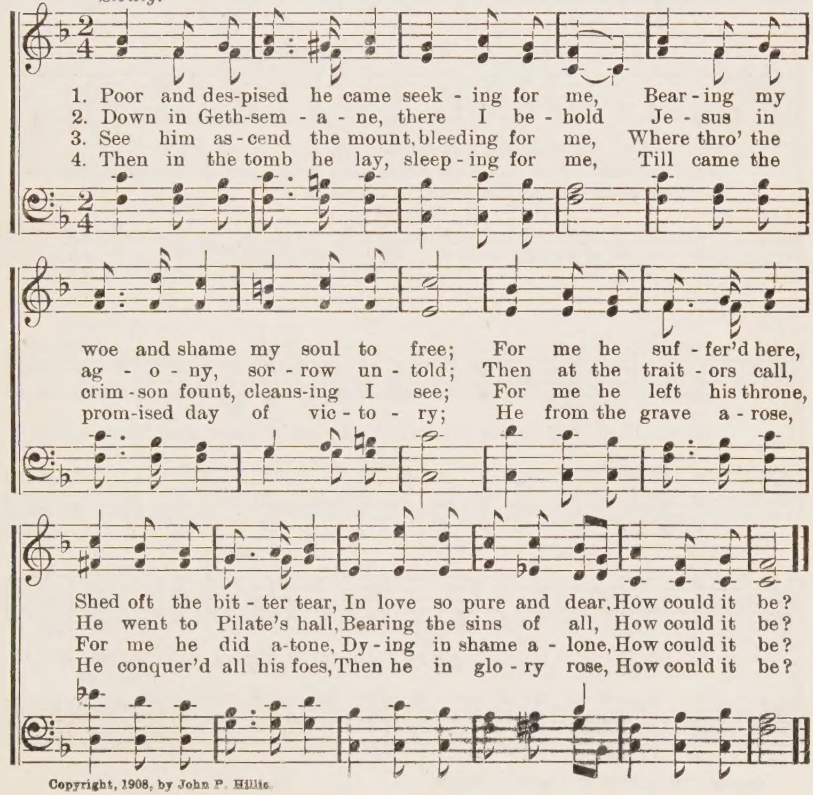
Throw the Gospel Line.—Concluded.


CHORUS.
Throw the precious gospel line! Throw the saving gos-pel line!
Throw the line! Throw the line!
Throw the precious gospel line! Throw the precious gospel line!
On the mighty arm of God re - ly, Throw the line! throw the line!
throw the line!

53 How Could It Be?

REV. N. A. MCAULAY. CHAS. H. MARSH.

Slowly.

1. Poor and des-pised he came seek - ing for me, Bear - ing my
2. Down in Geth-sem - a - ne, there I be - hold Je - sus in
3. See him as-cend the mount, bleeding for me, Where thro' the
4. Then in the tomb he lay, sleep - ing for me, Till came the
woe and shame my soul to free; For me he suf - fer'd here,
ag - o - ny, sor - row un - told; Then at the trait - ors call,
crim-son fount, cleans-ing I see; For me he left his throne,
prom-ised day of vic - to - ry; He from the grave a - rose,
Shed oft the bit - ter tear, In love so pure and dear, How could it be?
He went to Pilate's hall, Bearing the sins of all, How could it be?
For me he did a-tone, Dy - ing in shame a - lone, How could it be?
He conquer'd all his foes, Then he in glo - ry rose, How could it be?

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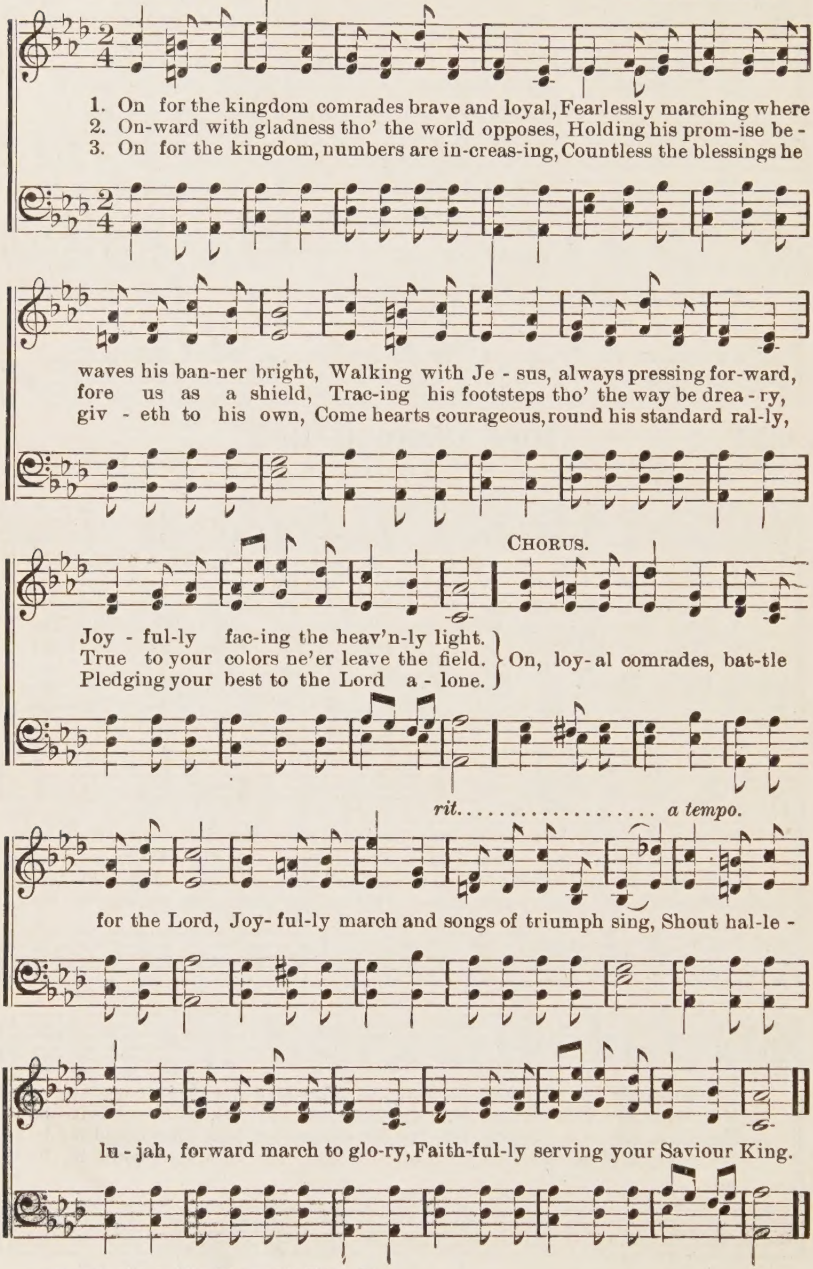
On for the Kingdom.

LIZZIE DEARMOND. CHAS. H. MARSH.

1. On for the kingdom comrades brave and loyal, Fearlessly marching where
2. On-ward with gladness tho' the world opposes, Holding his prom-ise be -
3. On for the kingdom, numbers are in-creas-ing, Countless the blessings he
waves his ban-ner bright, Walking with Je - sus, always pressing for-ward,
fore us as a shield, Trac-ing his footsteps tho' the way be drea - ry,
giv - eth to his own, Come hearts courageous, round his standard ral-ly,
CHORUS.
Joy - ful-ly fac-ing the heav'n-ly light.
True to your colors ne'er leave the field.
Pledging your best to the Lord a - lone.
On, loy-al comrades, bat-tle
rit..... a tempo.
for the Lord, Joy- ful-ly march and songs of triumph sing, Shout hal-le -
lu - jah, forward march to glo-ry, Faith-ful-ly serving your Saviour King.

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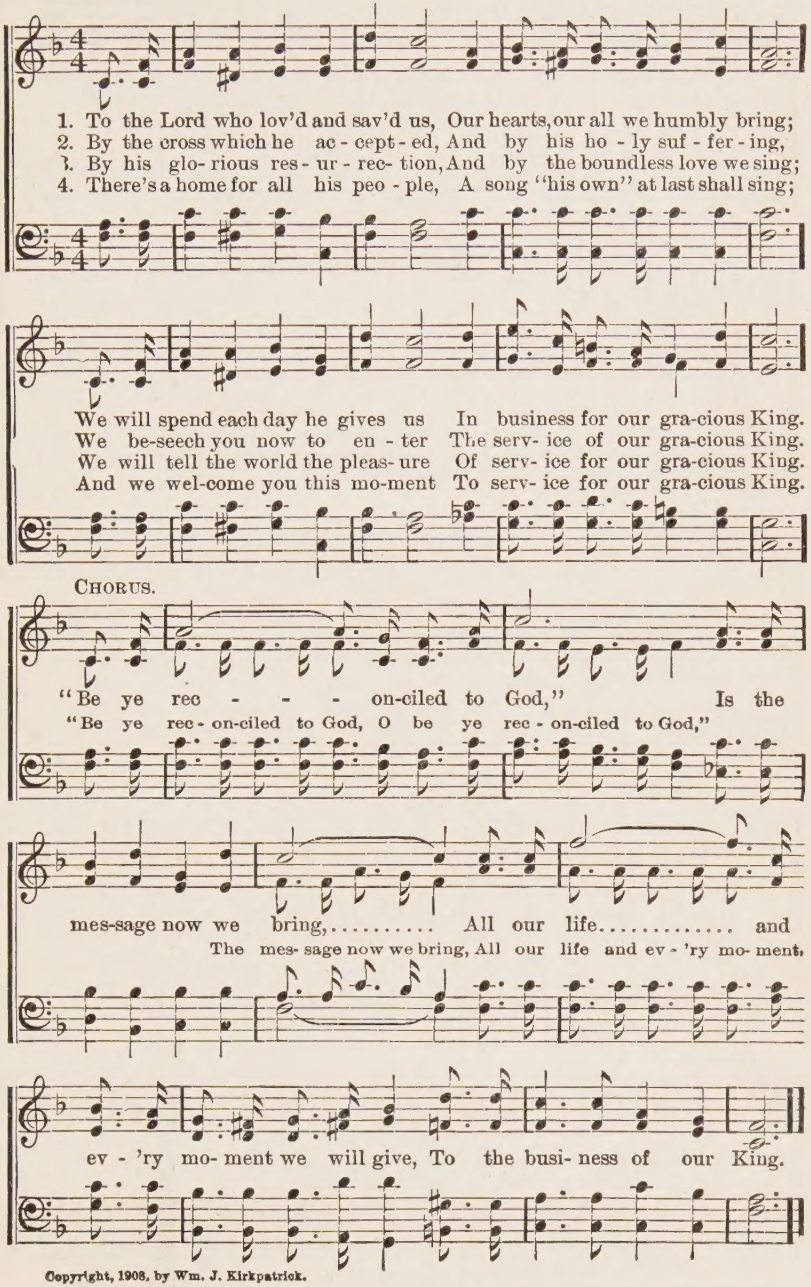
55 Doing Business for the King.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. To the Lord who lov'd and sav'd us, Our hearts, our all we humbly bring;
2. By the cross which he ac - cept - ed, And by his ho - ly suf - fer - ing,
3. By his glo- rious res - ur - rec- tion, And by the boundless love we sing;
4. There's a home for all his peo - ple, A song "his own" at last shall sing;
We will spend each day he gives us In business for our gra-cious King.
We be-seech you now to en - ter The serv- ice of our gra-cious King.
We will tell the world the pleas- ure Of serv- ice for our gra-cious King.
And we wel-come you this mo-ment To serv- ice for our gra-cious King.
CHORUS.
"Be ye rec - - - - on-ciled to God," Is the
"Be ye rec - on-ciled to God, O be ye rec - on-ciled to God,"
mes-sage now we bring,..... All our life..... and
The mes- sage now we bring, All our life and ev - 'ry mo- ment,
ev - 'ry mo- ment we will give, To the busi- ness of our King.

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56 How Can I Look On Calvary's Cross?

T. A. Owen. Victor H. Benke.

1. How can I look on Calv'ry's cross And see my Sav-iour there,
2. How can I think of all he bore—The shame, the thorns, the pain,
3. No, no! I can - not trait-or be, To Je - sus, King of Love,

With outstretch'd arms the world to save, My sins him-self to bear?
And un - re - pent - ant go my way To pierce his heart a - gain?
Tho' sin - ner steep'd in guilt I am, His mer - cy I will prove;

How con-template and yet with-stand Such love as he has shown,
For - sak - en in his dark - est hour By all ex-cept his God,
His blood on Cal-v'ry's cross was shed, To save e'en such as me;

Who died to draw the sin - ner near And claim him for his own?
Shall I de - ny my bless - ed Lord Who died to lift the rod?
O Je - sus, now ac - cept my all, And draw me close to thee.

Chorus.

rit.

O love of God, that bro't me there, O love so deep, so true, . . .
O love of God, that bro't me there, so true.

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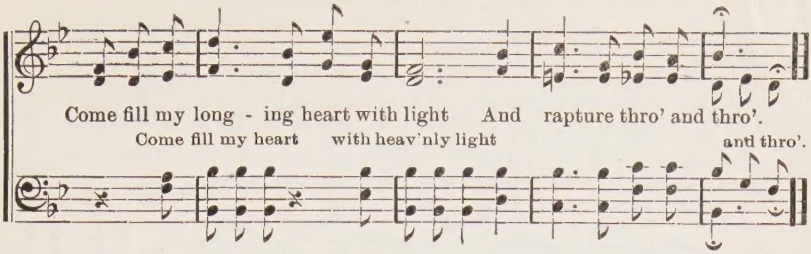
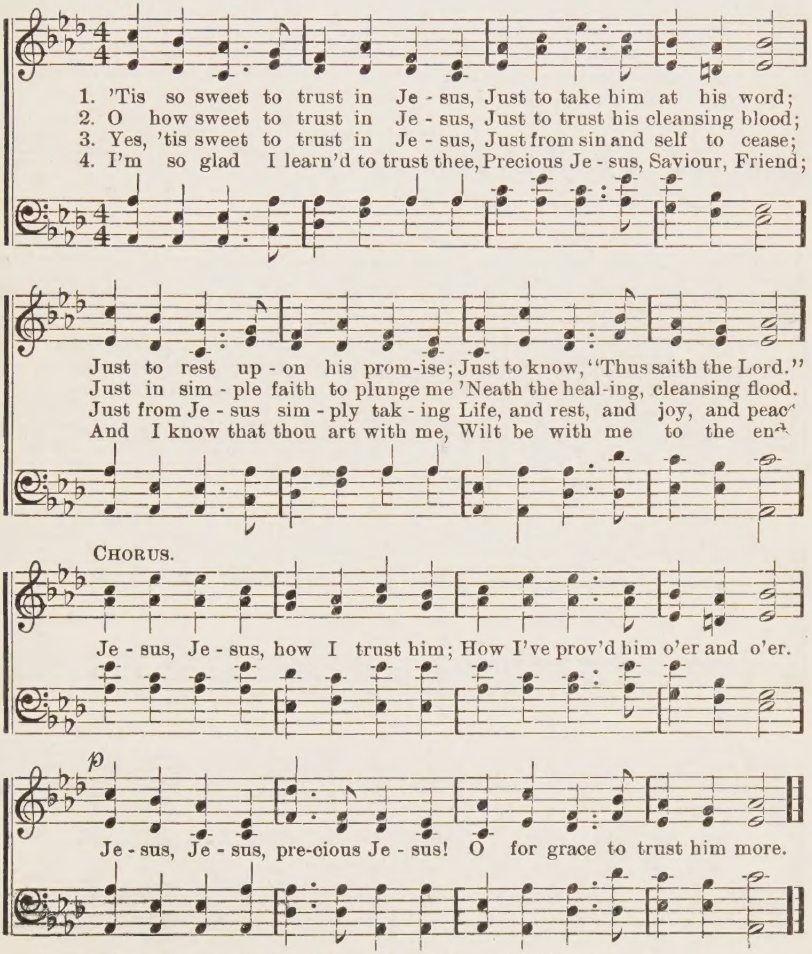
How Can I Look, Etc.—Concluded.



57 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

MRS. LOUISA M. R. STEAD. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take him at his word;
2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust his cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust thee, Precious Je - sus, Saviour, Friend;
Just to rest up - on his prom-ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal-ing, cleansing flood.
Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life, and rest, and joy, and peac
And I know that thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the en
CHORUS.
Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust him; How I've prov'd him o'er and o'er.
p
Je - sus, Je - sus, pre-cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust him more.

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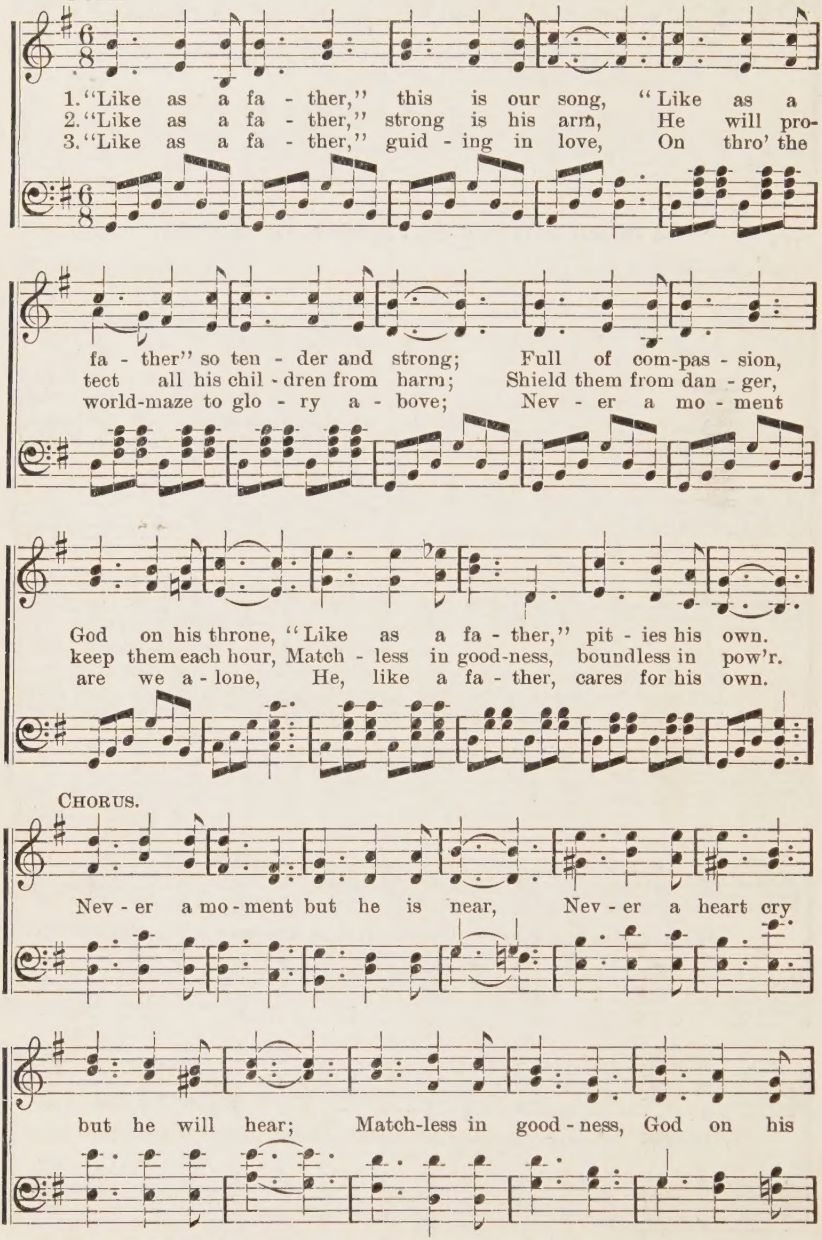
"Like As a Father."

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

DUET.

1. "Like as a fa - ther," this is our song, "Like as a
2. "Like as a fa - ther," strong is his arm, He will pro-
3. "Like as a fa - ther," guid - ing in love, On thro' the
fa - ther" so ten - der and strong; Full of com-pas - sion,
tect all his chil - dren from harm; Shield them from dan - ger,
world-maze to glo - ry a - bove; Nev - er a mo - ment
God on his throne, "Like as a fa - ther," pit - ies his own.
keep them each hour, Match - less in good-ness, boundless in pow'r.
are we a - lone, He, like a fa - ther, cares for his own.
CHORUS.
Nev - er a mo - ment but he is near, Nev - er a heart cry
but he will hear; Match-less in good - ness, God on his

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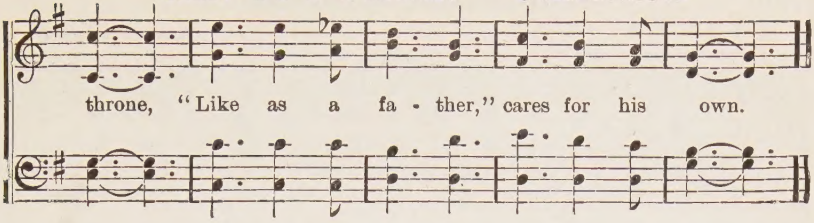
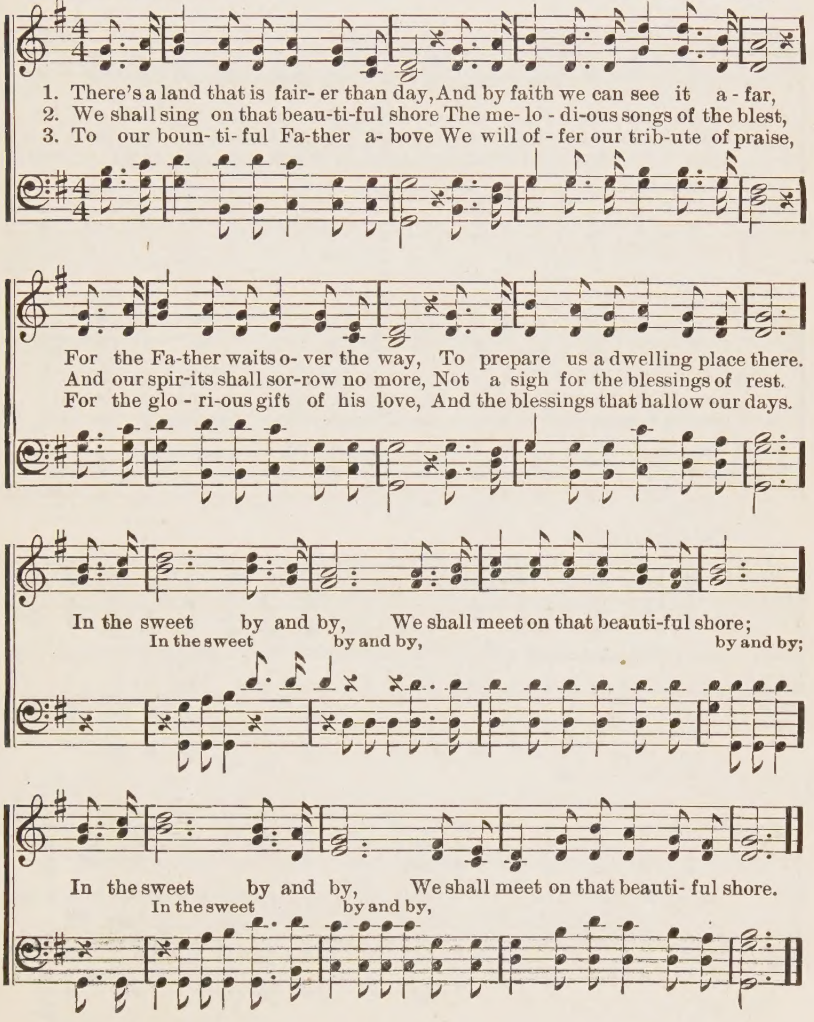
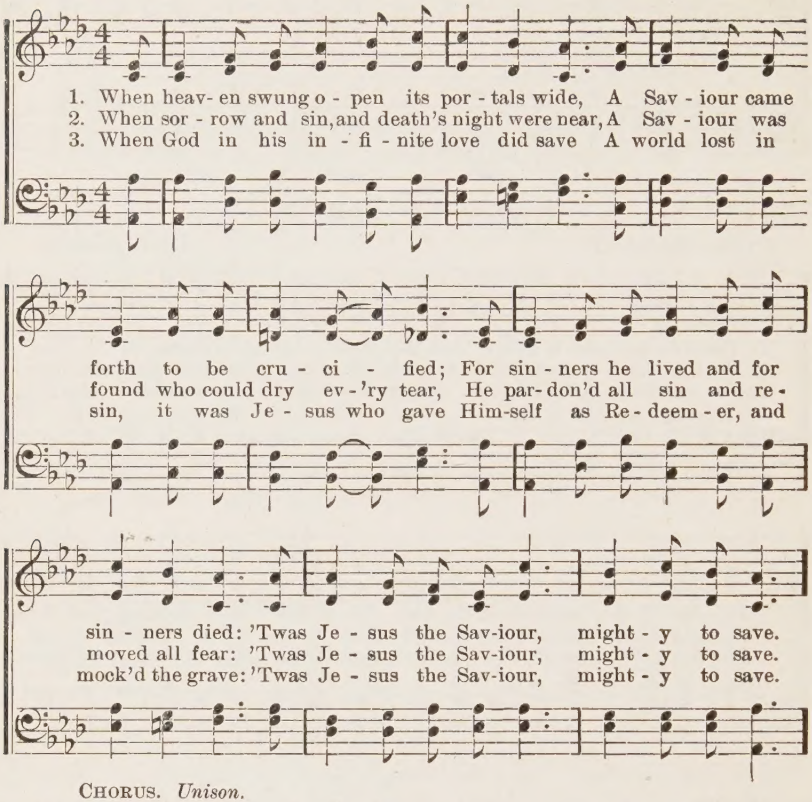


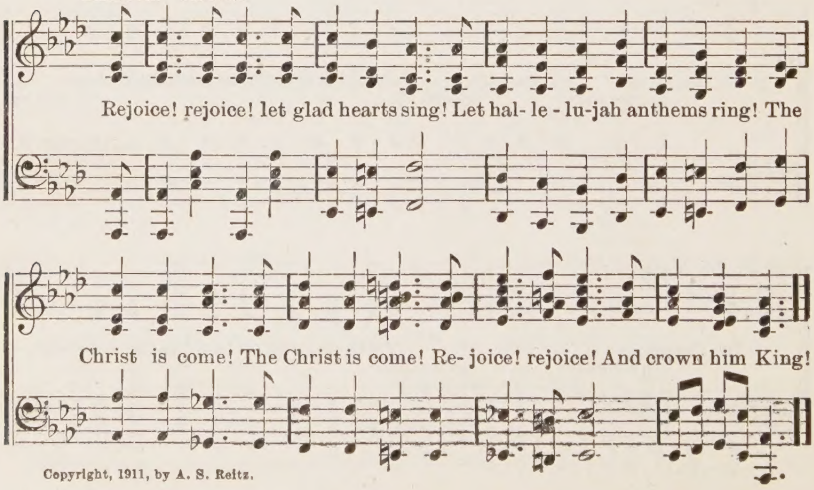
59 Sweet By and By.

S. Fillmore Bennett. Jos. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair- er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far,
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The me- lo - di-ous songs of the blest,
3. To our boun- ti- ful Fa-ther a- bove We will of - fer our trib-ute of praise,
For the Fa-ther waits o- ver the way, To prepare us a dwelling place there.
And our spir-its shall sor-row no more, Not a sigh for the blessings of rest.
For the glo - ri-ous gift of his love, And the blessings that hallow our days.
In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beauti-ful shore;
In the sweet by and by, by and by;
In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beauti- ful shore.
In the sweet by and by,

The Christ Is Come!

A. S. R. ALBERT S. REITZ.

1. When heav- en swung o - pen its por - tals wide, A Sav - iour came
2. When sor - row and sin, and death's night were near, A Sav - iour was
3. When God in his in - fi - nite love did save A world lost in
forth to be cru - ci - fied; For sin - ners he lived and for
found who could dry ev - 'ry tear, He par-don'd all sin and re -
sin, it was Je - sus who gave Him-self as Re - deem - er, and
sin - ners died: 'Twas Je - sus the Sav-iour, might - y to save.
moved all fear: 'Twas Je - sus the Sav-iour, might - y to save.
mock'd the grave: 'Twas Je - sus the Sav-iour, might - y to save.

CHORUS. *Unison.*


Rejoice! rejoice! let glad hearts sing! Let hal- le - lu-jah anthems ring! The
Christ is come! The Christ is come! Re- joice! rejoice! And crown him King!

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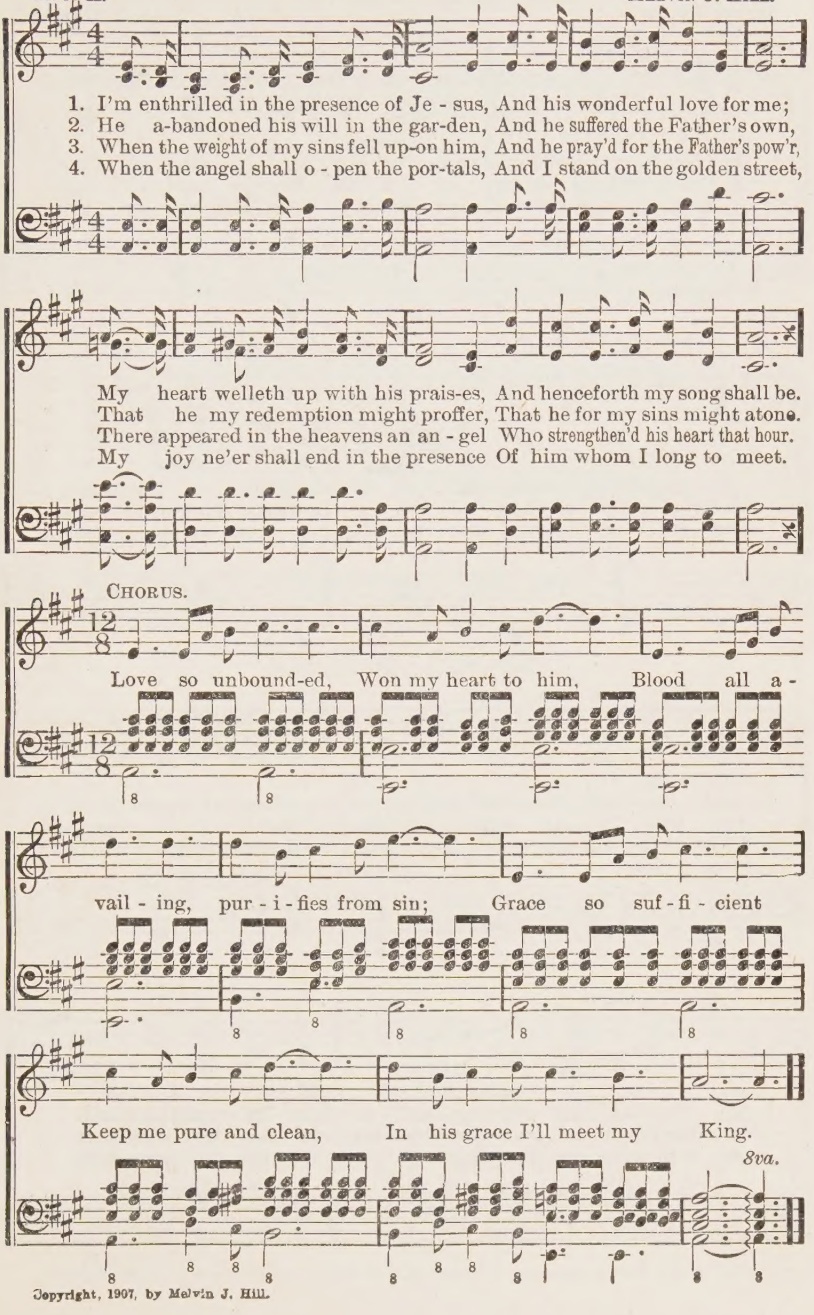
Love So Unbounded.

M. J. H. MELVIN J. HILL.


1. I'm enthrilled in the presence of Je - sus, And his wonderful love for me;
2. He a-bandoned his will in the gar-den, And he suffered the Father's own,
3. When the weight of my sins fell up-on him, And he pray'd for the Father's pow'r,
4. When the angel shall o - pen the por-tals, And I stand on the golden street,
My heart welleth up with his prais-es, And henceforth my song shall be.
That he my redemption might proffer, That he for my sins might atone.
There appeared in the heavens an an - gel Who strengthen'd his heart that hour.
My joy ne'er shall end in the presence Of him whom I long to meet.
CHORUS.
Love so unbound-ed, Won my heart to him, Blood all a -
vail - ing, pur - i - fies from sin; Grace so suf - fi - cient
Keep me pure and clean, In his grace I'll meet my King.
8va.

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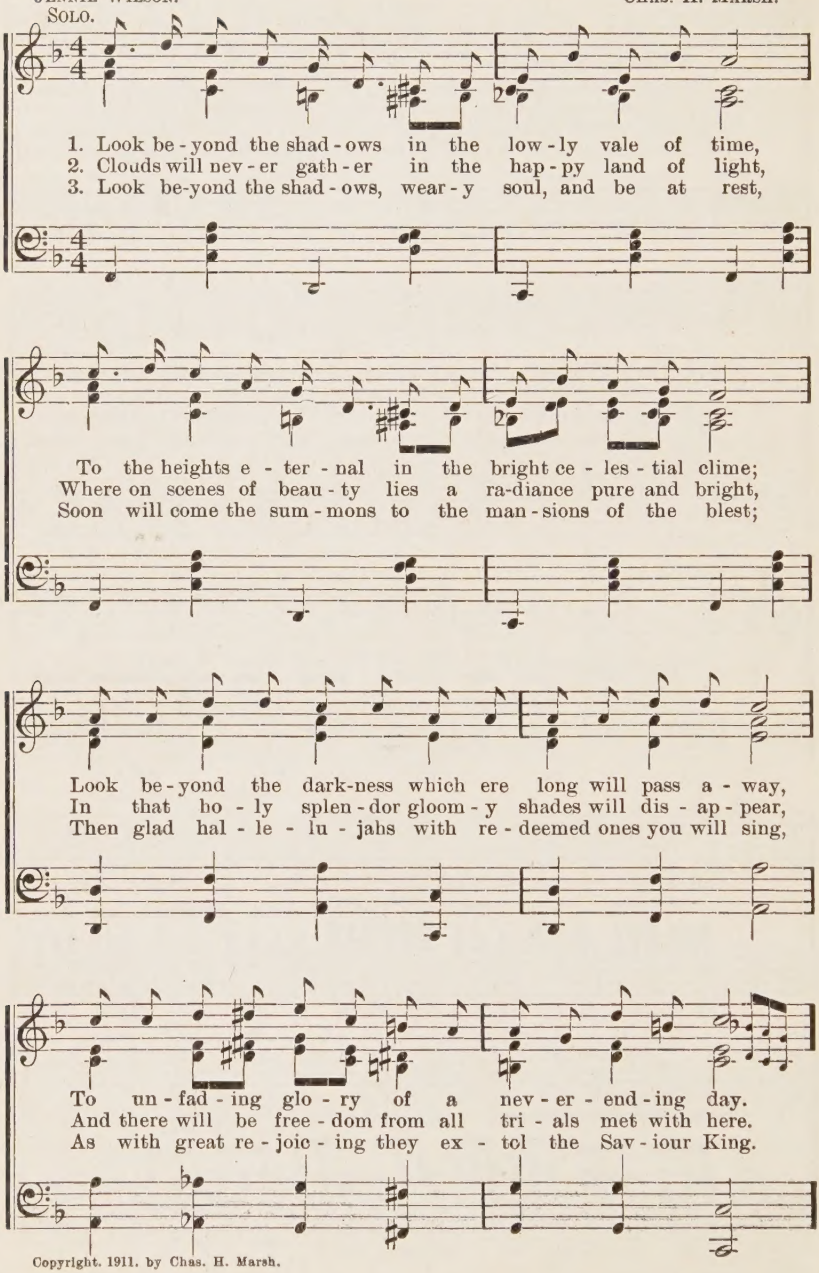
Look Beyond the Shadows.

To Mr. Fred Butler, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

JENNIE WILSON. CHAS. H. MARSH.

SOLO.

1. Look be - yond the shad - ows in the low - ly vale of time,
2. Clouds will nev - er gath - er in the hap - py land of light,
3. Look be-yond the shad - ows, wear - y soul, and be at rest,
To the heights e - ter - nal in the bright ce - les - tial clime;
Where on scenes of beau - ty lies a ra-diance pure and bright,
Soon will come the sum - mons to the man - sions of the blest;
Look be - yond the dark-ness which ere long will pass a - way,
In that ho - ly splen - dor gloom - y shades will dis - ap - pear,
Then glad hal - le - lu - jahs with re - deemed ones you will sing,
To un - fad - ing glo - ry of a nev - er - end - ing day.
And there will be free - dom from all tri - als met with here.
As with great re - joic - ing they ex - tol the Sav - iour King.

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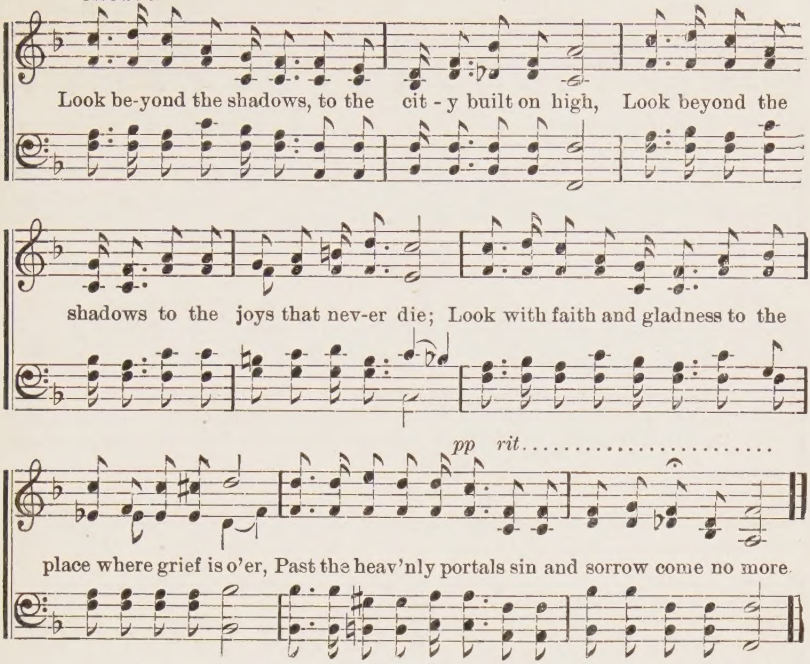
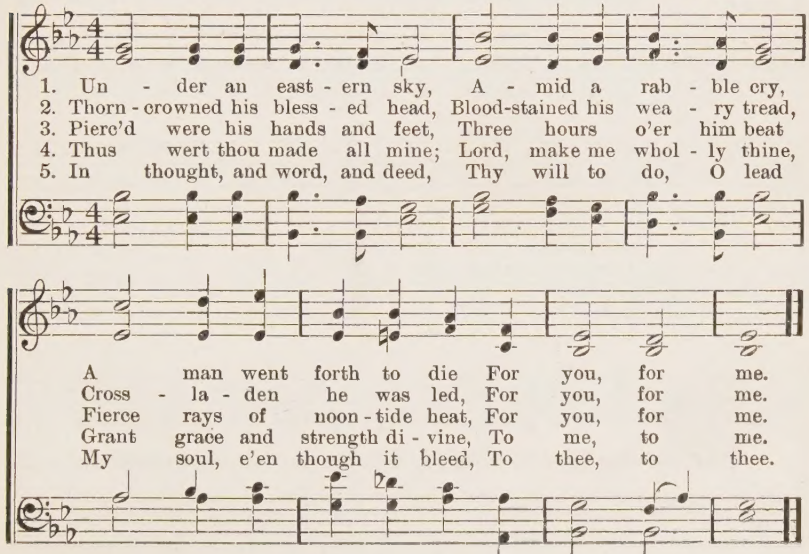
Look Beyond the Shadows.—Concluded.

CHORUS.


Look be-yond the shadows, to the cit - y built on high, Look beyond the
shadows to the joys that nev-er die; Look with faith and gladness to the
pp rit.
place where grief is o'er, Past the heav'nly portals sin and sorrow come no more.

63 For You, For Me.

ANON. C. H. MARSH.


1. Un - der an east - ern sky, A - mid a rab - ble cry,
2. Thorn - crowned his bless - ed head, Blood-stained his wea - ry tread,
3. Pierc'd were his hands and feet, Three hours o'er him beat
4. Thus wert thou made all mine; Lord, make me whol - ly thine,
5. In thought, and word, and deed, Thy will to do, O lead
A man went forth to die For you, for me.
Cross - la - den he was led, For you, for me.
Fierce rays of noon - tide heat, For you, for me.
Grant grace and strength di - vine, To me, to me.
My soul, e'en though it bleed, To thee, to thee.

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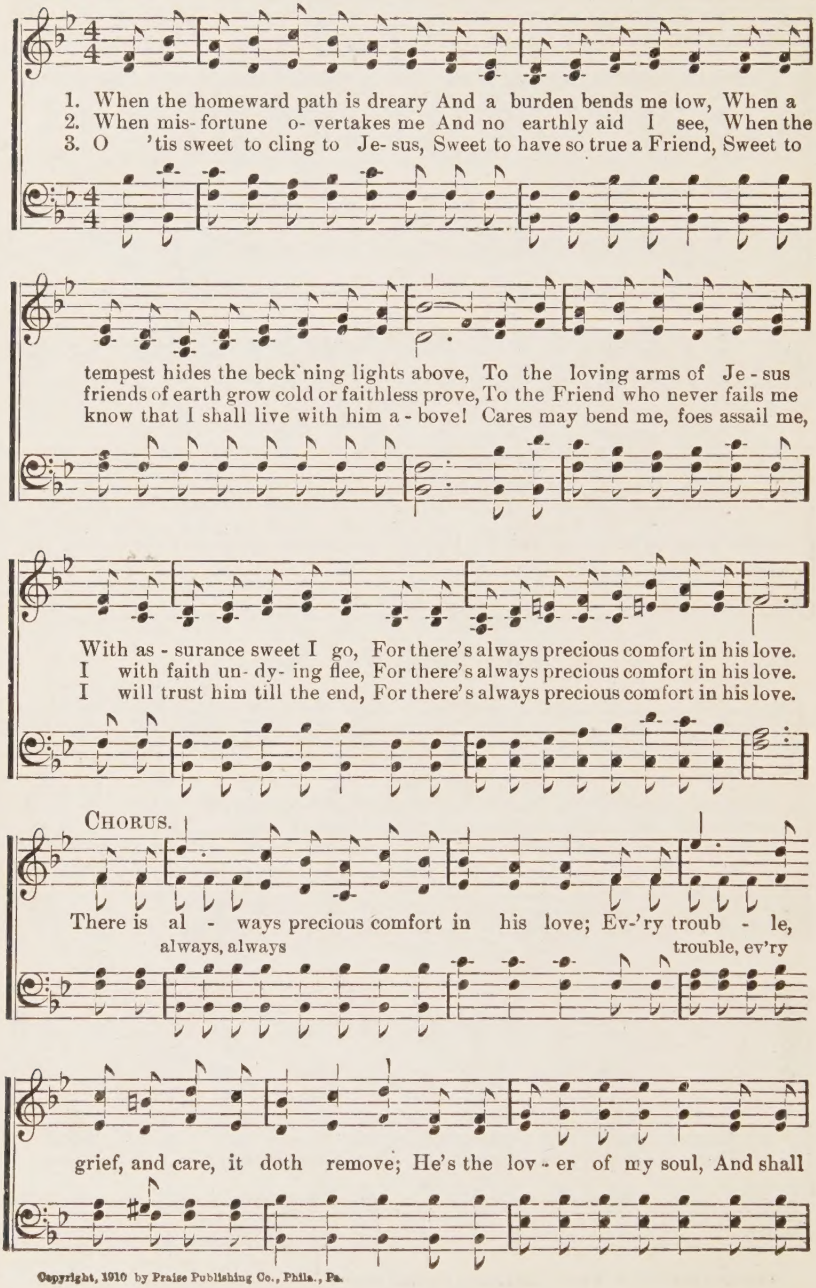
64 Precious Comfort in His Love.

JAMES ROWE. WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. When the homeward path is dreary And a burden bends me low, When a
2. When mis- fortune o- vertakes me And no earthly aid I see, When the
3. O 'tis sweet to cling to Je- sus, Sweet to have so true a Friend, Sweet to
tempest hides the beck'ning lights above, To the loving arms of Je - sus
friends of earth grow cold or faithless prove, To the Friend who never fails me
know that I shall live with him a - bove! Cares may bend me, foes assail me,
With as - surance sweet I go, For there's always precious comfort in his love.
I with faith un- dy- ing flee, For there's always precious comfort in his love.
I will trust him till the end, For there's always precious comfort in his love.
CHORUS.
There is al - ways precious comfort in his love; Ev-'ry troub - le,
always, always
trouble, ev'ry
grief, and care, it doth remove; He's the lov - er of my soul, And shall

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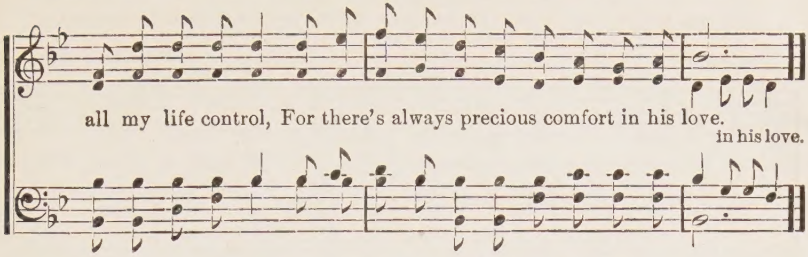
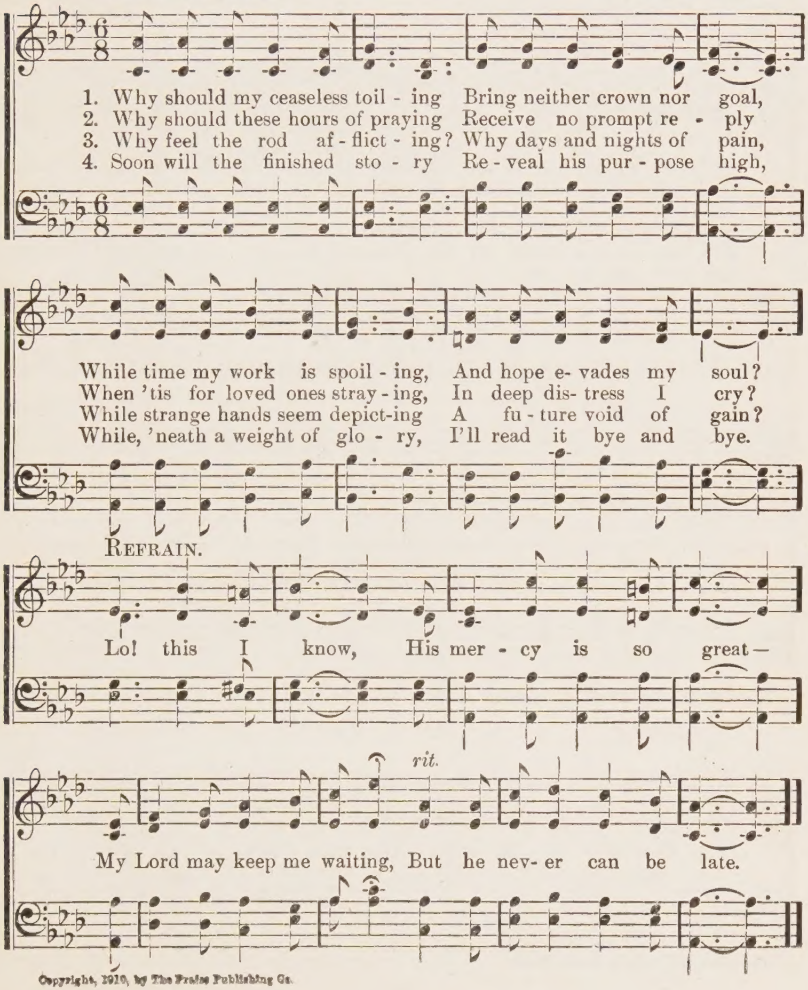
Precious Comfort in His Love.—Concluded.



65 He Never Can Be Late.

GEO. WALKER WHITCOMB. CHARLES H. MARSH.


1. Why should my ceaseless toil - ing Bring neither crown nor goal,
2. Why should these hours of praying Receive no prompt re - ply
3. Why feel the rod af - flict - ing? Why days and nights of pain,
4. Soon will the finished sto - ry Re - veal his pur - pose high,
While time my work is spoil - ing, And hope e- vades my soul?
When 'tis for loved ones stray - ing, In deep dis- tress I cry?
While strange hands seem depict-ing A fu - ture void of gain?
While, 'neath a weight of glo - ry, I'll read it bye and bye.
REFRAIN.
Lo! this I know, His mer - cy is so great—
rit.
My Lord may keep me waiting, But he nev- er can be late.

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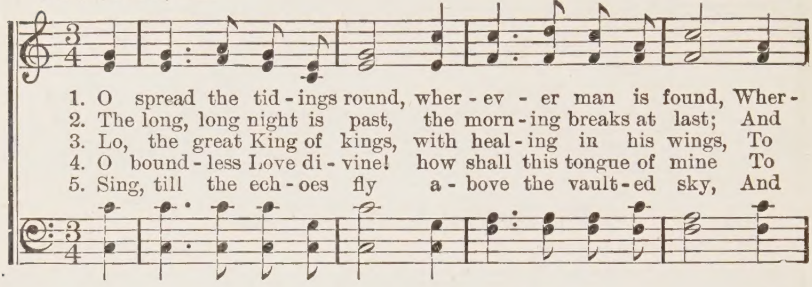
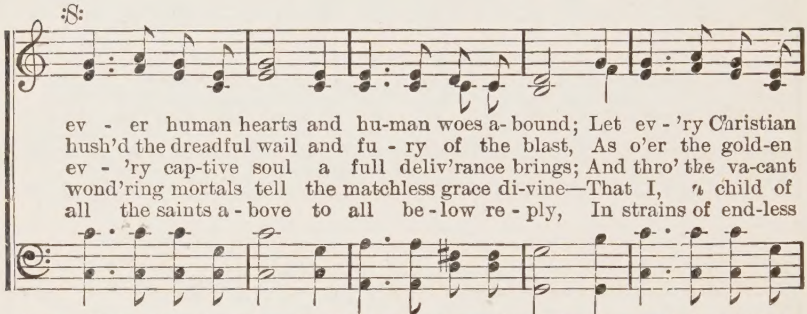
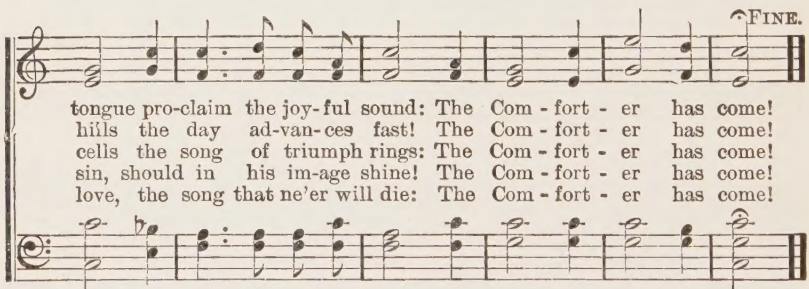
The Comforter has Come!

"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever."—John 14: 16.

REV. F. BOTTOME, D. D. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

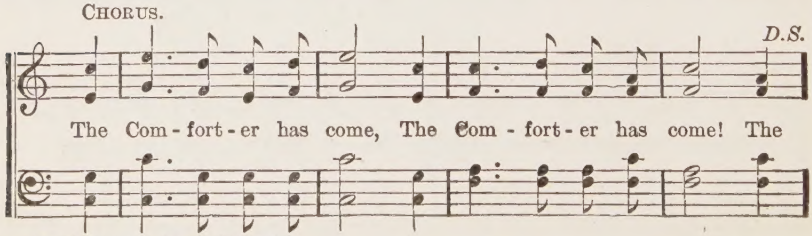

1. O spread the tid - ings round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher-
2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last; And
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in his wings, To
4. O bound - less Love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly a - bove the vault - ed sky, And


:S:
ev - er human hearts and hu-man woes a-bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
hush'd the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en
ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full deliv'rance brings; And thro' the va-cant
wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace di-vine—That I, a child of
all the saints a - bove to all be - low re - ply, In strains of end-less

D.S.—Ho-ly Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n; O spread the tid-ings

FINE.
tongue pro-claim the joy-ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!
hills the day ad-van-ces fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
cells the song of triumph rings: The Com - fort - er has come!
sin, should in his im-age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!
love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!

round, Wher-ev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!

CHORUS.



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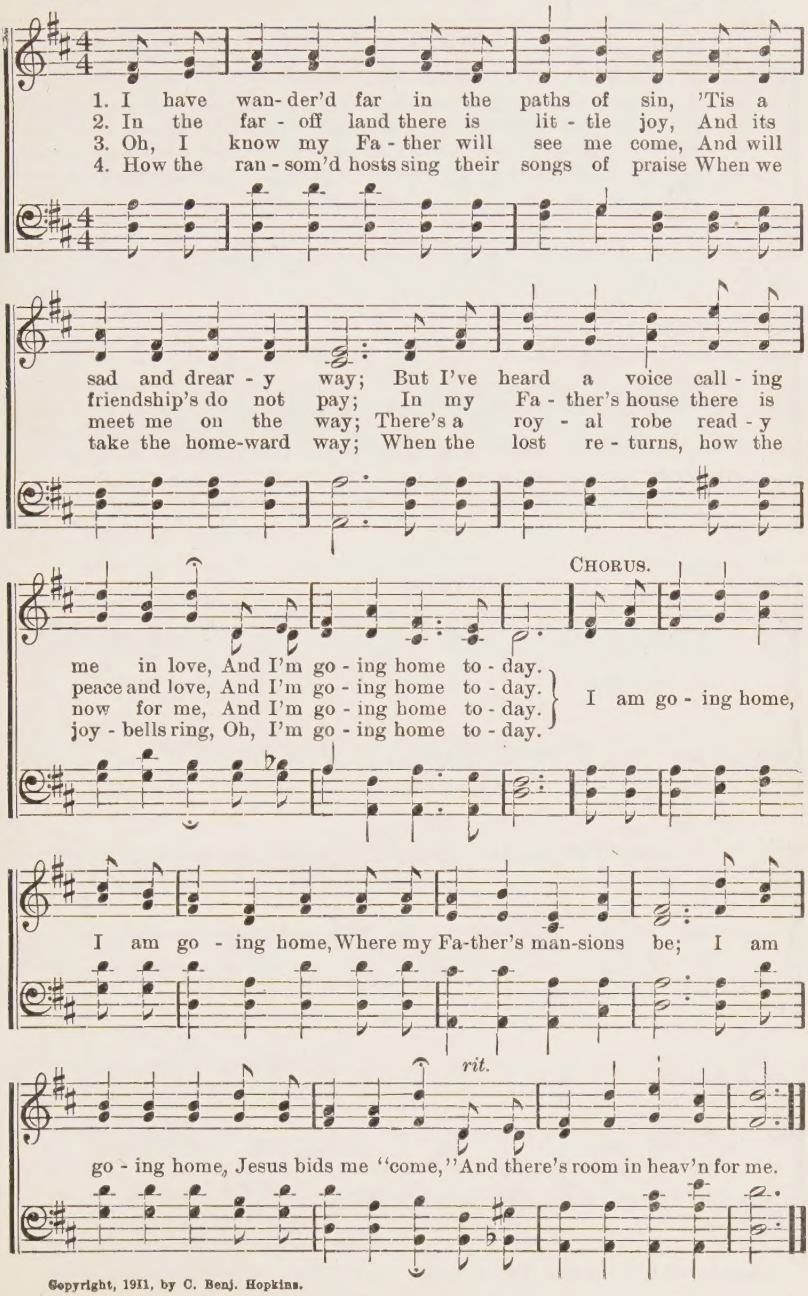
67 I Am Going Home.

C. B. H. C. Benj. Hopkins.

1. I have wan-der'd far in the paths of sin, 'Tis a
2. In the far - off land there is lit - tle joy, And its
3. Oh, I know my Fa - ther will see me come, And will
4. How the ran - som'd hosts sing their songs of praise When we
sad and drear - y way; But I've heard a voice call - ing
friendship's do not pay; In my Fa - ther's house there is
meet me on the way; There's a roy - al robe read - y
take the home-ward way; When the lost re - turns, how the
Chorus.
me in love, And I'm go - ing home to - day.
peace and love, And I'm go - ing home to - day.
now for me, And I'm go - ing home to - day.
joy - bells ring, Oh, I'm go - ing home to - day.
I am go - ing home,
I am go - ing home, Where my Fa-ther's man-sions be; I am
rit.
go - ing home, Jesus bids me "come," And there's room in heav'n for me.

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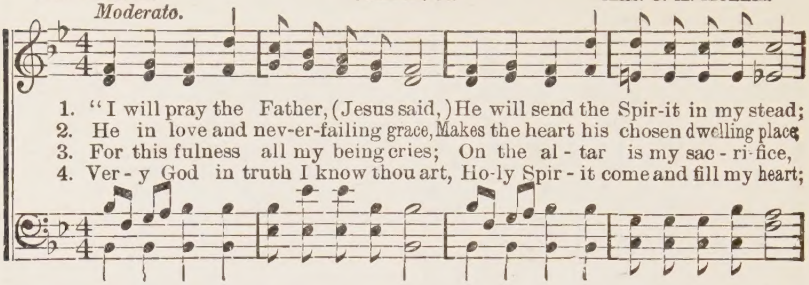
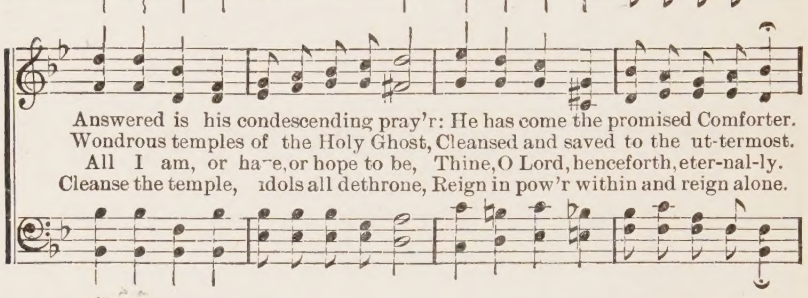
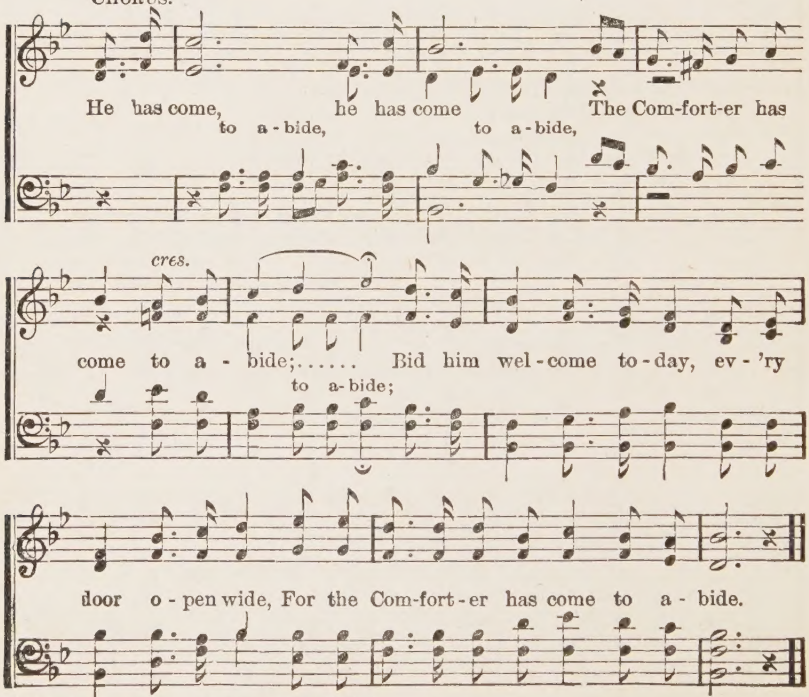
He Has Come to Abide.

MRS. C. H. M. John 14: 16. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

Moderato.


1. "I will pray the Father, (Jesus said,) He will send the Spir-it in my stead;
2. He in love and nev-er-failing grace, Makes the heart his chosen dwelling place;
3. For this fulness all my being cries; On the al - tar is my sac - ri-fice,
4. Ver - y God in truth I know thou art, Ho-ly Spir - it come and fill my heart;


Answered is his condescending pray'r: He has come the promised Comforter.
Wondrous temples of the Holy Ghost, Cleansed and saved to the ut-termost.
All I am, or ha-e, or hope to be, Thine, O Lord, henceforth, eter-nal-ly.
Cleanse the temple, idols all dethrone, Reign in pow'r within and reign alone.

CHORUS.

He has come, he has come to a - bide, The Com-fort-er has come to a - bide;
cres.
Bid him wel - come to - day, ev - 'ry door o - pen wide, For the Com-fort - er has come to a - bide.

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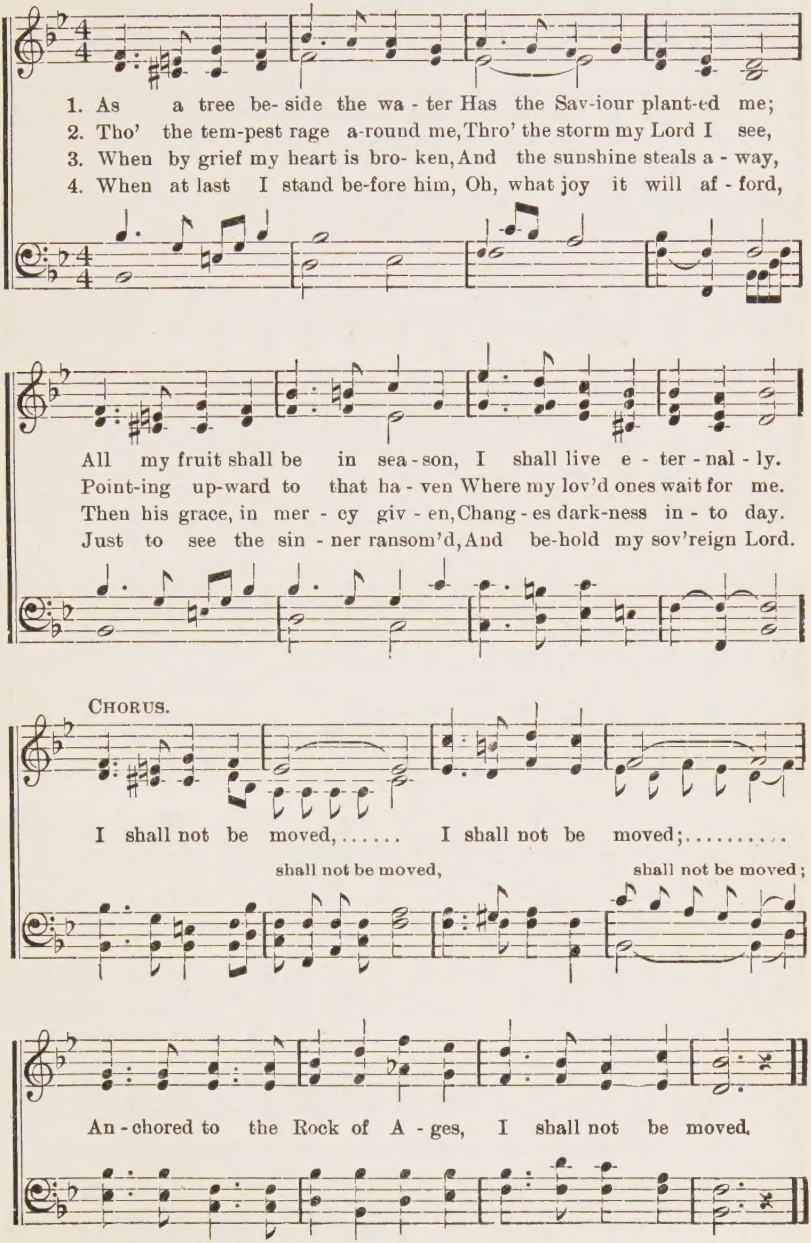
I Shall Not Be Moved.

A. H. A. ALFRED H. ACKLEY.


1. As a tree be- side the wa - ter Has the Sav-iour plant-ed me;
2. Tho' the tem-pest rage a-round me, Thro' the storm my Lord I see,
3. When by grief my heart is bro- ken, And the sunshine steals a - way,
4. When at last I stand be-fore him, Oh, what joy it will af - ford,
All my fruit shall be in sea - son, I shall live e - ter - nal - ly.
Point-ing up-ward to that ha - ven Where my lov'd ones wait for me.
Then his grace, in mer - cy giv - en, Chang - es dark-ness in - to day.
Just to see the sin - ner ransom'd, And be-hold my sov'reign Lord.
CHORUS.
I shall not be moved, ... I shall not be moved; . . . . . .
shall not be moved,
shall not be moved;
An - chored to the Rock of A - ges, I shall not be moved.

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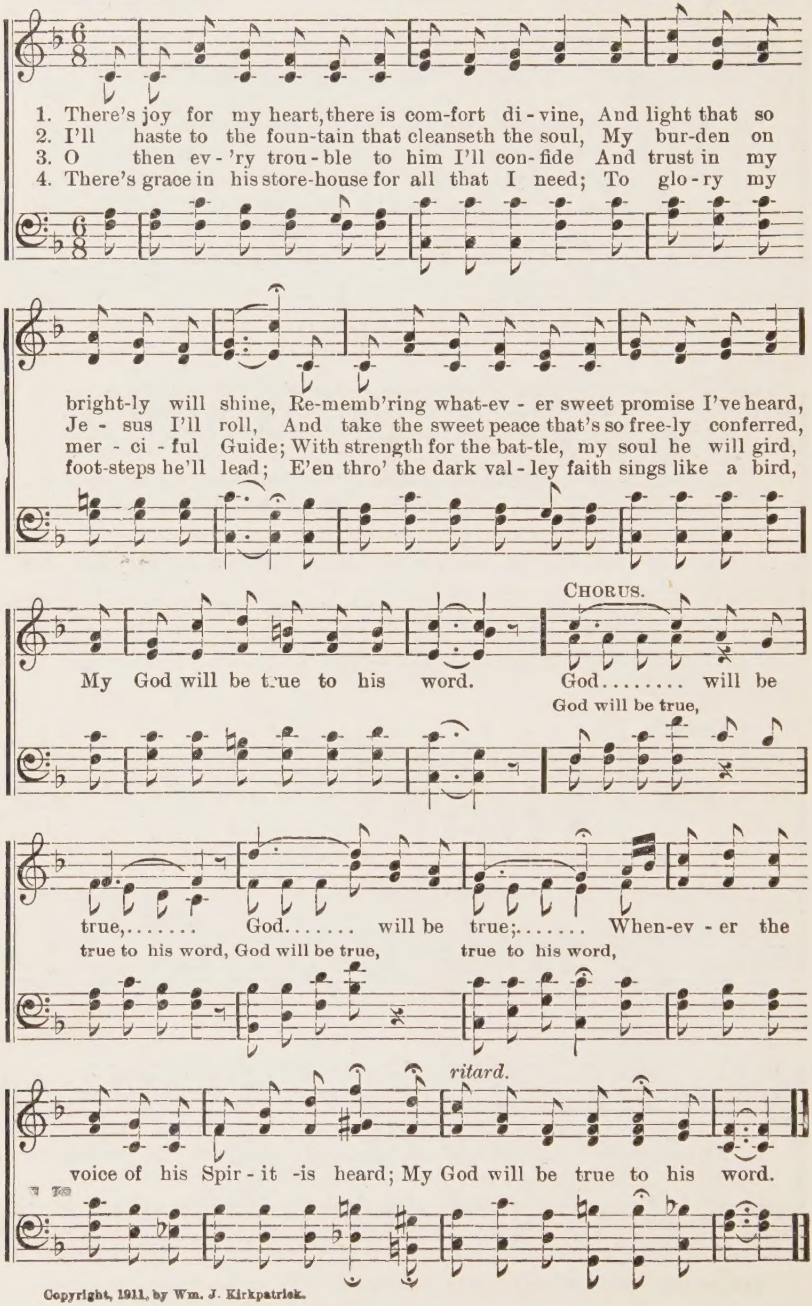
70 God will be True to His Word.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. There's joy for my heart, there is com-fort di-vine, And light that so
2. I'll haste to the foun-tain that cleanseth the soul, My bur-den on
3. O then ev-'ry trou-ble to him I'll con-fide And trust in my
4. There's grace in his store-house for all that I need; To glo-ry my
bright-ly will shine, Re-memb'ring what-ev-er sweet promise I've heard,
Je-sus I'll roll, And take the sweet peace that's so free-ly conferred,
mer-ci-ful Guide; With strength for the bat-tle, my soul he will gird,
foot-steps he'll lead; E'en thro' the dark val-ley faith sings like a bird,
CHORUS.
My God will be true to his word. God..... will be
God will be true,
true,..... God..... will be true;..... When-ev-er the
true to his word, God will be true, true to his word,
ritard.
voice of his Spir-it -is heard; My God will be true to his word.

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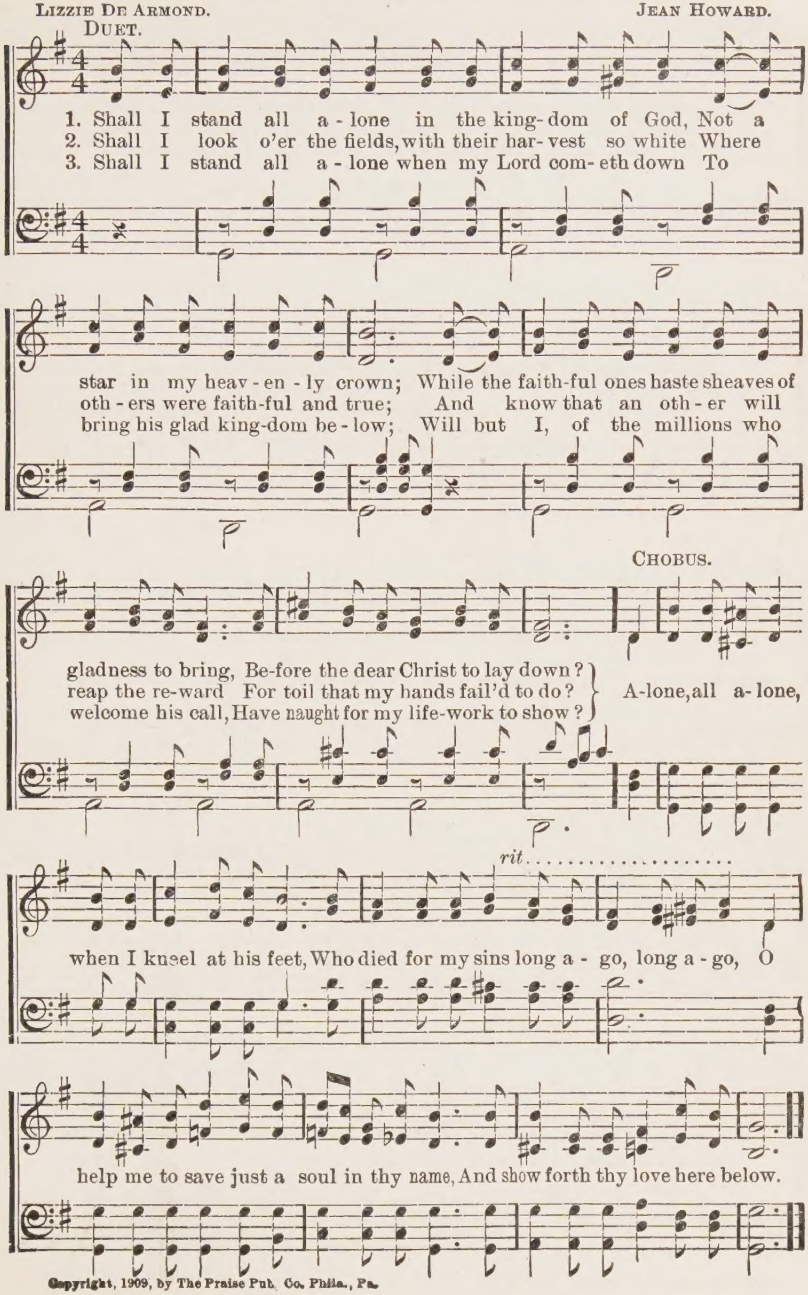
Not a Star in My Crown.

[Dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. A. D. George.]

Lizzie De Armond. Jean Howard.

Duet.


1. Shall I stand all a - lone in the king-dom of God, Not a
2. Shall I look o'er the fields, with their har-vest so white Where
3. Shall I stand all a - lone when my Lord com-eth down To
star in my heav-en - ly crown; While the faith-ful ones haste sheaves of
oth - ers were faith-ful and true; And know that an oth - er will
bring his glad king-dom be - low; Will but I, of the millions who
Chorus.
gladness to bring, Be-fore the dear Christ to lay down?
reap the re-ward For toil that my hands fail'd to do?
welcome his call, Have naught for my life-work to show?
A-lone, all a-lone,
rit.
when I kneel at his feet, Who died for my sins long a - go, long a - go, O
help me to save just a soul in thy name, And show forth thy love here below.

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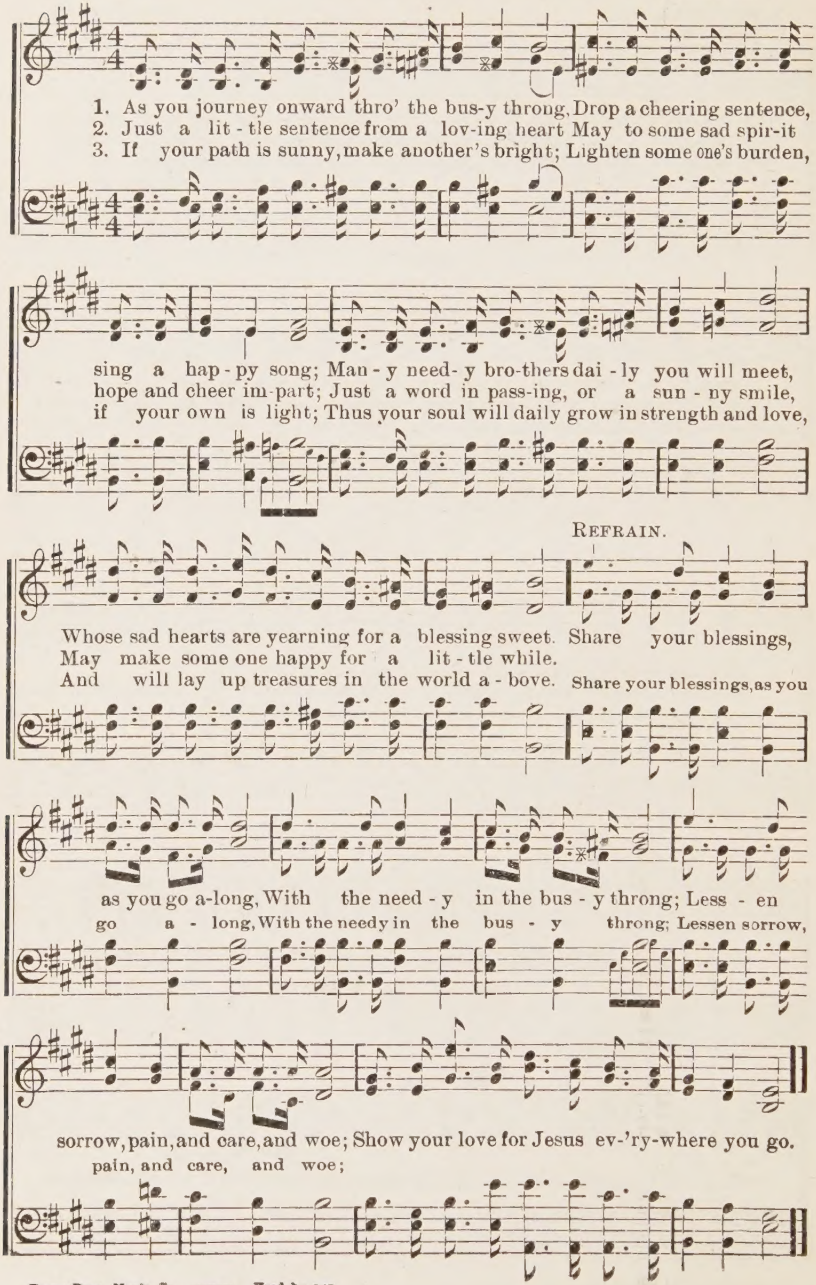
72 Share Your Blessings.

JAMES ROWE. F. CLARK PERRY.

1. As you journey onward thro' the bus-y throng, Drop a cheering sentence,
2. Just a lit - tle sentence from a lov-ing heart May to some sad spir-it
3. If your path is sunny, make another's bright; Lighten some one's burden,
sing a hap - py song; Man - y need- y bro-thers dai - ly you will meet,
hope and cheer im-part; Just a word in pass-ing, or a sun - ny smile,
if your own is light; Thus your soul will daily grow in strength and love,
REFRAIN.
Whose sad hearts are yearning for a blessing sweet. Share your blessings,
May make some one happy for a lit - tle while.
And will lay up treasures in the world a - bove. Share your blessings, as you
as you go a-long, With the need - y in the bus - y throng; Less - en
go a - long, With the needy in the bus - y throng; Lessen sorrow,
sorrow, pain, and care, and woe; Show your love for Jesus ev-'ry-where you go.
pain, and care, and woe;

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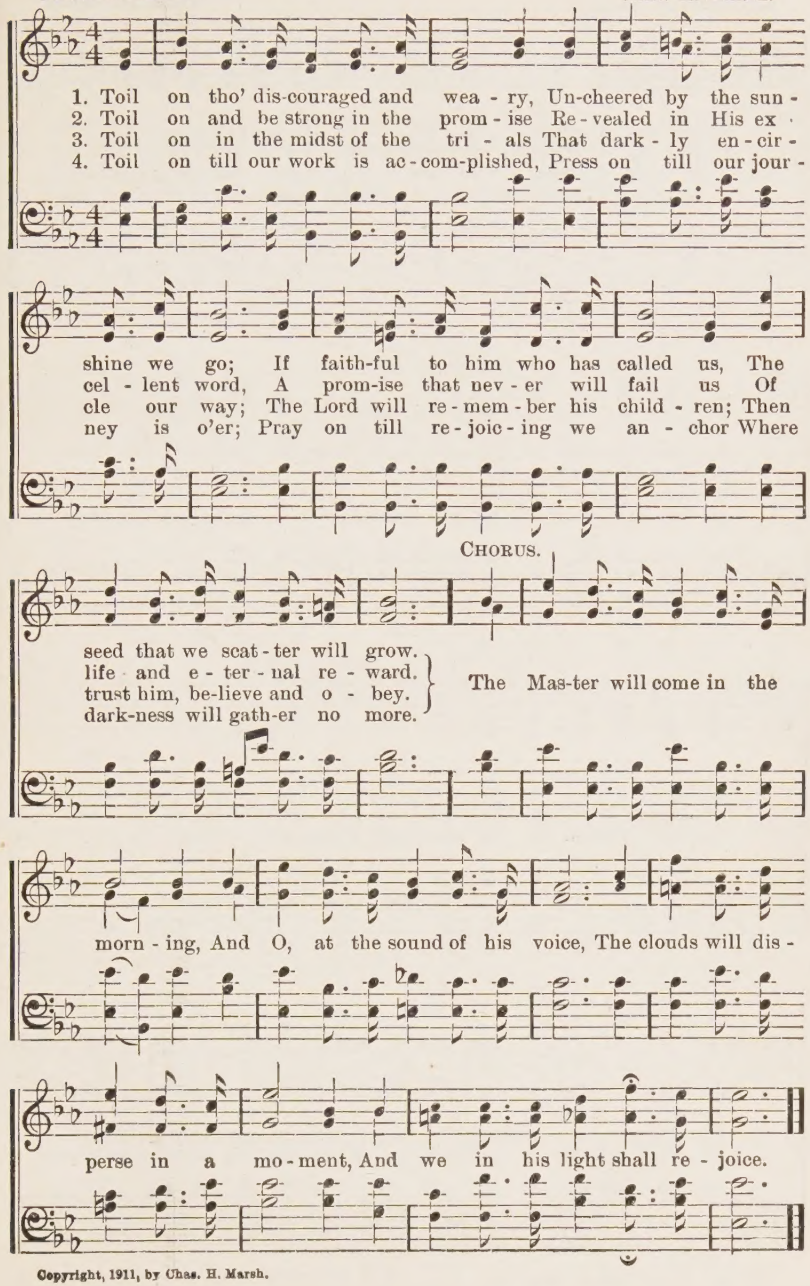
73 The Master Will Come in the Morning.

FANNY J. CROSBY. CHAS. H. MARSH.

1. Toil on tho' dis-couraged and wea - ry, Un-cheered by the sun -
2. Toil on and be strong in the prom - ise Re - vealed in His ex -
3. Toil on in the midst of the tri - als That dark - ly en - cir -
4. Toil on till our work is ac - com-plished, Press on till our jour -
shine we go; If faith-ful to him who has called us, The
cel - lent word, A prom-ise that nev - er will fail us Of
cle our way; The Lord will re - mem - ber his child - ren; Then
ney is o'er; Pray on till re - joic - ing we an - chor Where
CHORUS.
seed that we scat - ter will grow.
life and e - ter - nal re - ward.
trust him, be-lieve and o - bey.
dark-ness will gath-er no more.
The Mas-ter will come in the
morn - ing, And O, at the sound of his voice, The clouds will dis -
perse in a mo - ment, And we in his light shall re - joice.

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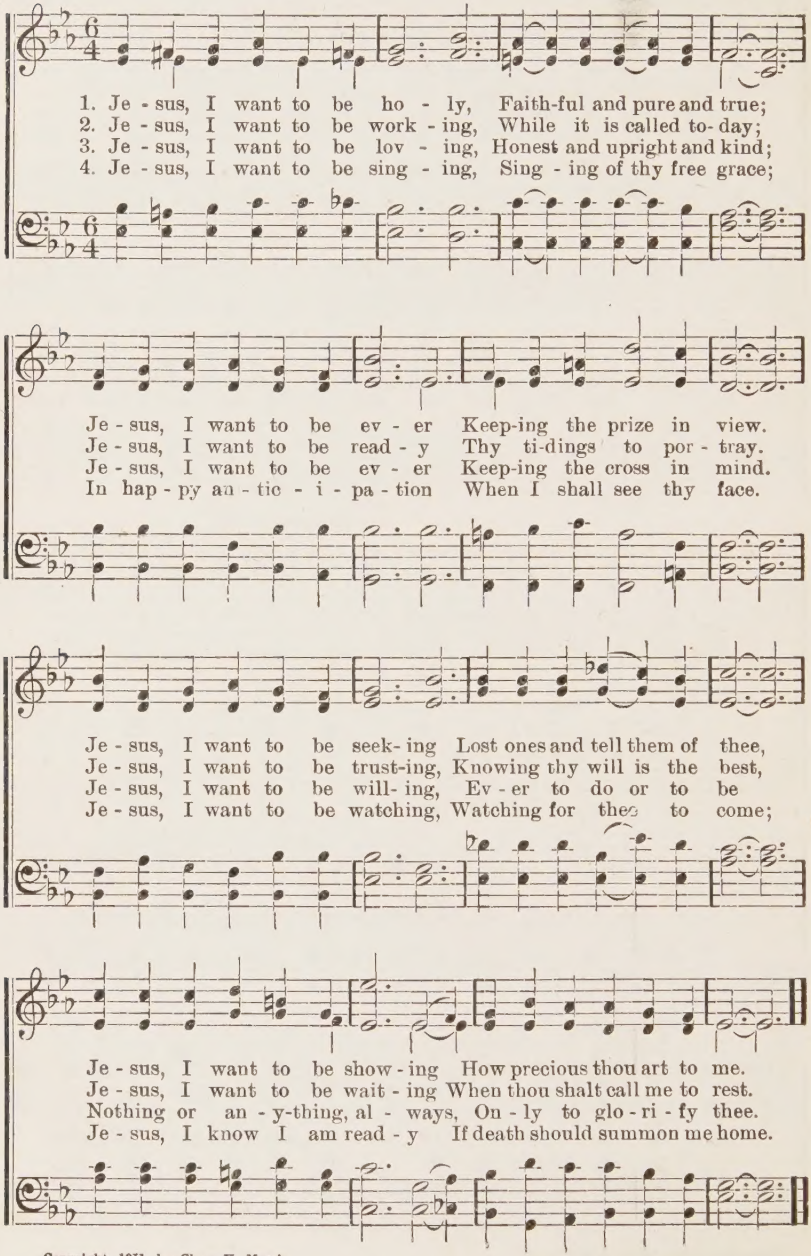
74 My Heart's Desire and Prayer.

REV. GEORGE MARSH. CHAS. H. MARSH.

1. Je - sus, I want to be ho - ly, Faith-ful and pure and true;
2. Je - sus, I want to be work - ing, While it is called to-day;
3. Je - sus, I want to be lov - ing, Honest and upright and kind;
4. Je - sus, I want to be sing - ing, Sing - ing of thy free grace;
Je - sus, I want to be ev - er Keep-ing the prize in view.
Je - sus, I want to be read - y Thy ti-dings to por - tray.
Je - sus, I want to be ev - er Keep-ing the cross in mind.
In hap - py an - tic - i - pa - tion When I shall see thy face.
Je - sus, I want to be seek - ing Lost ones and tell them of thee,
Je - sus, I want to be trust-ing, Knowing thy will is the best,
Je - sus, I want to be will - ing, Ev - er to do or to be
Je - sus, I want to be watching, Watching for thee to come;
Je - sus, I want to be show - ing How precious thou art to me.
Je - sus, I want to be wait - ing When thou shalt call me to rest.
Nothing or an - y-thing, al - ways, On - ly to glo - ri - fy thee.
Je - sus, I know I am read - y If death should summon me home.

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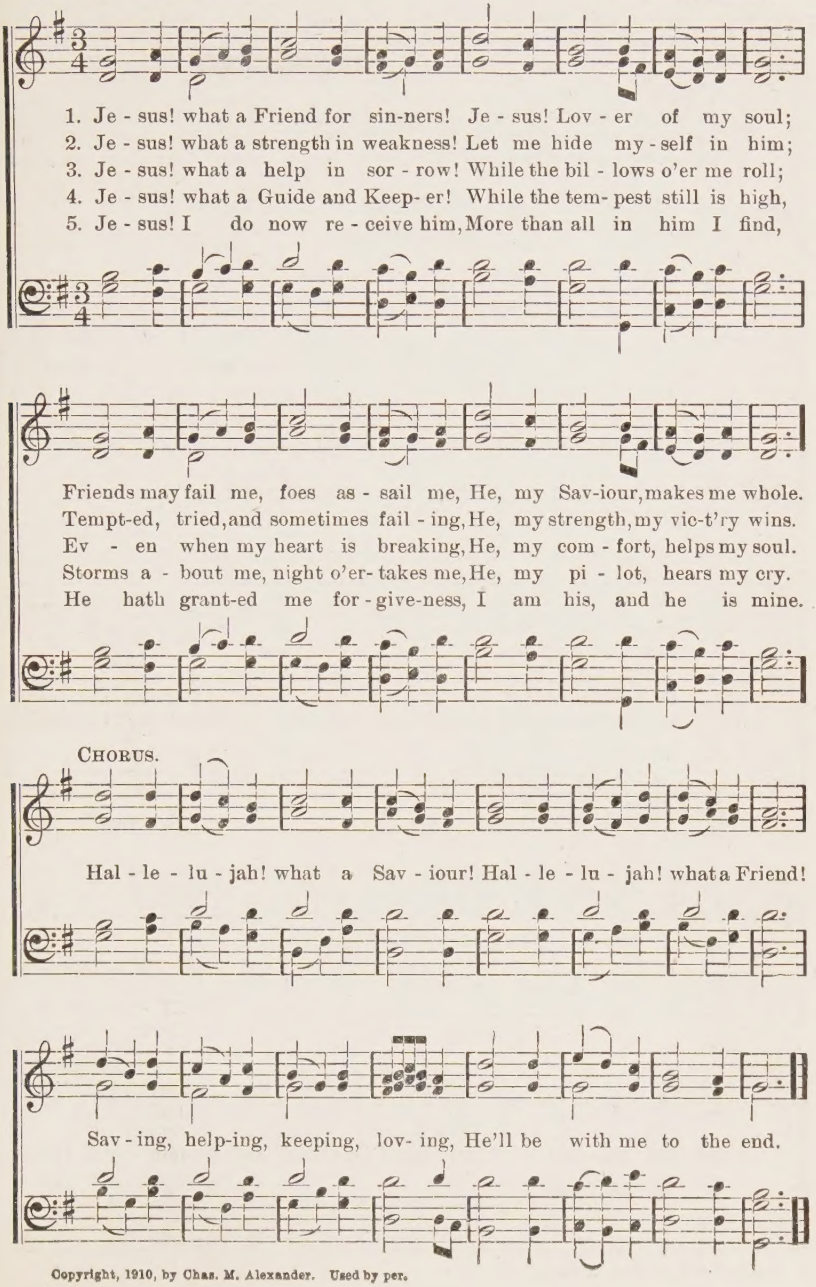
75 Our Great Saviour.

REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN. R. H. PRITCHARD.

1. Je - sus! what a Friend for sin-ners! Je - sus! Lov - er of my soul;
2. Je - sus! what a strength in weakness! Let me hide my - self in him;
3. Je - sus! what a help in sor - row! While the bil - lows o'er me roll;
4. Je - sus! what a Guide and Keep- er! While the tem- pest still is high,
5. Je - sus! I do now re - ceive him, More than all in him I find,
Friends may fail me, foes as - sail me, He, my Sav-iour, makes me whole.
Tempt-ed, tried, and sometimes fail - ing, He, my strength, my vic-t'ry wins.
Ev - en when my heart is breaking, He, my com - fort, helps my soul.
Storms a - bout me, night o'er- takes me, He, my pi - lot, hears my cry.
He hath grant-ed me for - give-ness, I am his, and he is mine.
CHORUS.
Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Friend!
Sav - ing, help-ing, keeping, lov- ing, He'll be with me to the end.

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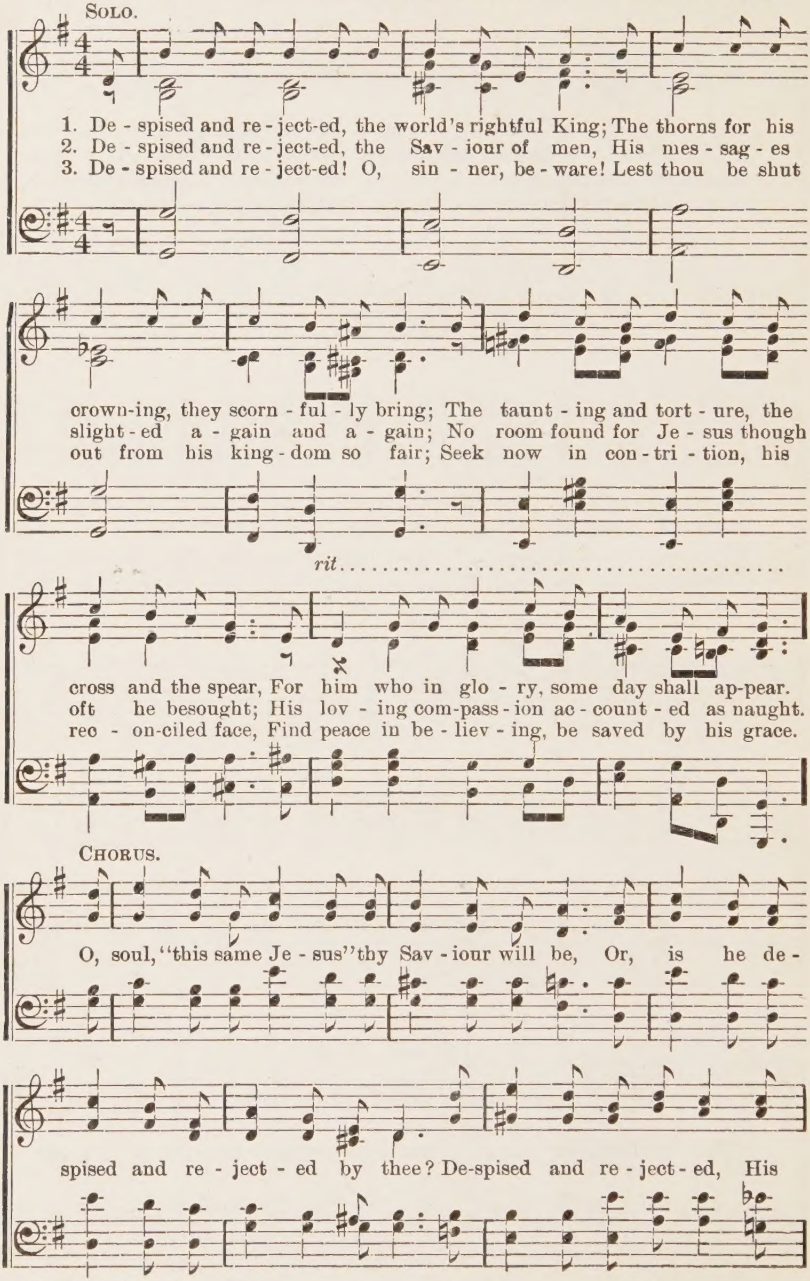
Despised and Rejected.

E. E. Hewitt. To Mr. Chas. E. Rykert, Buffalo, N. Y. Chas. H. Marsh.

Solo.
1. De - spised and re - ject-ed, the world's rightful King; The thorns for his
2. De - spised and re - ject-ed, the Sav - iour of men, His mes - sag - es
3. De - spised and re - ject-ed! O, sin - ner, be - ware! Lest thou be shut
crown-ing, they scorn - ful - ly bring; The taunt - ing and tort - ure, the
slight - ed a - gain and a - gain; No room found for Je - sus though
out from his king - dom so fair; Seek now in con - tri - tion, his
rit.
cross and the spear, For him who in glo - ry, some day shall ap-pear.
oft he besought; His lov - ing com-pass - ion ac - count - ed as naught.
rec - on-ciled face, Find peace in be - liev - ing, be saved by his grace.
Chorus.
O, soul, "this same Je - sus" thy Sav - iour will be, Or, is he de -
spised and re - ject - ed by thee? De-spised and re - ject - ed, His

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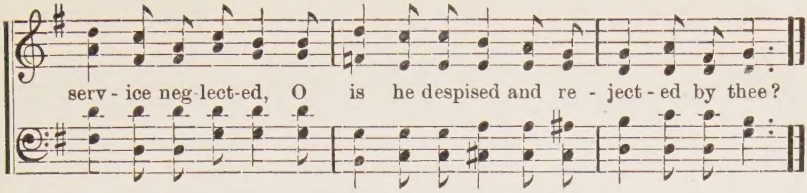
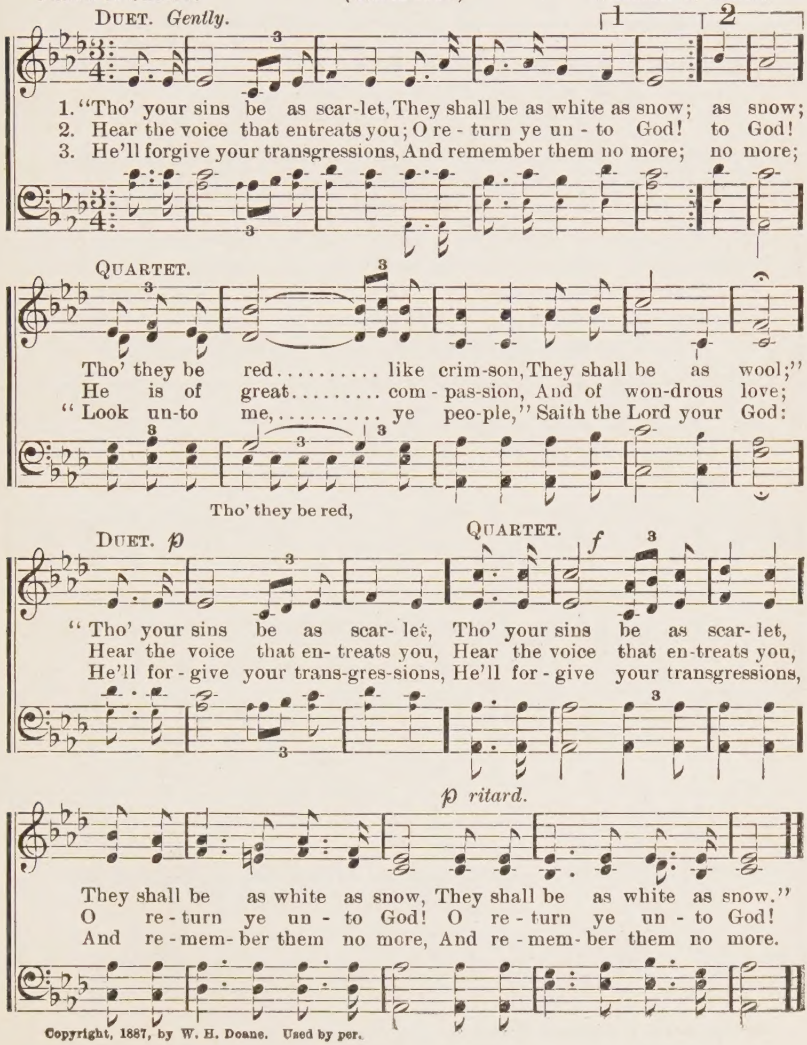


77 Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet.

FANNY J. CROSBY. (Isaiah 1: 18.) WILLIAM H. DOANE.

DUET. Gently.
1 2
1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you; O re - turn ye un - to God! to God!
3. He'll forgive your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;
QUARTET.
Tho' they be red..... like crim-son, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great..... com - pas-sion, And of won-drous love;
"Look un-to me,..... ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord your God:
Tho' they be red,
DUET. p
QUARTET. f
"Tho' your sins be as scar- let, Tho' your sins be as scar- let,
Hear the voice that en- treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,
He'll for - give your trans-gres-sions, He'll for - give your transgressions,
p ritard.
They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
O re - turn ye un - to God! O re - turn ye un - to God!
And re - mem - ber them no more, And re - mem - ber them no more.

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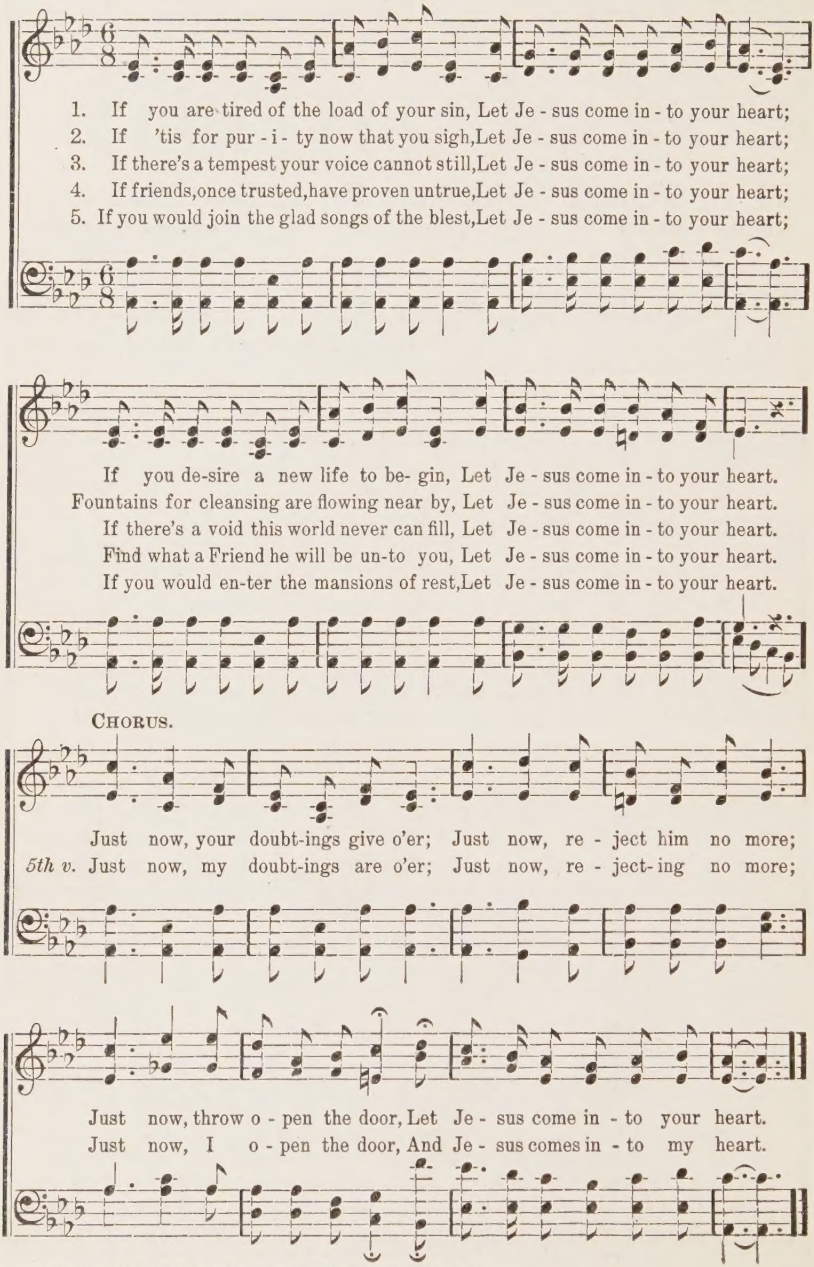
78 Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
2. If 'tis for pur - i - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven untrue, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
If you de-sire a new life to be- gin, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
If there's a void this world never can fill, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
Find what a Friend he will be un-to you, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
If you would en-ter the mansions of rest, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
CHORUS.
Just now, your doubt-ings give o'er; Just now, re - ject him no more;
5th v. Just now, my doubt-ings are o'er; Just now, re - ject-ing no more;
Just now, throw o - pen the door, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.
Just now, I o - pen the door, And Je - sus comes in - to my heart.

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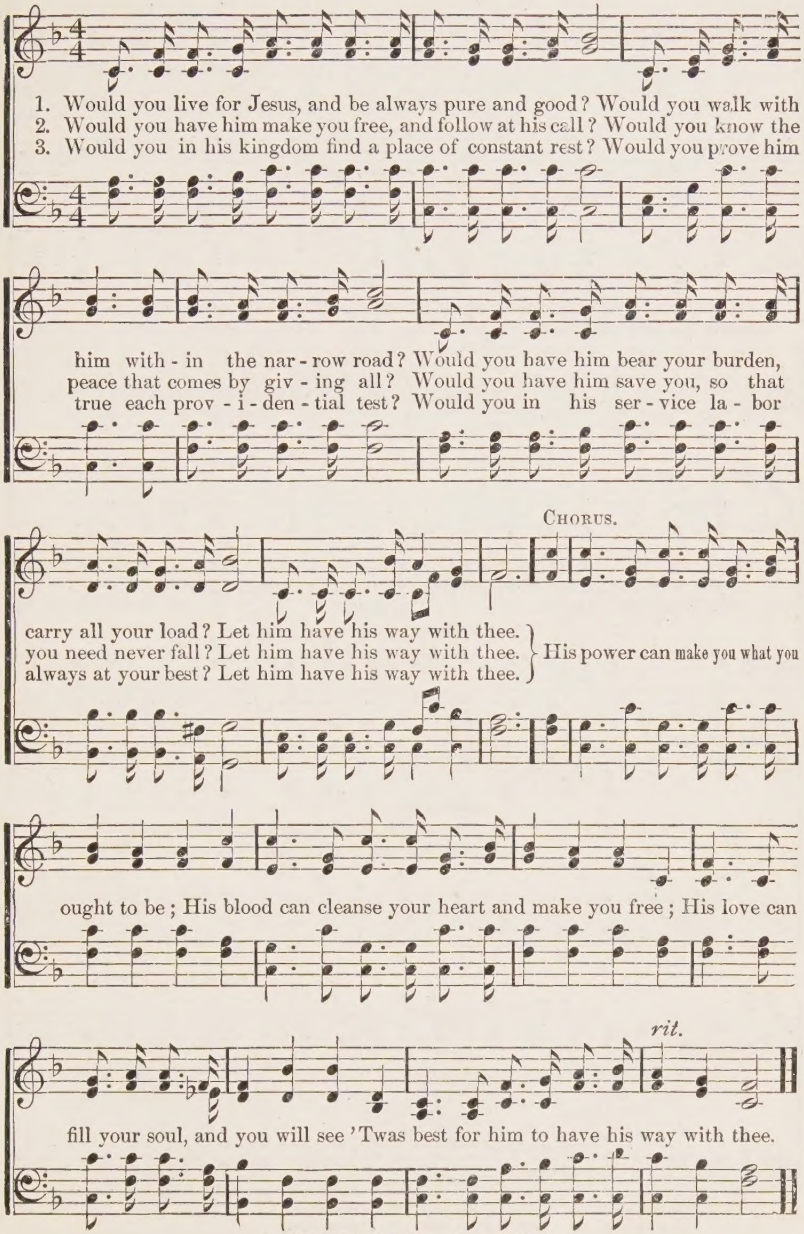
His Way With Thee.

C. S. N. Psalm 37: 5. Rev. Cyrus S. Nusbaum.

(Consecration.)

1. Would you live for Jesus, and be always pure and good? Would you walk with
2. Would you have him make you free, and follow at his call? Would you know the
3. Would you in his kingdom find a place of constant rest? Would you prove him
him with - in the nar - row road? Would you have him bear your burden,
peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have him save you, so that
true each prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in his ser - vice la - bor
Chorus.
carry all your load? Let him have his way with thee.
you need never fall? Let him have his way with thee.
always at your best? Let him have his way with thee.
} His power can make you what you
ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can
rit.
fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for him to have his way with thee.

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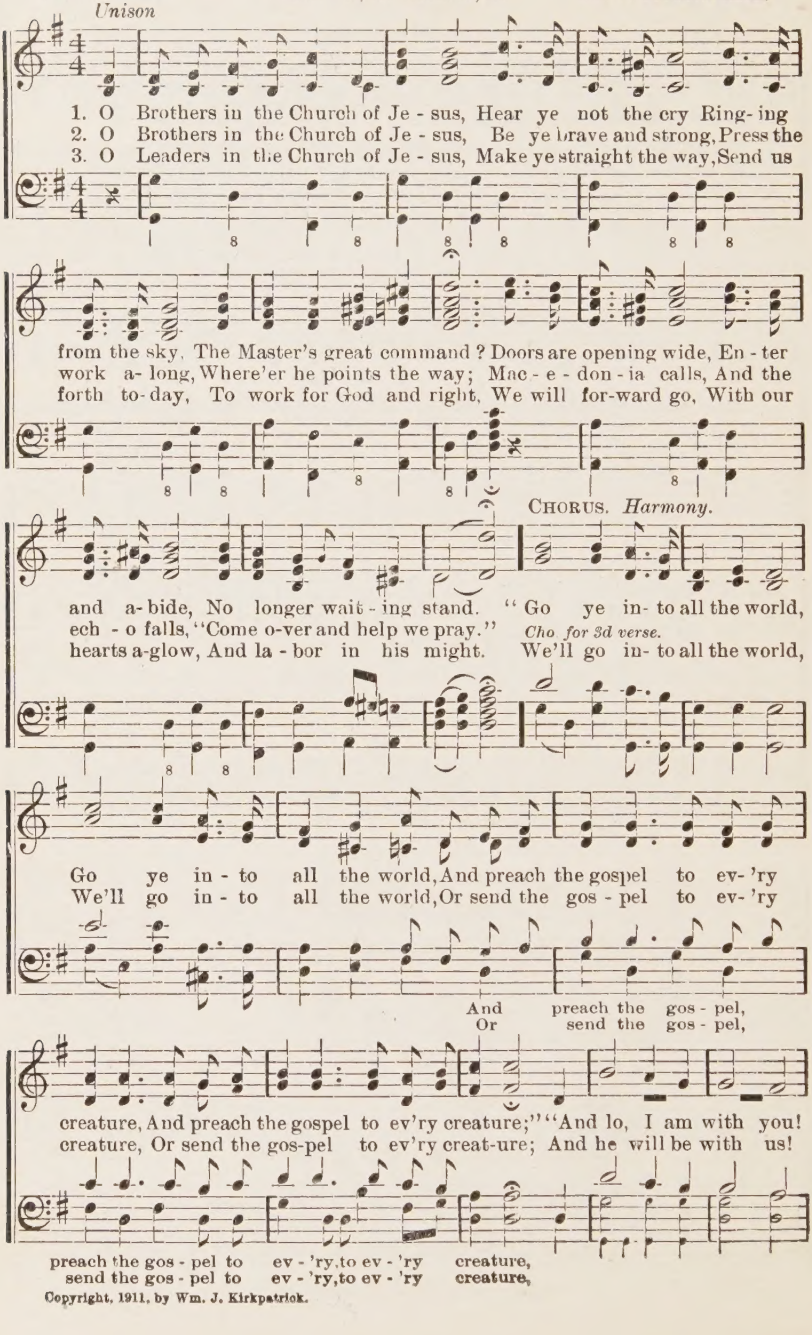
80 Go Ye Into All the World.

W. J. K. Mark 16, 15 Matt. 28, 20. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Unison

1. O Brothers in the Church of Je - sus, Hear ye not the cry Ring - ing
2. O Brothers in the Church of Je - sus, Be ye brave and strong, Press the
3. O Leaders in the Church of Je - sus, Make ye straight the way, Send us
from the sky, The Master's great command? Doors are opening wide, En - ter
work a - long, Where'er he points the way; Mac - e - don - ia calls, And the
forth to - day, To work for God and right, We will for-ward go, With our
Chorus. *Harmony.*
and a - bide, No longer wait - ing stand. "Go ye in- to all the world,
ech - o falls, "Come o-ver and help we pray." *Cho for 3d verse.*
hearts a-glow, And la - bor in his might. We'll go in- to all the world,
Go ye in - to all the world, And preach the gospel to ev- 'ry
We'll go in - to all the world, Or send the gos - pel to ev- 'ry
And preach the gos - pel,
Or send the gos - pel,
creature, And preach the gospel to ev'ry creature;" "And lo, I am with you!
creature, Or send the gos-pel to ev'ry creat-ure; And he will be with us!
preach the gos - pel to ev - 'ry, to ev - 'ry creature,
send the gos - pel to ev - 'ry, to ev - 'ry creature,

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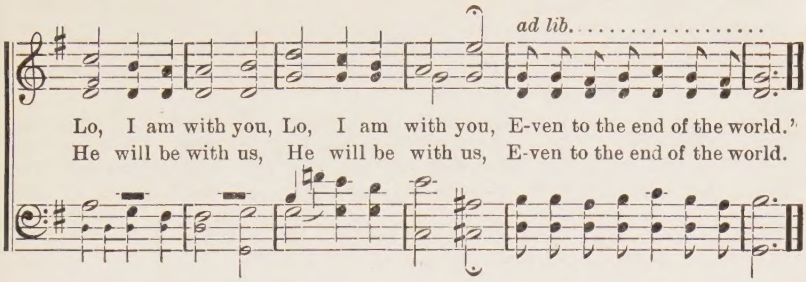
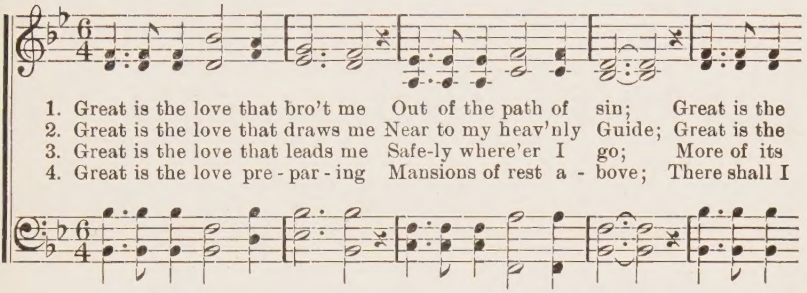
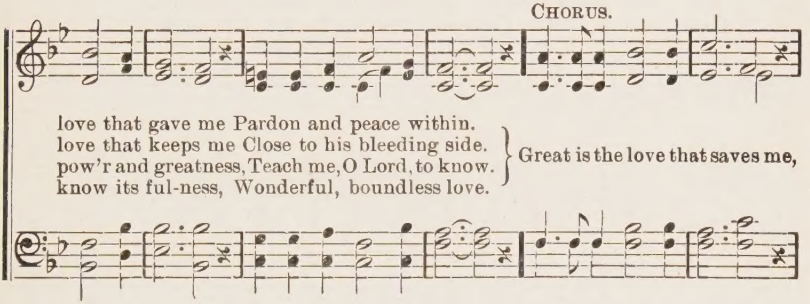
Go Ye Into All the World.—Concluded.

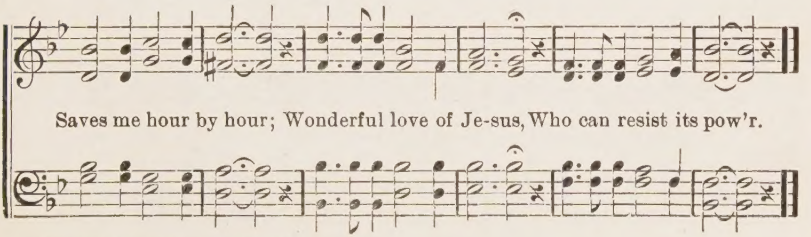

ad lib.
Lo, I am with you, Lo, I am with you, E-ven to the end of the world.
He will be with us, He will be with us, E-ven to the end of the world.

81 Great is the Love of Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Great is the love that bro't me Out of the path of sin; Great is the
2. Great is the love that draws me Near to my heav'nly Guide; Great is the
3. Great is the love that leads me Safe-ly where'er I go; More of its
4. Great is the love pre - par - ing Mansions of rest a - bove; There shall I


CHORUS.
love that gave me Pardon and peace within.
love that keeps me Close to his bleeding side.
pow'r and greatness, Teach me, O Lord, to know.
know its ful-ness, Wonderful, boundless love.
Great is the love that saves me,



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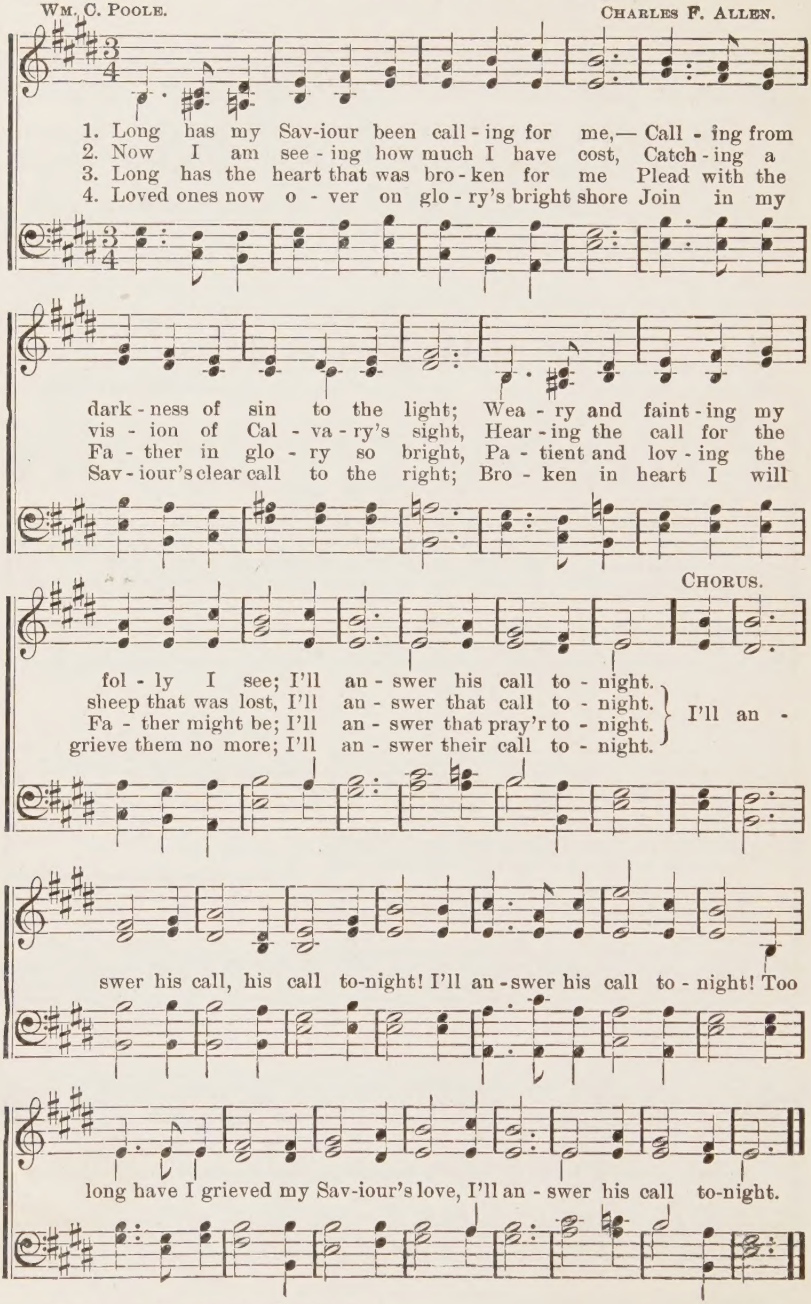
82 I'll Answer His Call To-night!

WM. C. POOLE. CHARLES F. ALLEN.


1. Long has my Sav-iour been call - ing for me,— Call - ing from
2. Now I am see - ing how much I have cost, Catch - ing a
3. Long has the heart that was bro - ken for me Plead with the
4. Loved ones now o - ver on glo - ry's bright shore Join in my
dark - ness of sin to the light; Wea - ry and faint - ing my
vis - ion of Cal - va - ry's sight, Hear - ing the call for the
Fa - ther in glo - ry so bright, Pa - tient and lov - ing the
Sav - iour's clear call to the right; Bro - ken in heart I will
CHORUS.
fol - ly I see; I'll an - swer his call to - night.
sheep that was lost, I'll an - swer that call to - night.
Fa - ther might be; I'll an - swer that pray'r to - night.
grieve them no more; I'll an - swer their call to - night.
I'll an -
swer his call, his call to-night! I'll an - swer his call to - night! Too
long have I grieved my Sav-iour's love, I'll an - swer his call to-night.

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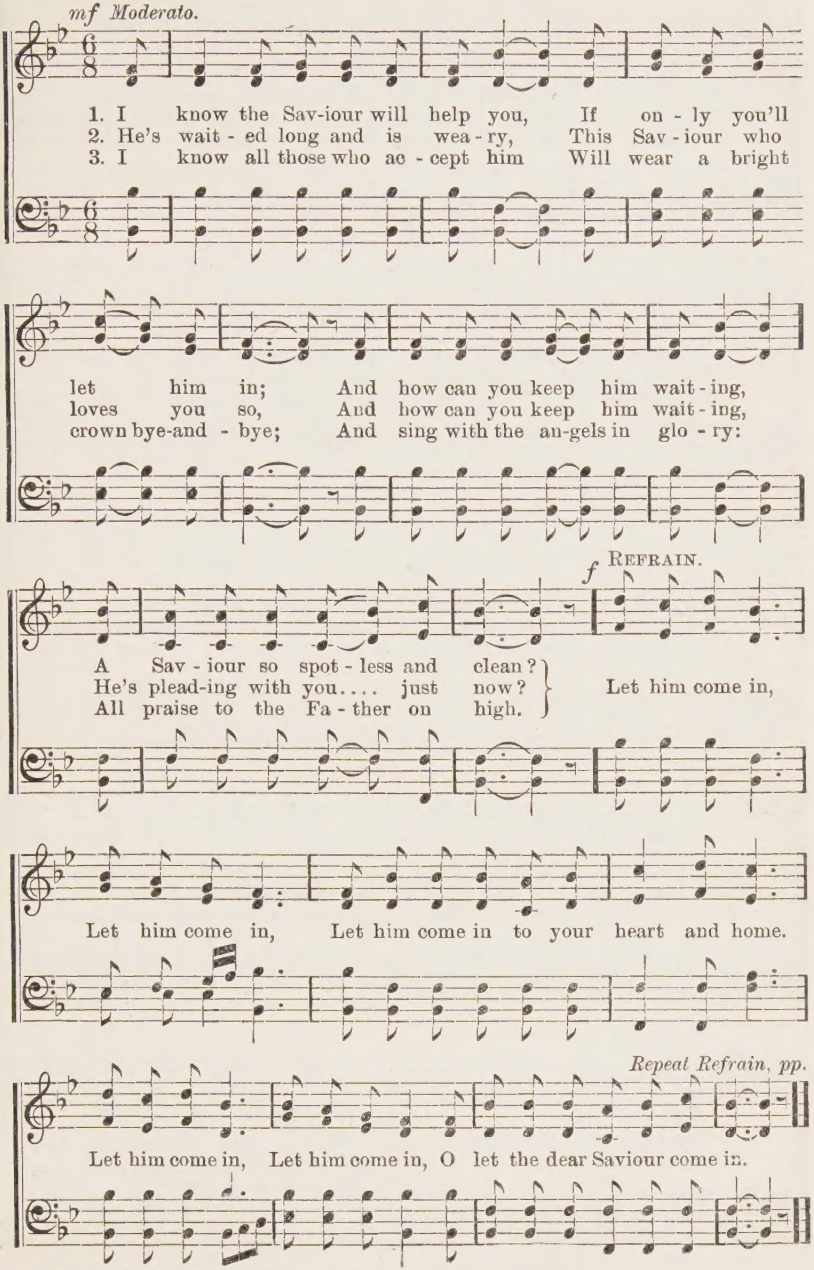
Let Him Come In.

W. W. A. WARREN W. ADAMS.

mf Moderato.

1. I know the Sav-iour will help you, If on - ly you'll
2. He's wait - ed long and is wea - ry, This Sav - iour who
3. I know all those who ac - cept him Will wear a bright
let him in; And how can you keep him wait - ing,
loves you so, And how can you keep him wait - ing,
crown bye-and - bye; And sing with the an-gels in glo - ry:
REFRAIN.
A Sav - iour so spot - less and clean?
He's plead-ing with you.... just now?
All praise to the Fa - ther on high.
Let him come in,
Let him come in, Let him come in to your heart and home.
Repeat Refrain, pp.
Let him come in, Let him come in, O let the dear Saviour come in.

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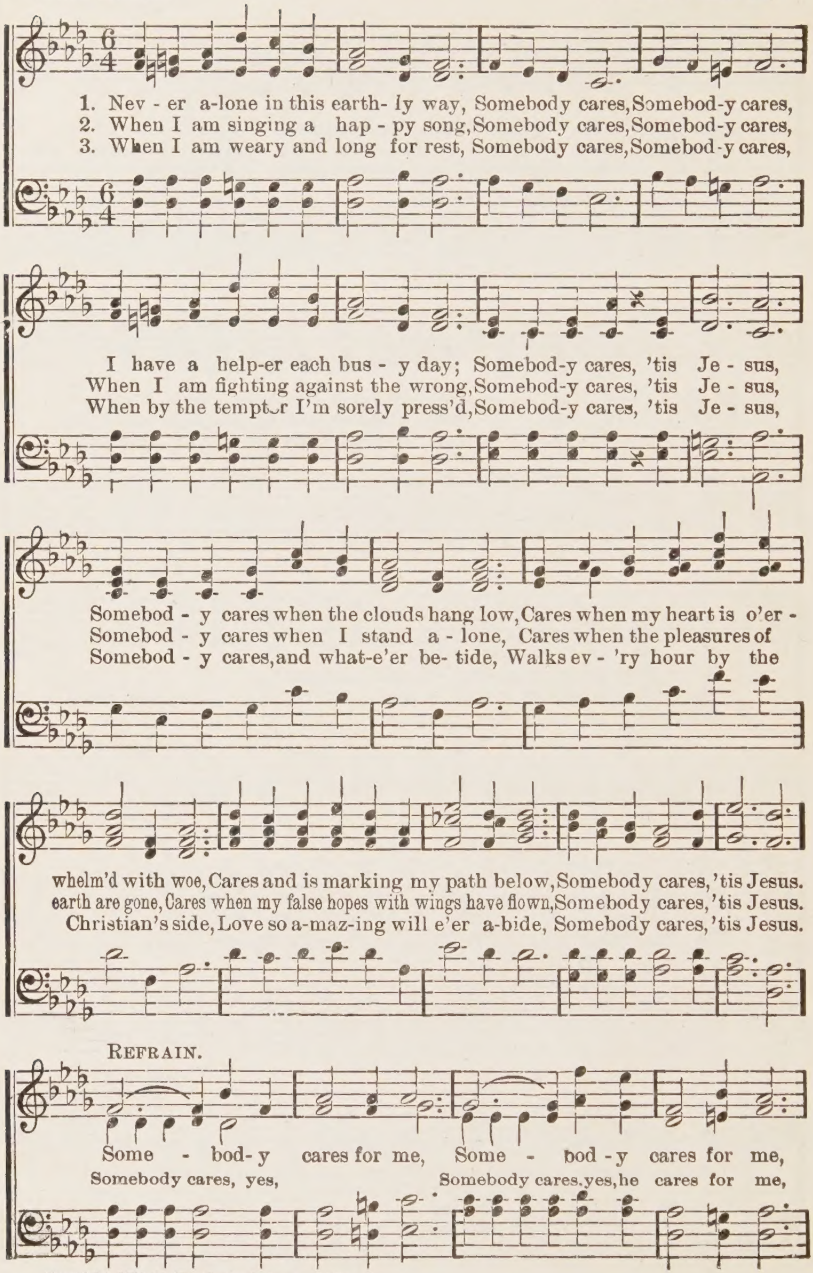
Somebody Cares.

IRENE DURFEE. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. Nev - er a-lone in this earth- ly way, Somebody cares, Somebod-y cares,
2. When I am singing a hap - py song, Somebody cares, Somebod-y cares,
3. When I am weary and long for rest, Somebody cares, Somebod-y cares,
I have a help-er each bus - y day; Somebod-y cares, 'tis Je - sus,
When I am fighting against the wrong, Somebod-y cares, 'tis Je - sus,
When by the tempter I'm sorely press'd, Somebod-y cares, 'tis Je - sus,
Somebod - y cares when the clouds hang low, Cares when my heart is o'er -
Somebod - y cares when I stand a - lone, Cares when the pleasures of
Somebod - y cares, and what-e'er be- tide, Walks ev - 'ry hour by the
whelm'd with woe, Cares and is marking my path below, Somebody cares, 'tis Jesus.
earth are gone, Cares when my false hopes with wings have flown, Somebody cares, 'tis Jesus.
Christian's side, Love so a-maz-ing will e'er a-bide, Somebody cares, 'tis Jesus.
REFRAIN.
Some - bod-y cares for me, Some - bod-y cares for me,
Somebody cares, yes, Somebody cares, yes, he cares for me,

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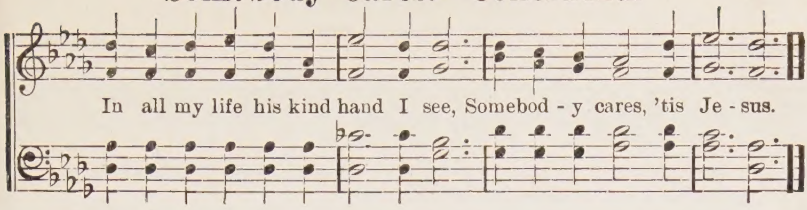
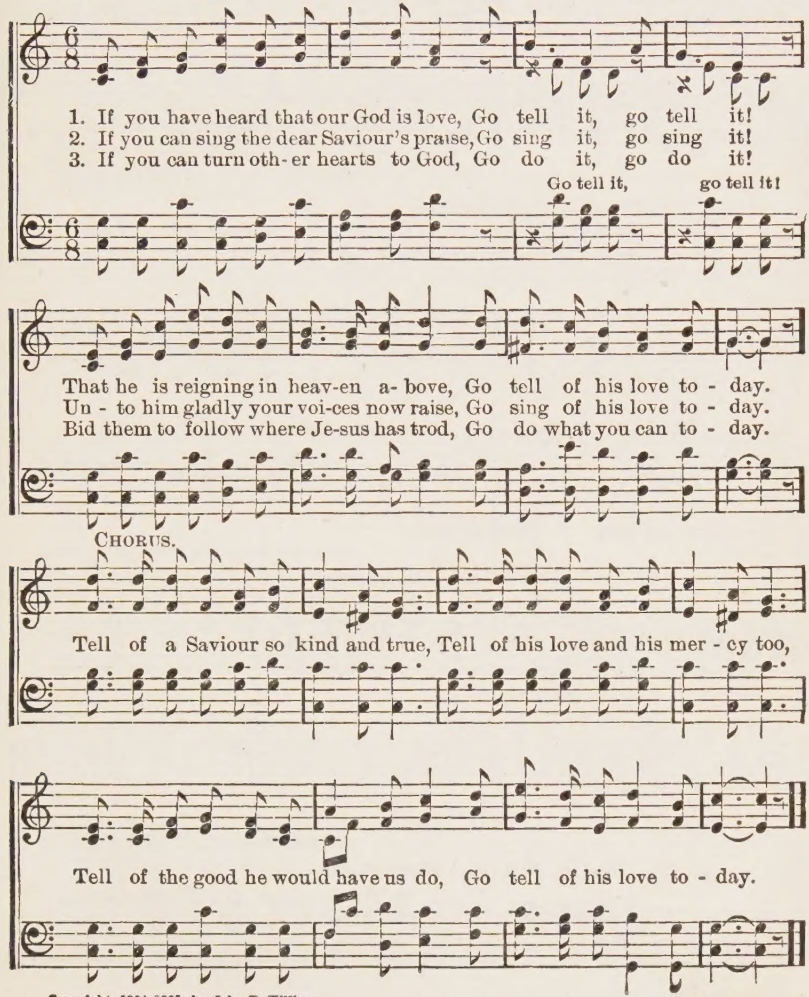


85 Go Tell It.

LAURENE HIGHFIELD. JOHN P. HILLIS.


1. If you have heard that our God is love, Go tell it, go tell it!
2. If you can sing the dear Saviour's praise, Go sing it, go sing it!
3. If you can turn oth-er hearts to God, Go do it, go do it!
Go tell it, go tell it!
That he is reigning in heav-en a- bove, Go tell of his love to - day.
Un - to him gladly your voi-ces now raise, Go sing of his love to - day.
Bid them to follow where Je-sus has trod, Go do what you can to - day.
CHORUS.
Tell of a Saviour so kind and true, Tell of his love and his mer - cy too,
Tell of the good he would have us do, Go tell of his love to - day.

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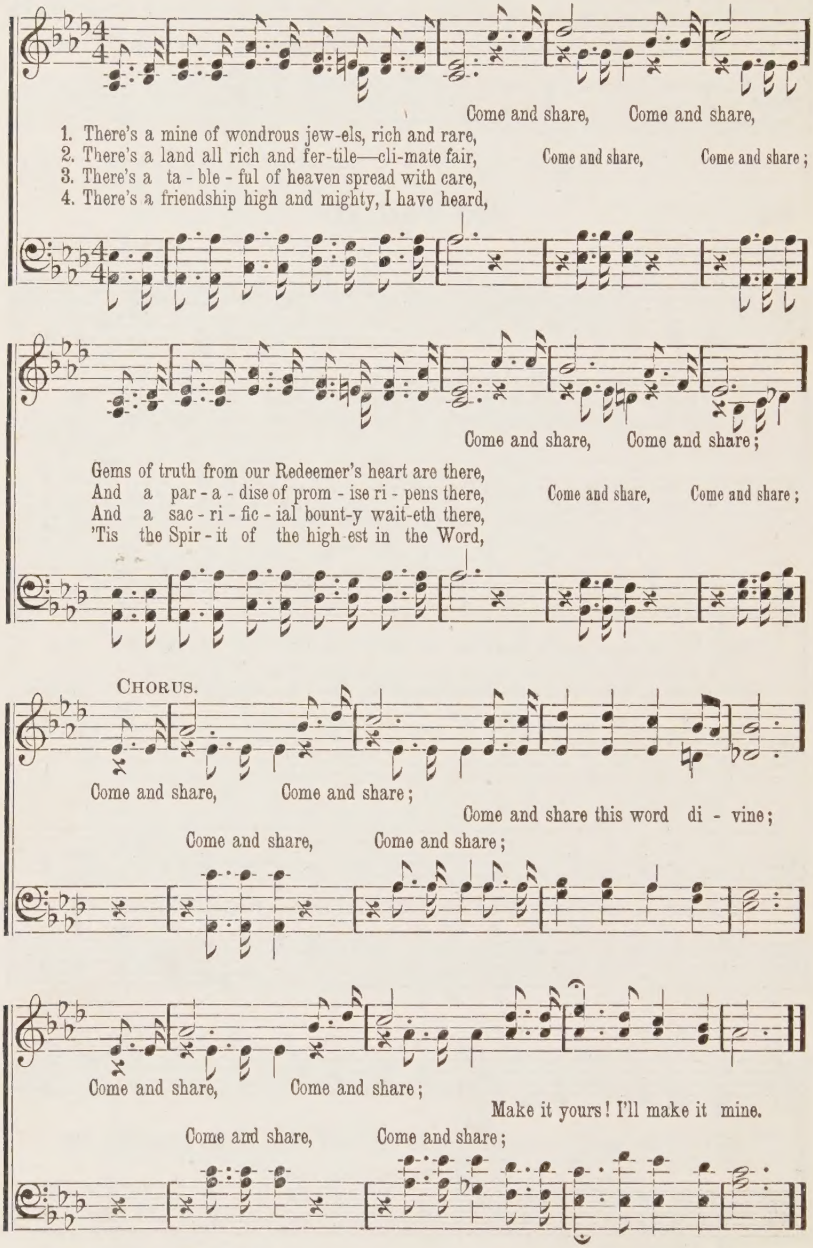
Come and Share.

Men's Bible-Class Hymn.

M. HEMO. CHAS. H. MARSH.


Come and share, Come and share,
1. There's a mine of wondrous jew-els, rich and rare,
2. There's a land all rich and fer-tile—cli-mate fair, Come and share, Come and share;
3. There's a ta - ble - ful of heaven spread with care,
4. There's a friendship high and mighty, I have heard,
Come and share, Come and share;
Gems of truth from our Redeemer's heart are there,
And a par - a - dise of prom - ise ri - pens there, Come and share, Come and share;
And a sac - ri - fic - ial bount-y wait-eth there,
'Tis the Spir - it of the high-est in the Word,
CHORUS.
Come and share, Come and share;
Come and share this word di - vine;
Come and share, Come and share;
Come and share, Come and share;
Make it yours! I'll make it mine.
Come and share, Come and share;

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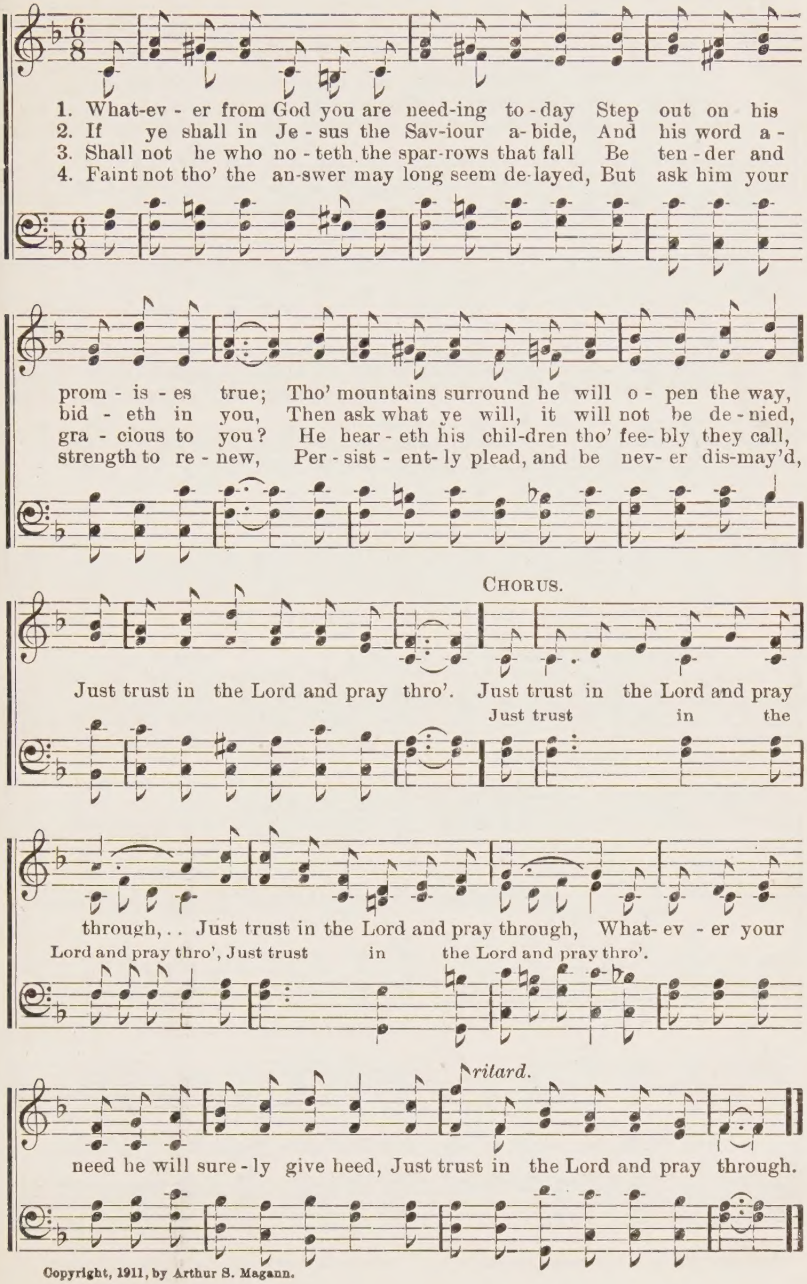
Pray Through.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. What-ev - er from God you are need-ing to-day Step out on his
2. If ye shall in Je - sus the Sav-iour a-bide, And his word a -
3. Shall not he who no - teth the spar-rows that fall Be ten - der and
4. Faint not tho' the an-swer may long seem de-layed, But ask him your
prom - is - es true; Tho' mountains surround he will o - pen the way,
bid - eth in you, Then ask what ye will, it will not be de - nied,
gra - cious to you? He hear - eth his chil-dren tho' fee-bly they call,
strength to re - new, Per - sist - ent- ly plead, and be nev- er dis-may'd,
CHORUS.
Just trust in the Lord and pray thro'. Just trust in the Lord and pray
Just trust in the
through,.. Just trust in the Lord and pray through, What-ev - er your
Lord and pray thro', Just trust in the Lord and pray thro'.
ritard.
need he will sure - ly give heed, Just trust in the Lord and pray through.

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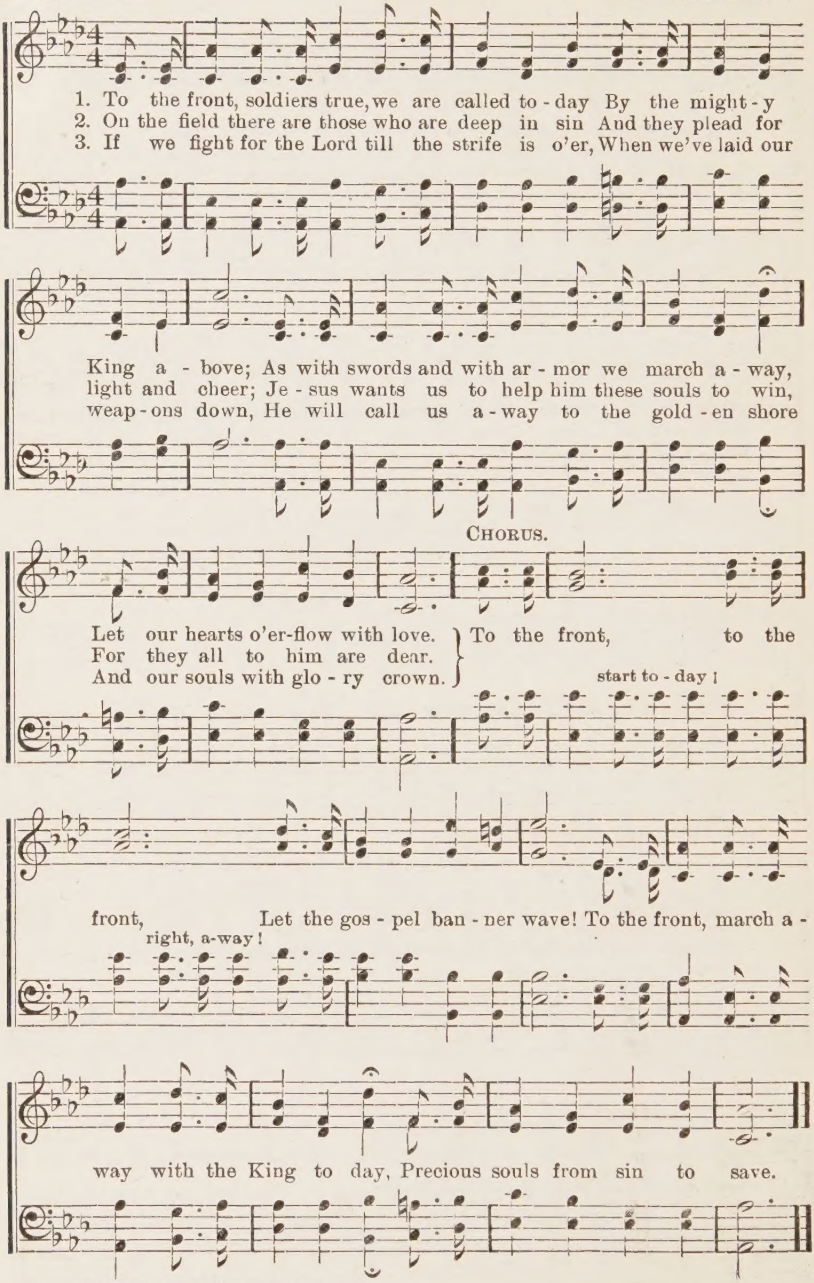
To the Front!

JAMES ROWE. J. E. DELMARTER.

1. To the front, soldiers true, we are called to-day By the might-y
2. On the field there are those who are deep in sin And they plead for
3. If we fight for the Lord till the strife is o'er, When we've laid our
King a-bove; As with swords and with ar-mor we march a-way,
light and cheer; Je-sus wants us to help him these souls to win,
weap-ons down, He will call us a-way to the gold-en shore
CHORUS.
Let our hearts o'er-flow with love.
For they all to him are dear.
And our souls with glo-ry crown.
To the front, to the
start to-day!
front, Let the gos-pel ban-ner wave! To the front, march a-
right, a-way!
way with the King to day, Precious souls from sin to save.

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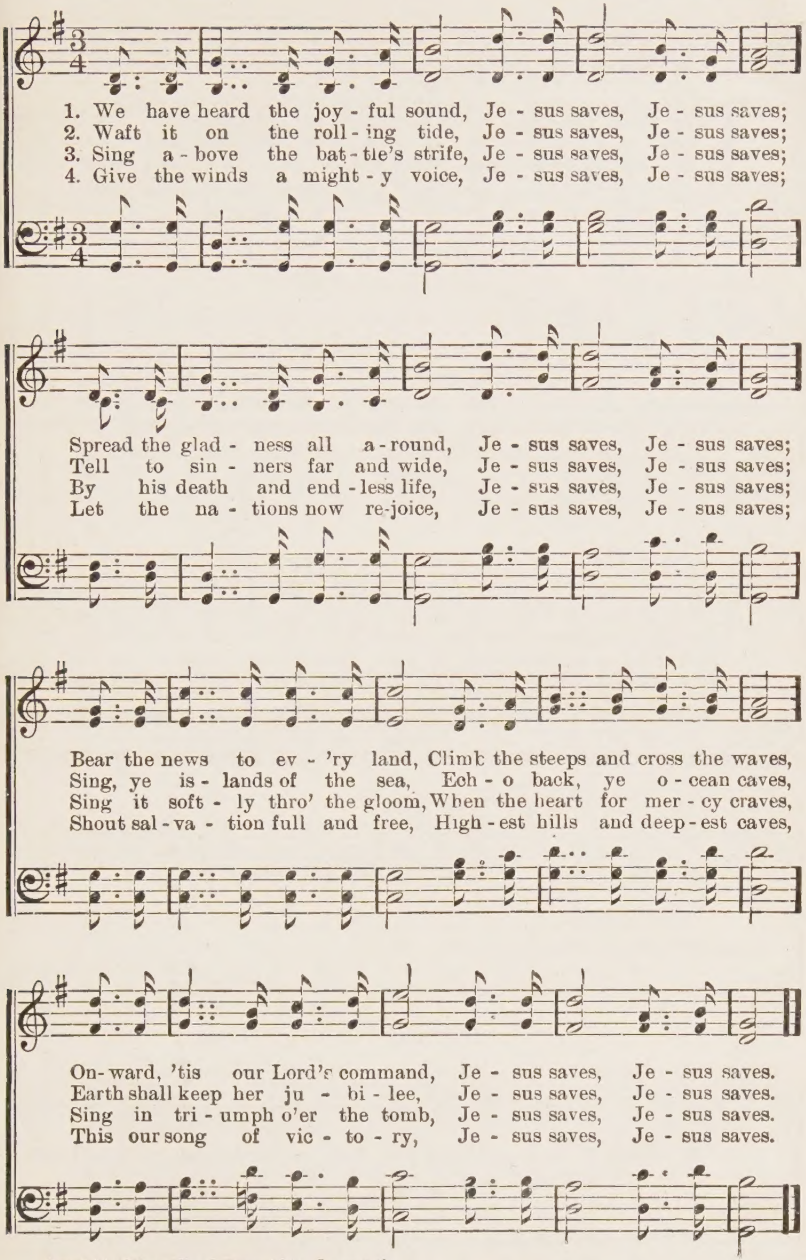
Jesus Saves.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard the joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Tell to sin - ners far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
By his death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Let the na - tions now re-joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves,
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves,
On - ward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

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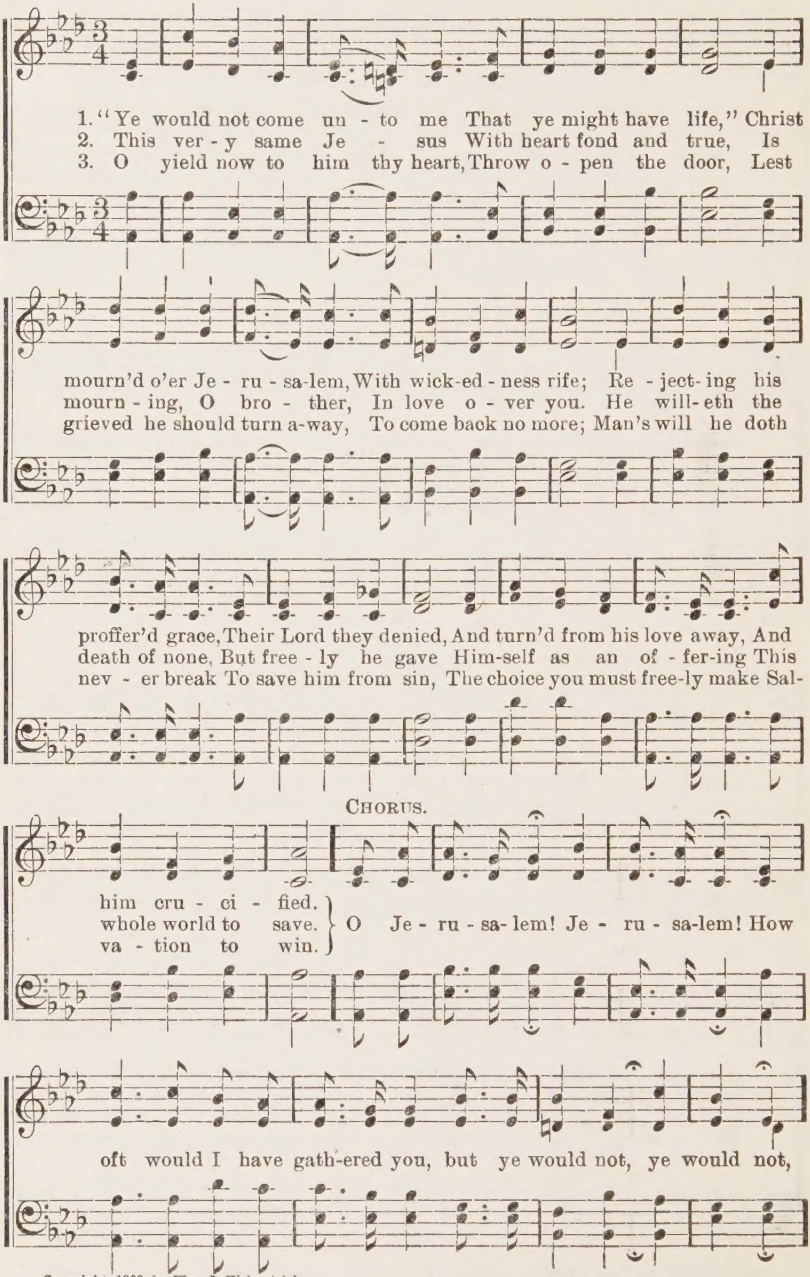
"Ye Would Not."

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. "Ye would not come un - to me That ye might have life," Christ
2. This ver - y same Je - sus With heart fond and true, Is
3. O yield now to him thy heart, Throw o - pen the door, Lest
mourn'd o'er Je - ru - sa-lem, With wick-ed - ness rife; Re - ject-ing his
mourn - ing, O bro - ther, In love o - ver you. He will-eth the
grieved he should turn a-way, To come back no more; Man's will he doth
proffer'd grace, Their Lord they denied, And turn'd from his love away, And
death of none, But free - ly he gave Him-self as an of - fer-ing This
nev - er break To save him from sin, The choice you must free-ly make Sal-
CHORUS.
him cru - ci - fied.
whole world to save.
va - tion to win.
O Je - ru - sa-lem! Je - ru - sa-lem! How
oft would I have gath-ered you, but ye would not, ye would not,

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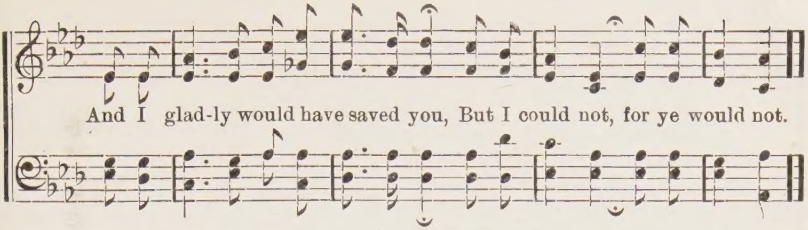
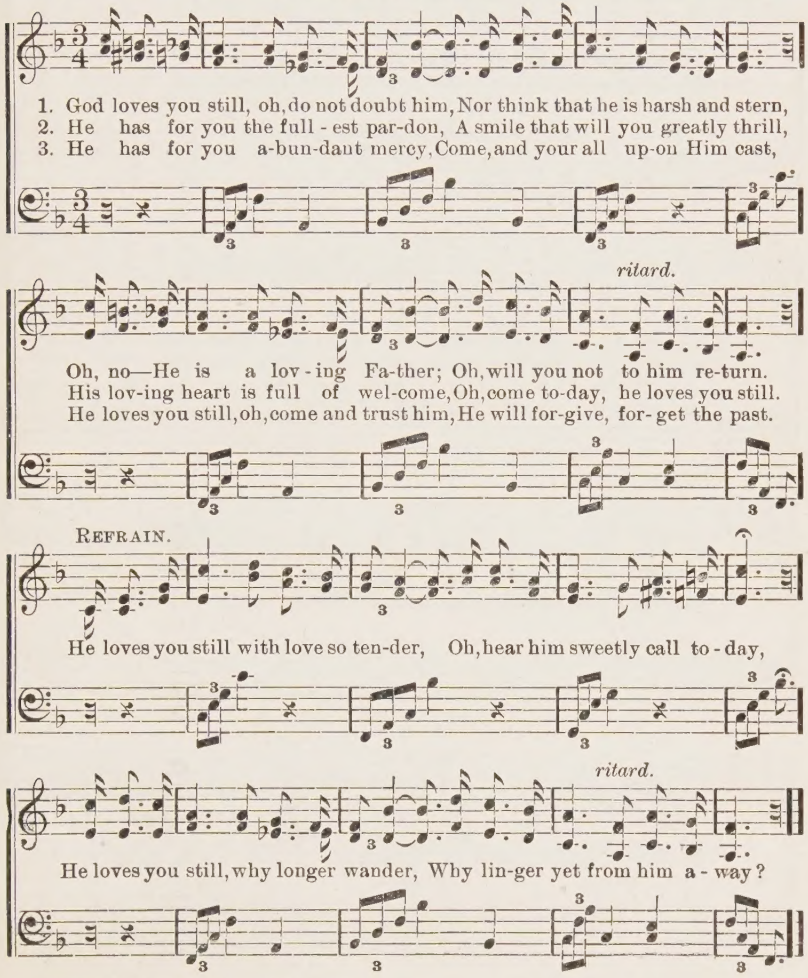
"Ye Would Not."—Concluded.



91 He Loves You Still.

W. E. M. Duet for Soprano and Alto. Wm. Edie Marks.


1. God loves you still, oh, do not doubt him, Nor think that he is harsh and stern,
2. He has for you the full - est par-don, A smile that will you greatly thrill,
3. He has for you a-bun-dant mercy, Come, and your all up-on Him cast,
ritard.
Oh, no—He is a lov - ing Fa-ther; Oh, will you not to him re-turn.
His lov-ing heart is full of wel-come, Oh, come to-day, he loves you still.
He loves you still, oh, come and trust him, He will for-give, for-get the past.
Refrain.
He loves you still with love so ten-der, Oh, hear him sweetly call to - day,
ritard.
He loves you still, why longer wander, Why lin-ger yet from him a - way?

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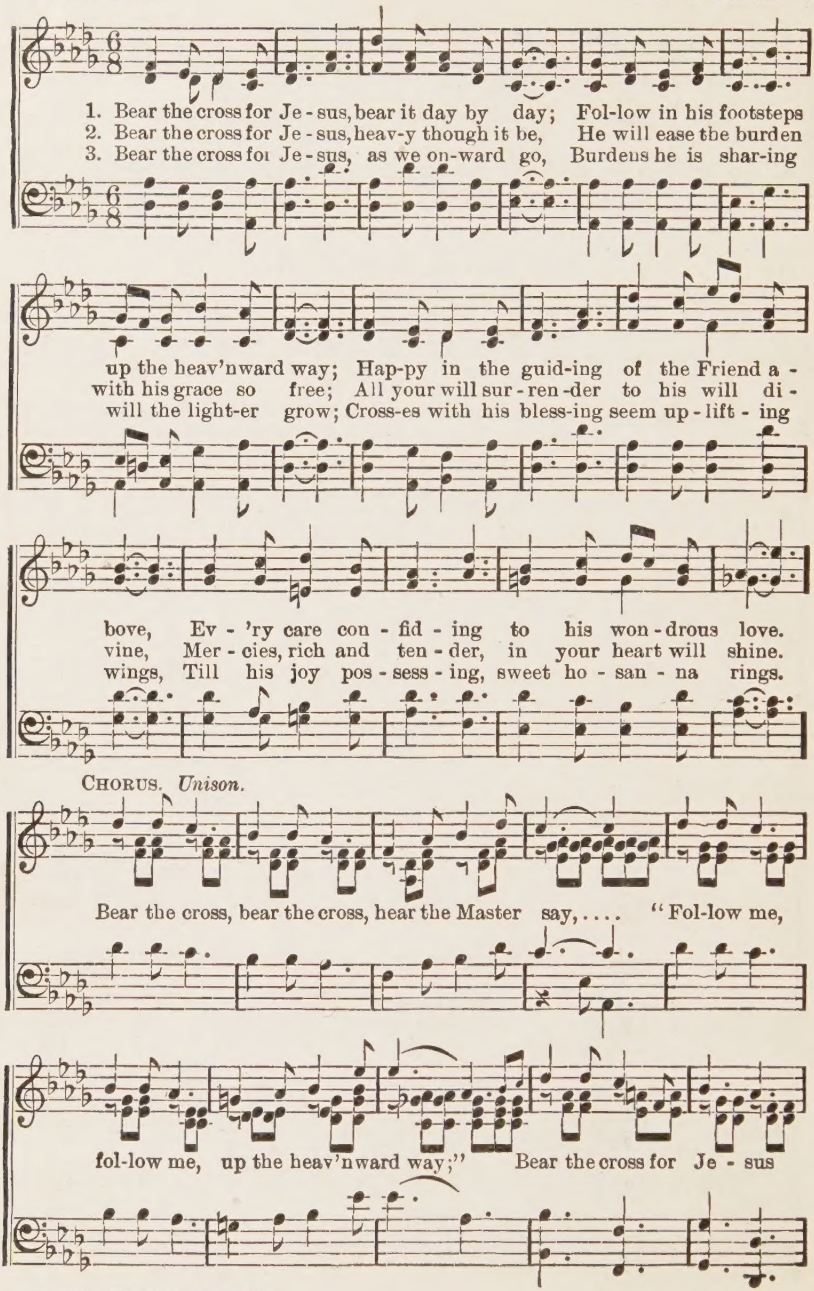
Bear the Cross.

E. E. Hewitt. Chas. H. Marsh.

1. Bear the cross for Je - sus, bear it day by day; Fol-low in his footsteps
2. Bear the cross for Je - sus, heav-y though it be, He will ease the burden
3. Bear the cross for Je - sus, as we on-ward go, Burdens he is shar-ing
up the heav'nward way; Hap-py in the guid-ing of the Friend a -
with his grace so free; All your will sur - ren-der to his will di -
will the light-er grow; Cross-es with his bless-ing seem up - lift - ing
bove, Ev - 'ry care con - fid - ing to his won - drous love.
vine, Mer - cies, rich and ten - der, in your heart will shine.
wings, Till his joy pos - sess - ing, sweet ho - san - na rings.
Chorus. Unison.
Bear the cross, bear the cross, hear the Master say, ... "Fol-low me,
fol-low me, up the heav'nward way;" Bear the cross for Je - sus

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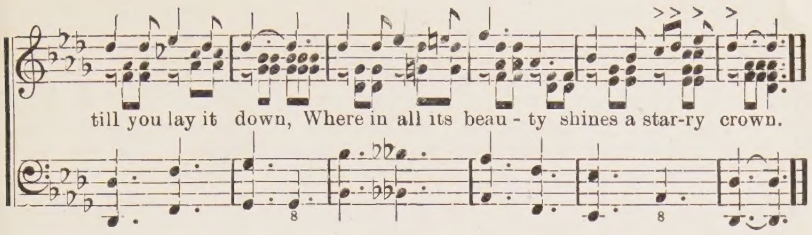
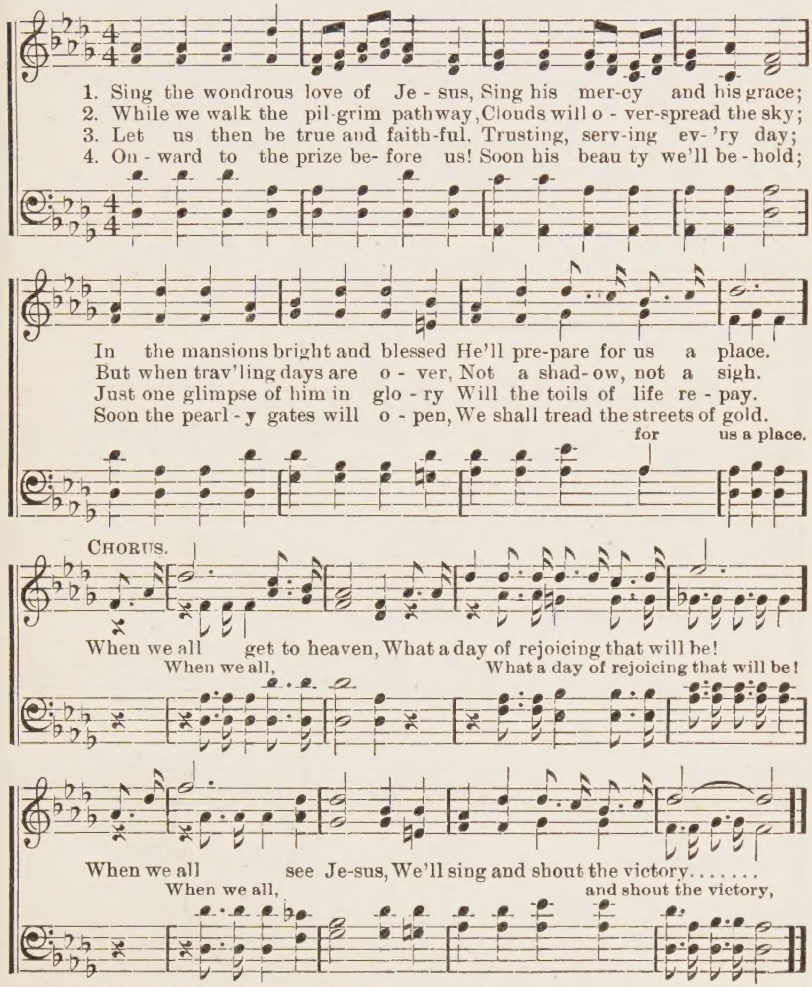
Bear the Cross.—Concluded.



93 When We All Get to Heaven.

E. E. HEWITT. MRS. J. G. WILSON.


1. Sing the wondrous love of Je - sus, Sing his mer-cy and his grace;
2. While we walk the pil-grim pathway, Clouds will o - ver-spread the sky;
3. Let us then be true and faith-ful, Trusting, serv-ing ev- 'ry day;
4. On - ward to the prize be- fore us! Soon his beau ty we'll be - hold;
In the mansions bright and blessed He'll pre-pare for us a place.
But when trav'ling days are o - ver, Not a shad-ow, not a sigh.
Just one glimpse of him in glo - ry Will the toils of life re - pay.
Soon the pearl - y gates will o - pen, We shall tread the streets of gold.
for us a place.
CHORUS.
When we all get to heaven, What a day of rejoicing that will be!
When we all, What a day of rejoicing that will be!
When we all see Je-sus, We'll sing and shout the victory.....
When we all, and shout the victory,

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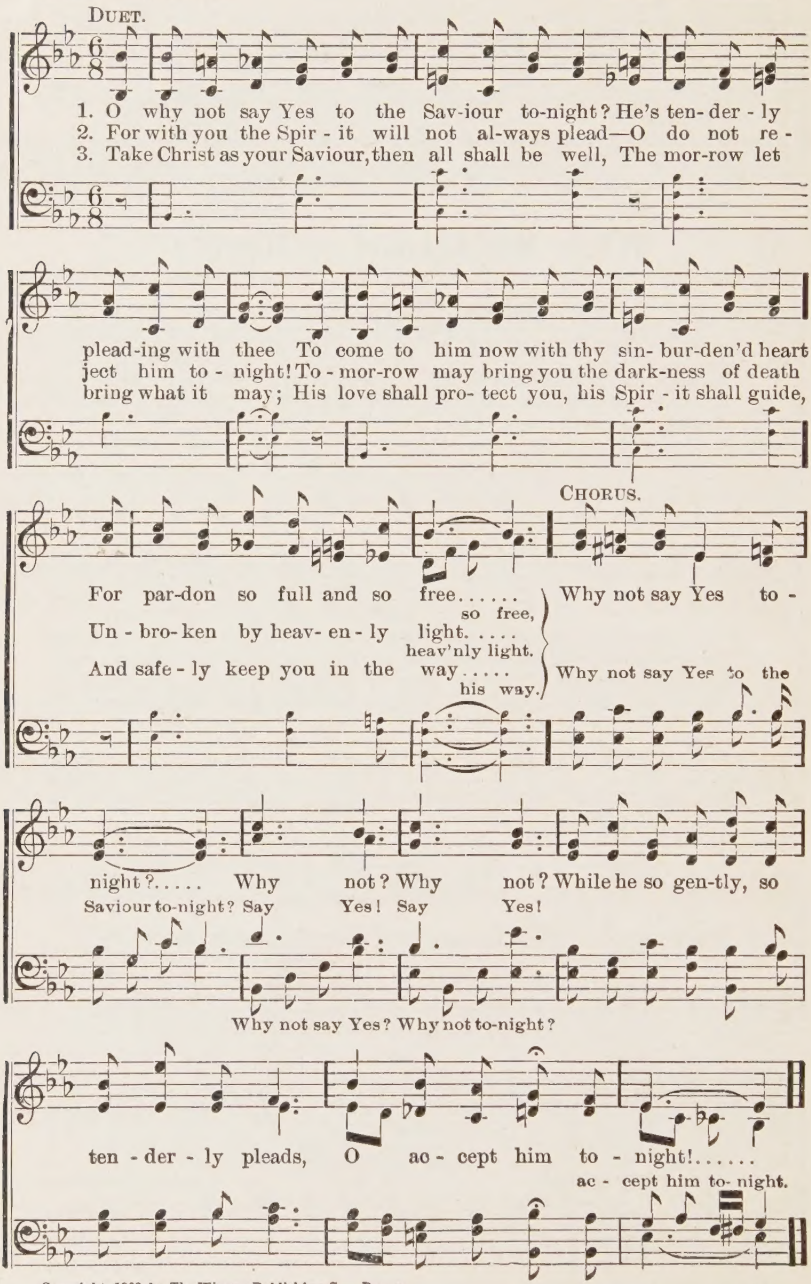
94 Why Not Say Yes To-night?

EFFIE WELLS LOUCKS. LOUIS D. EICHHORN.

DUET.
1. O why not say Yes to the Sav-iour to-night? He's ten-der-ly
2. For with you the Spir-it will not al-ways plead—O do not re-
3. Take Christ as your Saviour, then all shall be well, The mor-row let
plead-ing with thee To come to him now with thy sin-bur-den'd heart
ject him to-night! To-mor-row may bring you the dark-ness of death
bring what it may; His love shall pro-tect you, his Spir-it shall guide,
CHORUS.
For par-don so full and so free.....
Un-bro-ken by heav-en-ly light.....
And safe-ly keep you in the way.....
so free,
heav'nly light.
his way.
Why not say Yes to-
Why not say Yes to the
night?..... Why not? Why not? While he so gen-tly, so
Saviour to-night? Say Yes! Say Yes!
Why not say Yes? Why not to-night?
ten-der-ly pleads, O ac-cept him to-night!.....
ac-cept him to-night.

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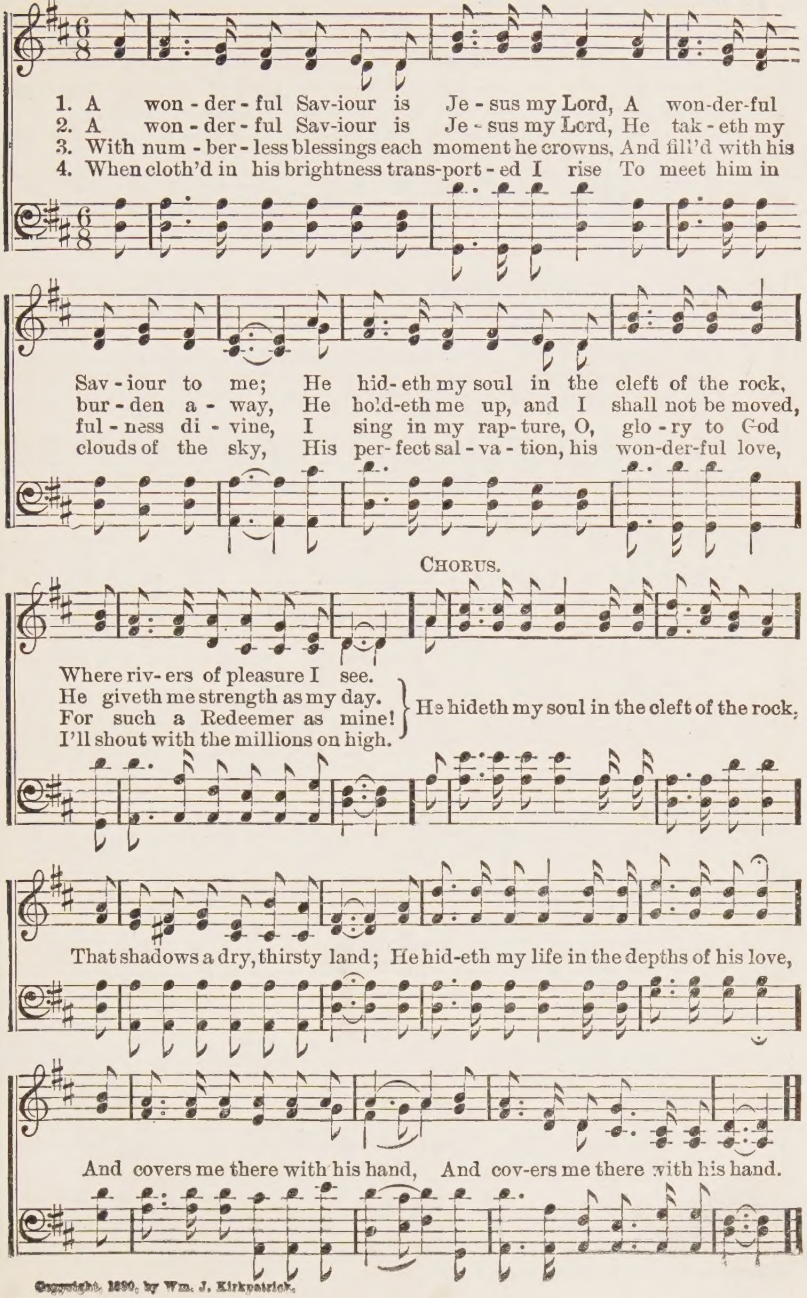
95 He Hideth My Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. A won - der - ful Sav-iour is Je - sus my Lord, A won-der-ful
2. A won - der - ful Sav-iour is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my
3. With num - ber - less blessings each moment he crowns, And fill'd with his
4. When cloth'd in his brightness trans-port - ed I rise To meet him in
Sav - iour to me; He hid- eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
bur - den a - way, He hold-eth me up, and I shall not be moved,
ful - ness di - vine, I sing in my rap- ture, O, glo - ry to God
clouds of the sky, His per- fect sal - va - tion, his won-der-ful love,
CHORUS.
Where riv- ers of pleasure I see.
He giveth me strength as my day.
For such a Redeemer as mine!
I'll shout with the millions on high.
He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
That shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hid-eth my life in the depths of his love,
And covers me there with his hand, And cov-ers me there with his hand.

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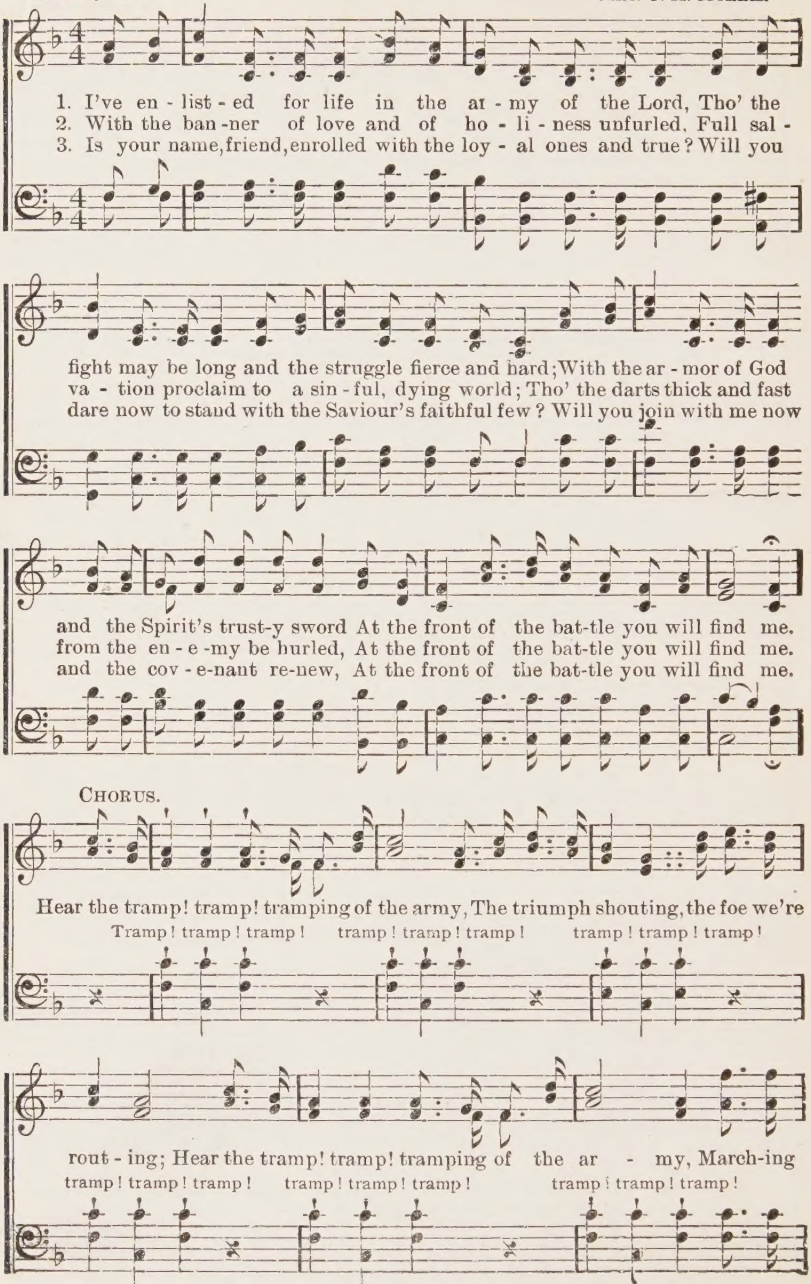
96 At the Battle's Front.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. I've en - list - ed for life in the ar - my of the Lord, Tho' the
2. With the ban - ner of love and of ho - li - ness unfurled, Full sal -
3. Is your name, friend, enrolled with the loy - al ones and true? Will you
fight may be long and the struggle fierce and hard; With the ar - mor of God
va - tion proclaim to a sin - ful, dying world; Tho' the darts thick and fast
dare now to stand with the Saviour's faithful few? Will you join with me now
and the Spirit's trust-y sword At the front of the bat-tle you will find me.
from the en - e - my be hurled, At the front of the bat-tle you will find me.
and the cov - e-nant re-new, At the front of the bat-tle you will find me.
CHORUS.
Hear the tramp! tramp! tramping of the army, The triumph shouting, the foe we're
Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!
rout - ing; Hear the tramp! tramp! tramping of the ar - my, March-ing
tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!

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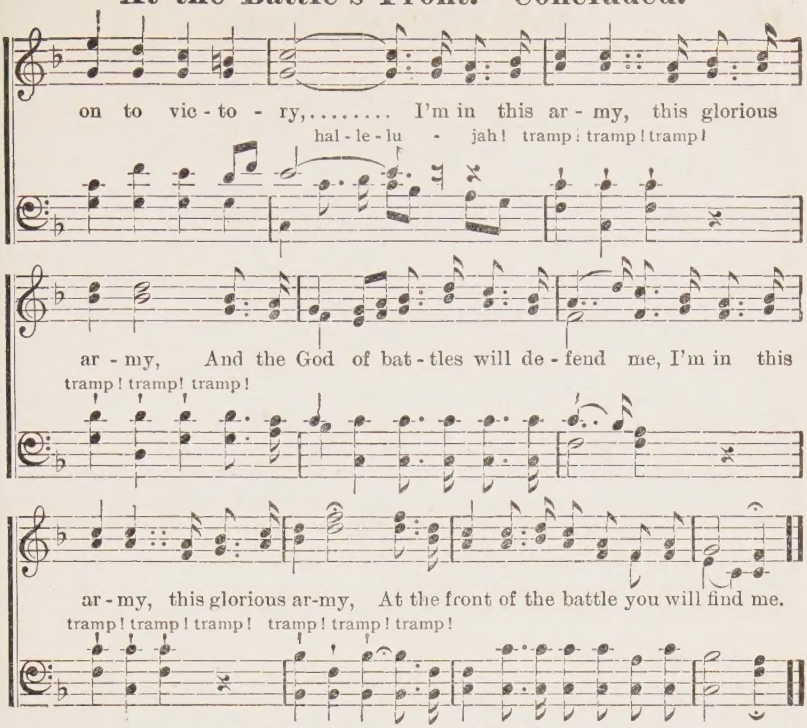
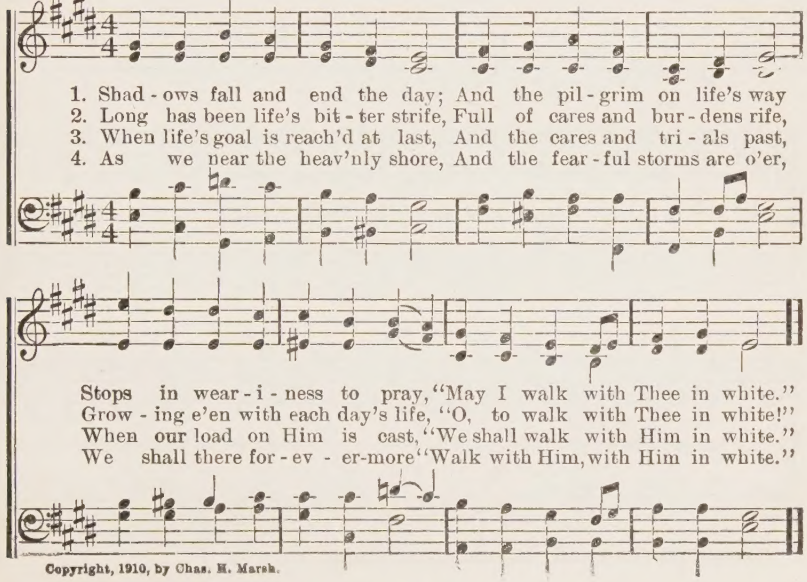

on to vic - to - ry,..... I'm in this ar - my, this glorious
hal - le - lu - jah! tramp! tramp! tramp!
ar - my, And the God of bat - tles will de - fend me, I'm in this
tramp! tramp! tramp!
ar - my, this glorious ar-my, At the front of the battle you will find me.
tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!

97 With Him In White.

J. H. Rev. 3: 4. JEAN HOWARD.


1. Shad - ows fall and end the day; And the pil - grim on life's way
2. Long has been life's bit - ter strife, Full of cares and bur - dens rife,
3. When life's goal is reach'd at last, And the cares and tri - als past,
4. As we near the heav'nly shore, And the fear - ful storms are o'er,
Stops in wear - i - ness to pray, "May I walk with Thee in white."
Grow - ing e'en with each day's life, "O, to walk with Thee in white!"
When our load on Him is cast, "We shall walk with Him in white."
We shall there for - ev - er-more "Walk with Him, with Him in white."

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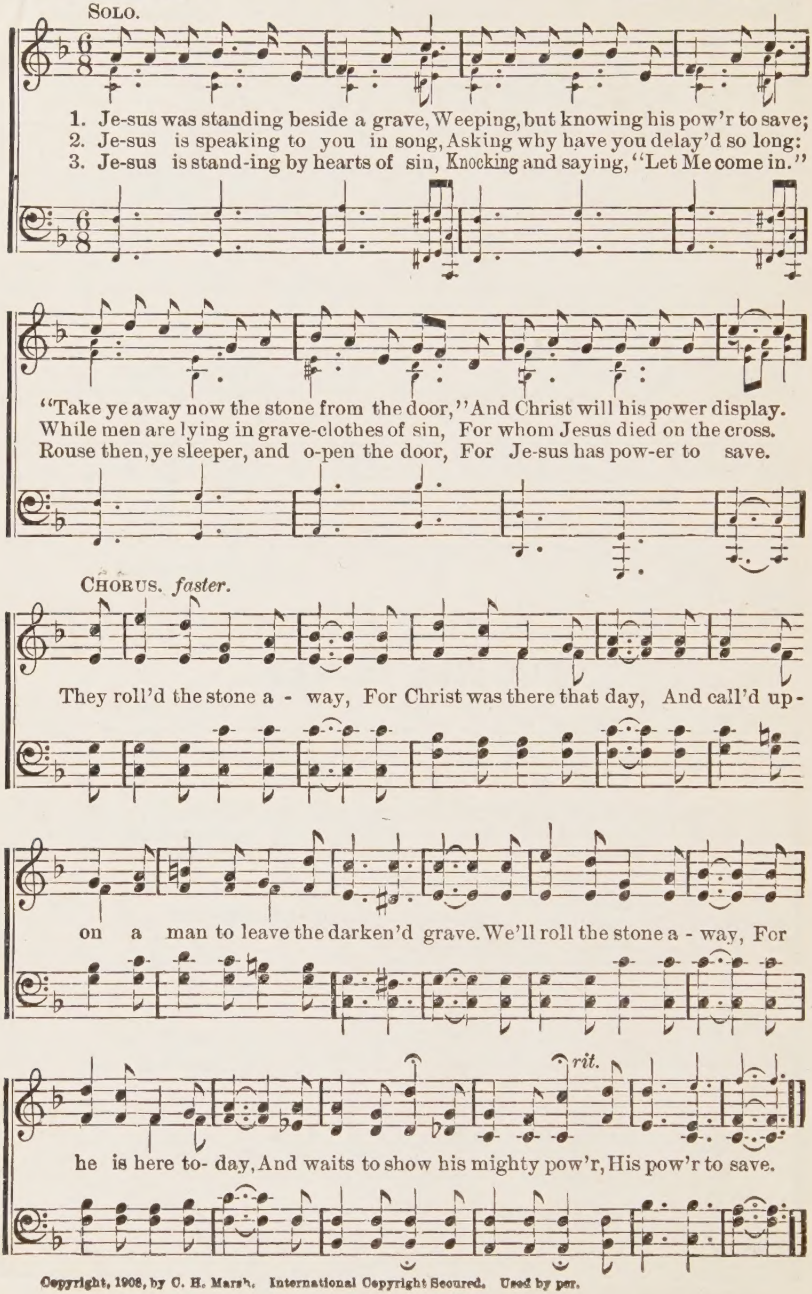
Roll the Stone Away.

ORA SAMUEL GRAY. CHARLES H. MARSH.

SOLO.
1. Je-sus was standing beside a grave, Weeping, but knowing his pow'r to save;
2. Je-sus is speaking to you in song, Asking why have you delay'd so long:
3. Je-sus is stand-ing by hearts of sin, Knocking and saying, "Let Me come in."
"Take ye away now the stone from the door," And Christ will his power display.
While men are lying in grave-clothes of sin, For whom Jesus died on the cross.
Rouse then, ye sleeper, and o-pen the door, For Je-sus has pow-er to save.
CHORUS. faster.
They roll'd the stone a - way, For Christ was there that day, And call'd up-
on a man to leave the darken'd grave. We'll roll the stone a - way, For
rit.
he is here to- day, And waits to show his mighty pow'r, His pow'r to save.

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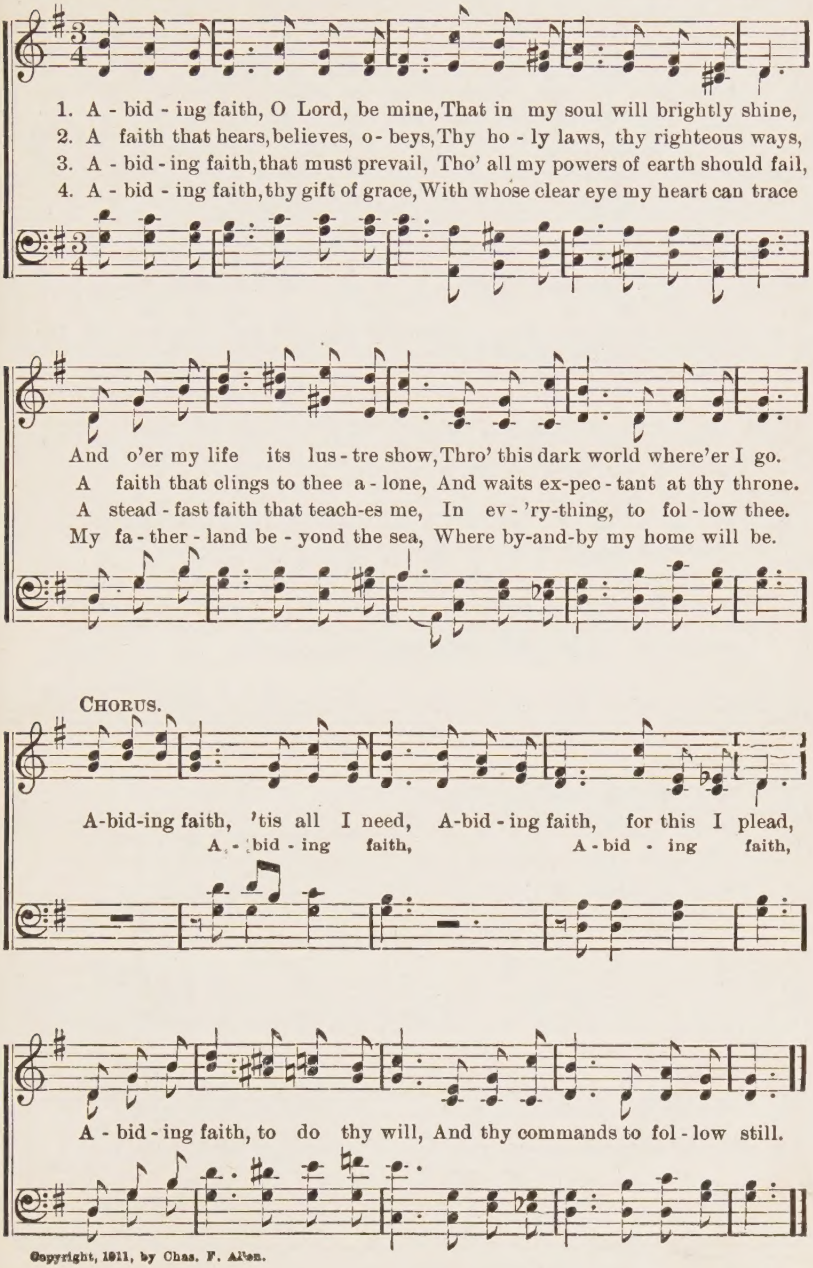
Abiding Faith.

FANNY J. CROSBY. CHARLES F. ALLEN.


1. A - bid - ing faith, O Lord, be mine, That in my soul will brightly shine,
2. A faith that hears, believes, o - beys, Thy ho - ly laws, thy righteous ways,
3. A - bid - ing faith, that must prevail, Tho' all my powers of earth should fail,
4. A - bid - ing faith, thy gift of grace, With whose clear eye my heart can trace
And o'er my life its lus - tre show, Thro' this dark world where'er I go.
A faith that clings to thee a - lone, And waits ex-pec - tant at thy throne.
A stead - fast faith that teach-es me, In ev - 'ry-thing, to fol - low thee.
My fa - ther - land be - yond the sea, Where by-and-by my home will be.
CHORUS.
A-bid-ing faith, 'tis all I need, A-bid - ing faith, for this I plead,
A - bid - ing faith, A - bid - ing faith,
A - bid - ing faith, to do thy will, And thy commands to fol - low still.

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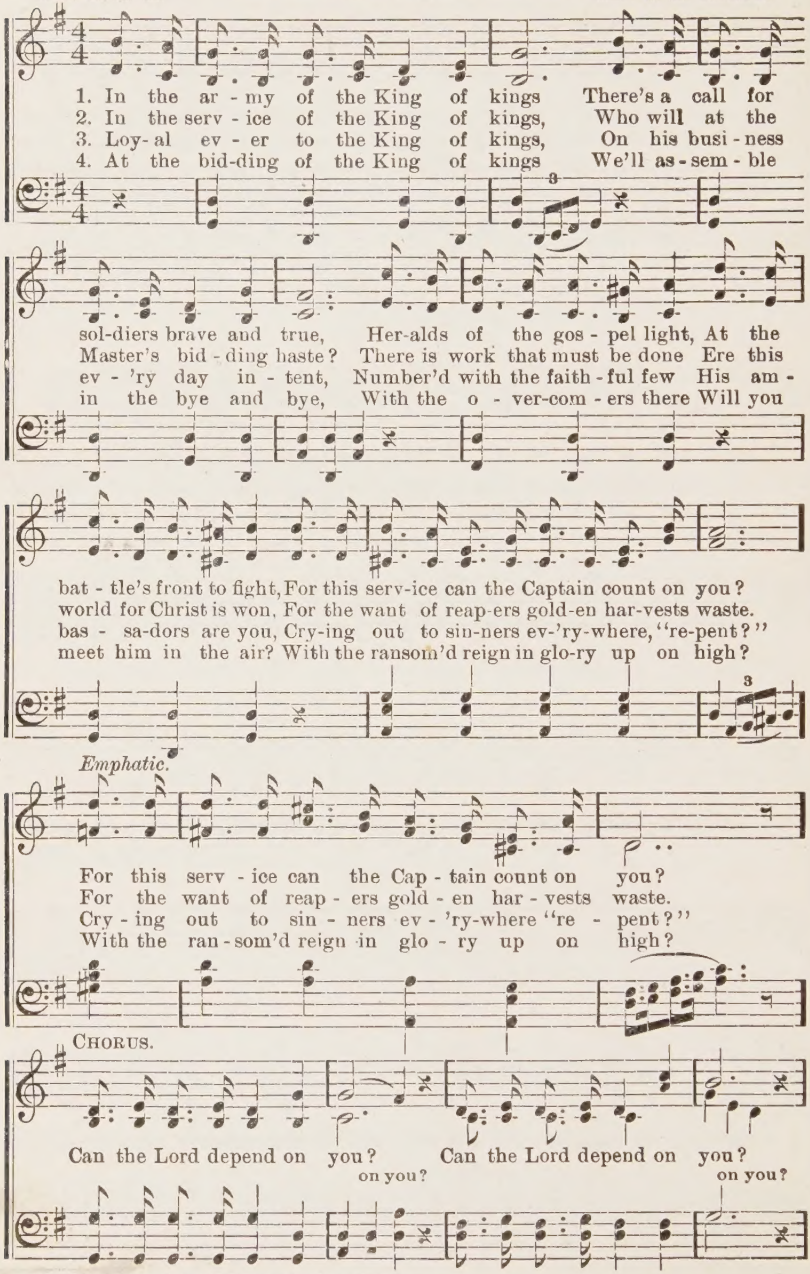
100 In the Army of the King of Kings.

MRS. C. H. M. **Can the Lord Depend on You?** MRS. C. H. MORRIS.


1. In the ar - my of the King of kings There's a call for
2. In the serv - ice of the King of kings, Who will at the
3. Loy-al ev - er to the King of kings, On his busi - ness
4. At the bid-ding of the King of kings We'll as - sem - ble
sol-diers brave and true, Her-alds of the gos - pel light, At the
Master's bid - ding haste? There is work that must be done Ere this
ev - 'ry day in - tent, Number'd with the faith - ful few His am -
in the bye and bye, With the o - ver-com - ers there Will you
bat - tle's front to fight, For this serv-ice can the Captain count on you?
world for Christ is won, For the want of reap-ers gold-en har-vests waste.
bas - sa-dors are you, Cry-ing out to sin-ners ev-'ry-where, "re-pent?"
meet him in the air? With the ransom'd reign in glo-ry up on high?
Emphatic.
For this serv - ice can the Cap - tain count on you?
For the want of reap - ers gold - en har - vests waste.
Cry - ing out to sin - ners ev - 'ry-where "re - pent?"
With the ran - som'd reign in glo - ry up on high?
CHORUS.
Can the Lord depend on you? Can the Lord depend on you?
on you?
on you?

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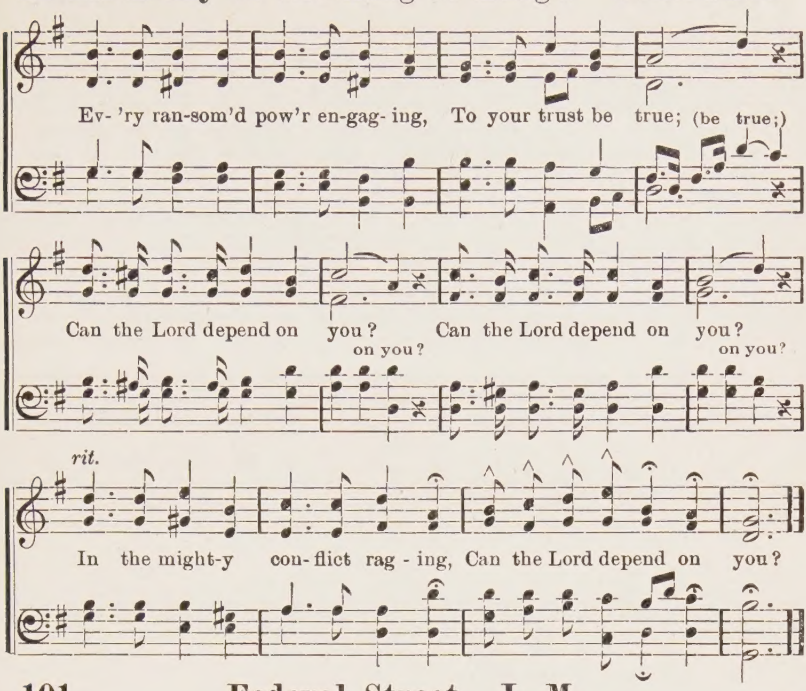
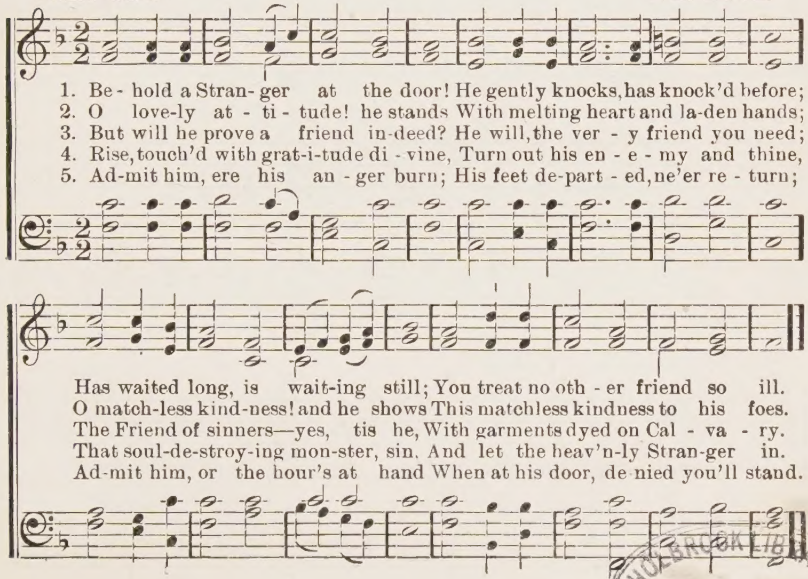

Ev- 'ry ran-som'd pow'r en-gag- ing, To your trust be true; (be true;)
Can the Lord depend on you? Can the Lord depend on you?
on you?
on you?
rit.
In the might-y con- flict rag - ing, Can the Lord depend on you?

101 Federal Street. L. M.

JOSEPH GRIGG. H. K. OLIVER.


1. Be- hold a Stran- ger at the door! He gently knocks, has knock'd before;
2. O love-ly at - ti - tude! he stands With melting heart and la-den hands;
3. But will he prove a friend in-deed? He will, the ver - y friend you need;
4. Rise, touch'd with grat-i-tude di - vine, Turn out his en - e - my and thine,
5. Ad-mit him, ere his an - ger burn; His feet de-part - ed, ne'er re - turn;
Has waited long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
O match-less kind-ness! and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes.
The Friend of sinners—yes, tis he, With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry.
That soul-de-stroy-ing mon-ster, sin. And let the heav'n-ly Stran-ger in.
Ad-mit him, or the hour's at hand When at his door, de-nied you'll stand.

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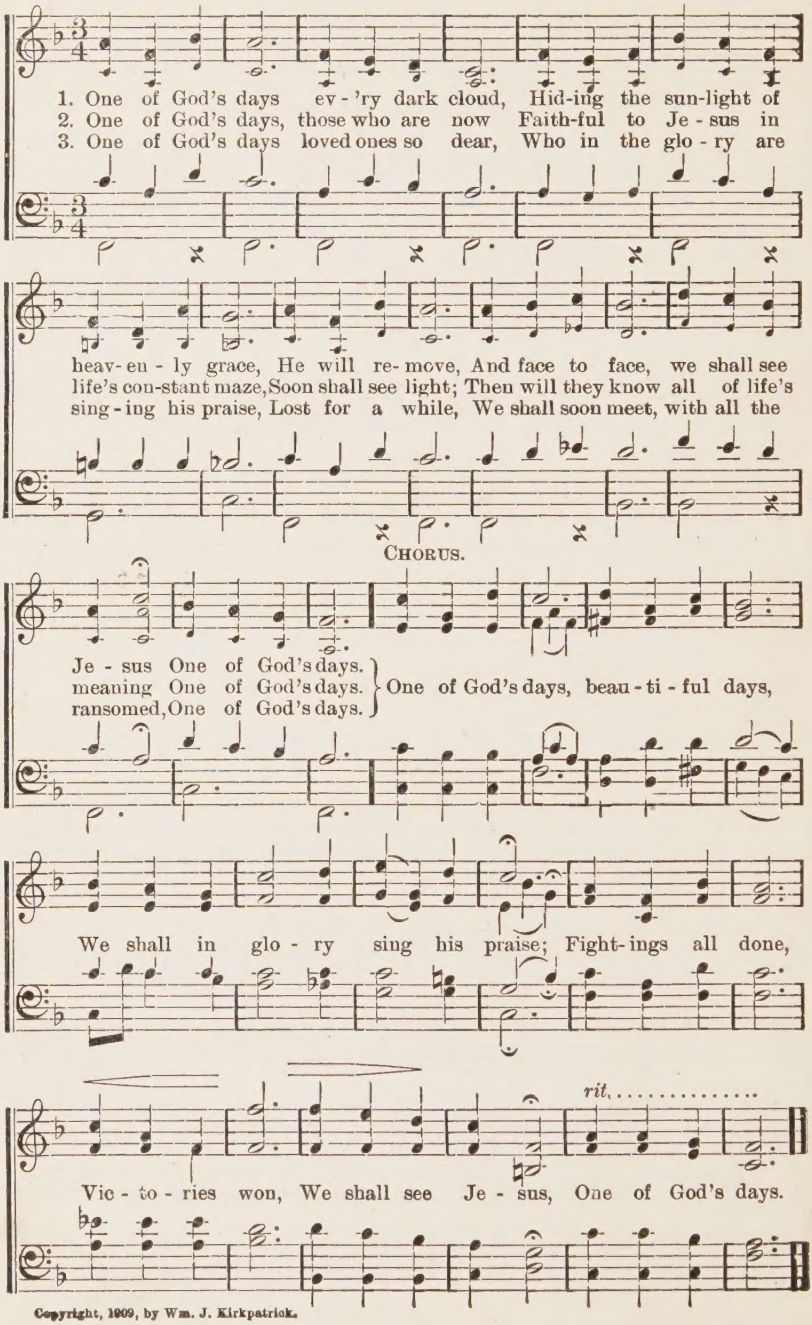
102 One of God's Days.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

1. One of God's days ev-'ry dark cloud, Hid-ing the sun-light of
2. One of God's days, those who are now Faith-ful to Je-sus in
3. One of God's days loved ones so dear, Who in the glo-ry are
heav-en-ly grace, He will re-move, And face to face, we shall see
life's con-stant maze, Soon shall see light; Then will they know all of life's
sing-ing his praise, Lost for a while, We shall soon meet, with all the
CHORUS.
Je-sus One of God's days.
meaning One of God's days.
ransomed, One of God's days.
One of God's days, beau-ti-ful days,
We shall in glo-ry sing his praise; Fight-ings all done,
rit.
Vic-to-ries won, We shall see Je-sus, One of God's days.

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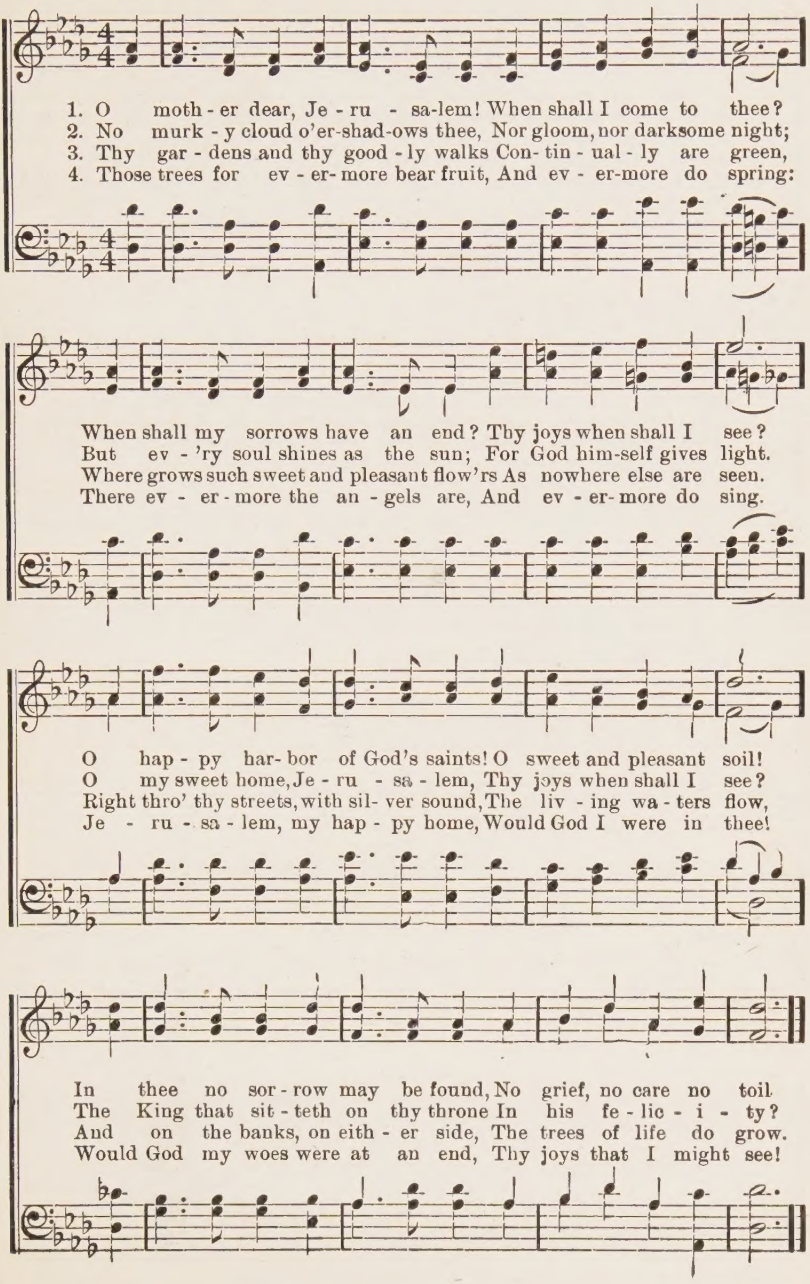
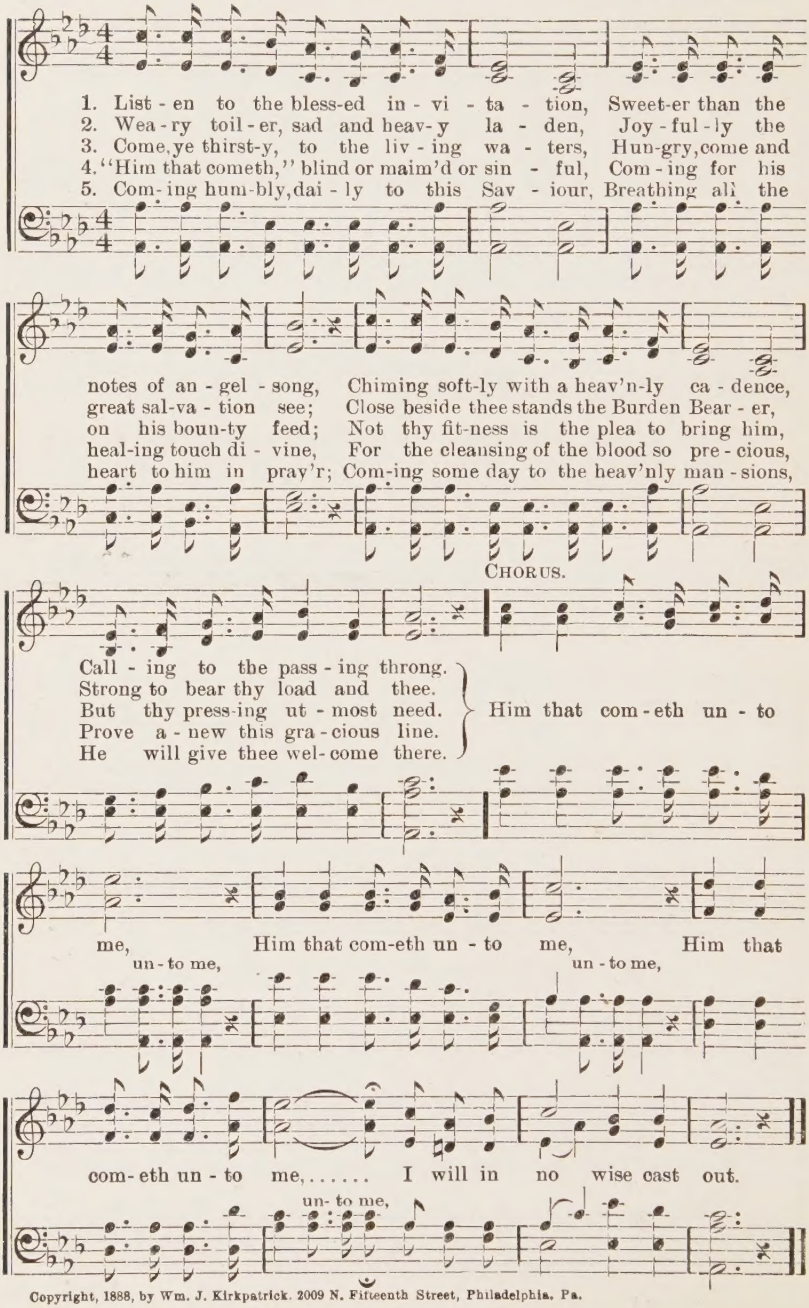
103 O Mother Dear, Jerusalem!

FRANCIS BAKER. SAMUEL A. WARD.

1. O moth - er dear, Je - ru - sa-lem! When shall I come to thee?
2. No murk - y cloud o'er-shad-ows thee, Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
3. Thy gar - dens and thy good - ly walks Con- tin - ual - ly are green,
4. Those trees for ev - er- more bear fruit, And ev - er-more do spring:
When shall my sorrows have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?
But ev - 'ry soul shines as the sun; For God him-self gives light.
Where grows such sweet and pleasant flow'rs As nowhere else are seen.
There ev - er - more the an - gels are, And ev - er-more do sing.
O hap - py har- bor of God's saints! O sweet and pleasant soil!
O my sweet home, Je - ru - sa - lem, Thy joys when shall I see?
Right thro' thy streets, with sil- ver sound, The liv - ing wa - ters flow,
Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, Would God I were in thee!
In thee no sor - row may be found, No grief, no care no toil
The King that sit - teth on thy throne In his fe - lic - i - ty?
And on the banks, on eith - er side, The trees of life do grow.
Would God my woes were at an end, Thy joys that I might see!

104 Him That Cometh Unto Me.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. List - en to the bless-ed in - vi - ta - tion, Sweet-er than the
2. Wea - ry toil - er, sad and heav - y la - den, Joy - ful - ly the
3. Come, ye thirst-y, to the liv - ing wa - ters, Hun-gry, come and
4. "Him that cometh," blind or maim'd or sin - ful, Com - ing for his
5. Com - ing hum-bly, dai - ly to this Sav - iour, Breathing all the
notes of an - gel - song, Chiming soft-ly with a heav'n-ly ca - dence,
great sal-va - tion see; Close beside thee stands the Burden Bear - er,
on his boun-ty feed; Not thy fit-ness is the plea to bring him,
heal-ing touch di - vine, For the cleansing of the blood so pre - cious,
heart to him in pray'r; Com-ing some day to the heav'nly man - sions,
CHORUS.
Call - ing to the pass - ing throng.
Strong to bear thy load and thee.
But thy press-ing ut - most need.
Prove a - new this gra - cious line.
He will give thee wel - come there.
Him that com - eth un - to
me, Him that com-eth un - to me, Him that
un - to me,
un - to me,
com - eth un - to me, ... I will in no wise cast out.
un - to me,

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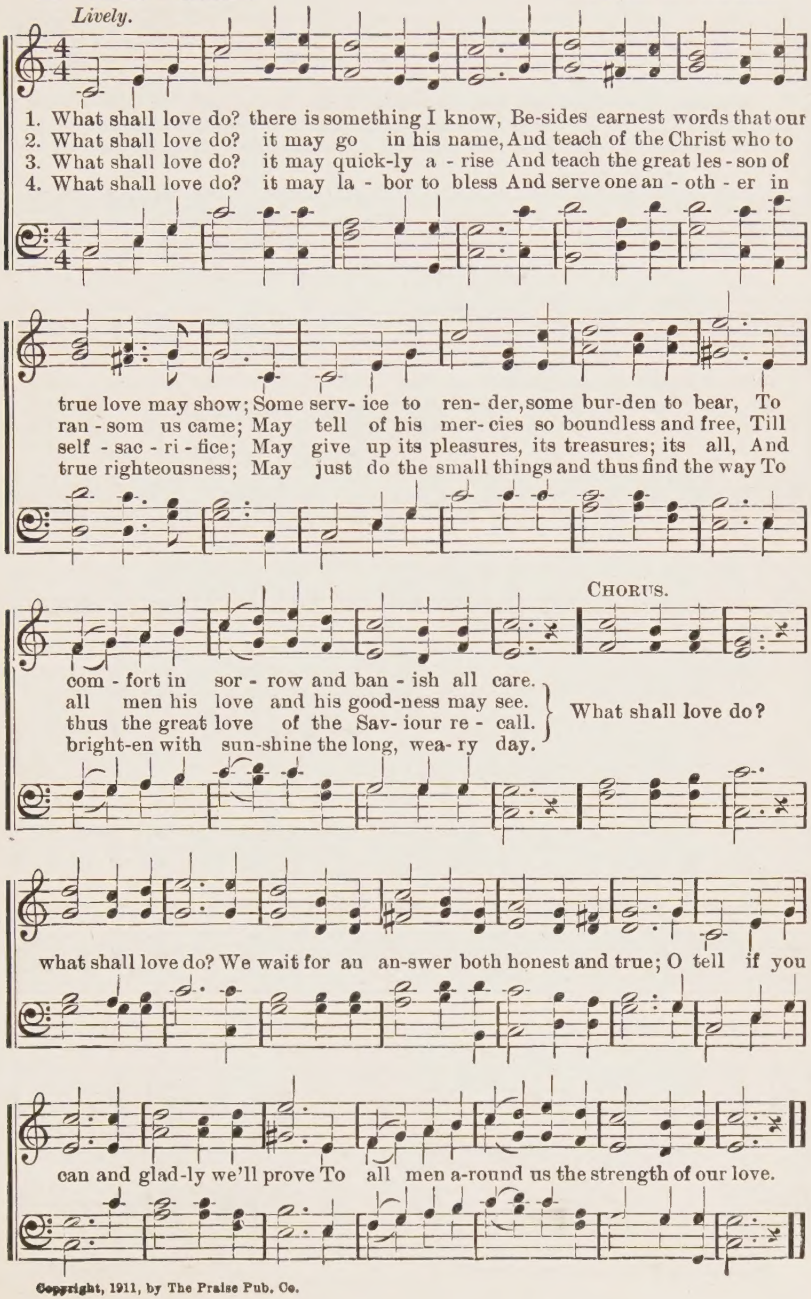
105 What Shall Love Do?

REV. HENRY J. ZELLEY. CHARLES H. MASKELL.

Lively.


1. What shall love do? there is something I know, Be-sides earnest words that our
2. What shall love do? it may go in his name, And teach of the Christ who to
3. What shall love do? it may quick-ly a - rise And teach the great les - son of
4. What shall love do? it may la - bor to bless And serve one an - oth - er in
true love may show; Some serv- ice to ren- der, some bur-den to bear, To
ran - som us came; May tell of his mer- cies so boundless and free, Till
self - sac - ri - fice; May give up its pleasures, its treasures; its all, And
true righteousness; May just do the small things and thus find the way To
CHORUS.
com - fort in sor - row and ban - ish all care.
all men his love and his good-ness may see.
thus the great love of the Sav- iour re - call.
bright-en with sun-shine the long, wea- ry day.
What shall love do?
what shall love do? We wait for an an-swer both honest and true; O tell if you
can and glad-ly we'll prove To all men a-round us the strength of our love.

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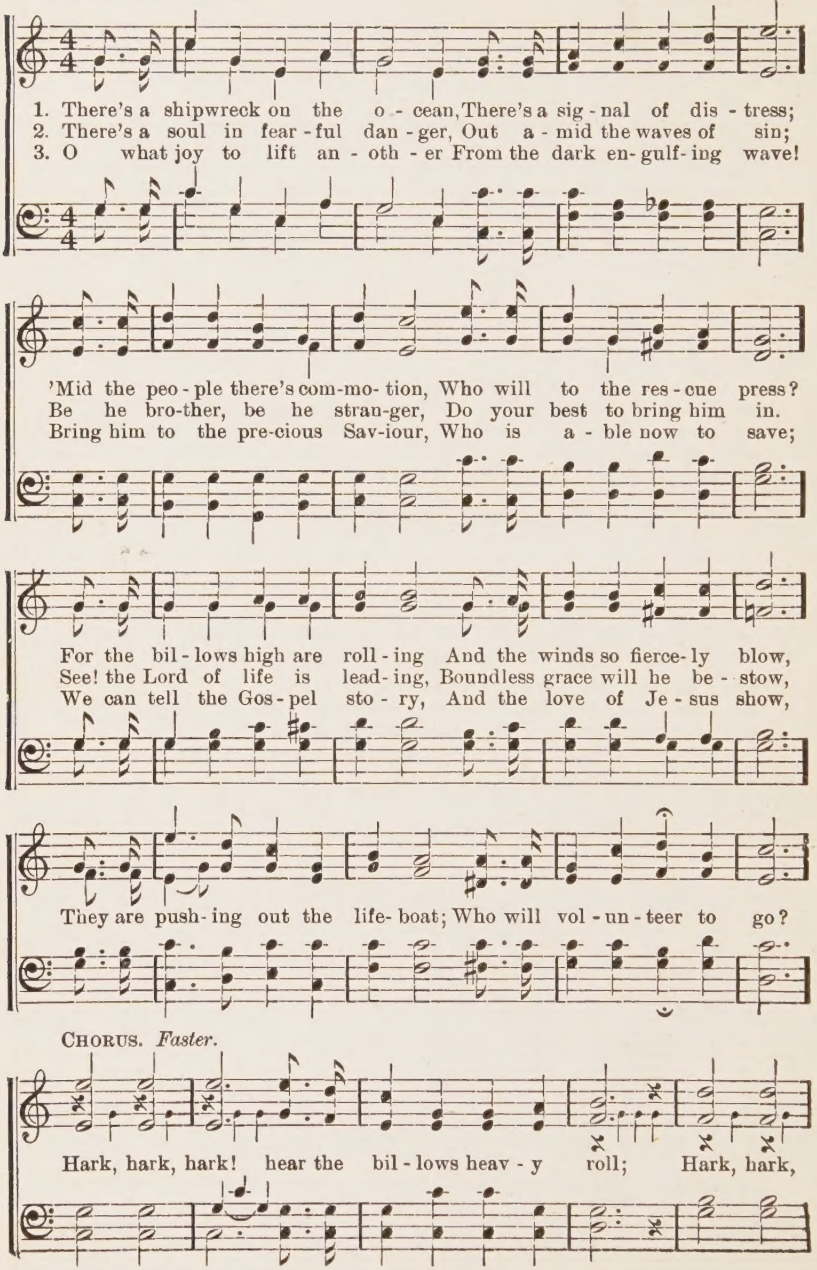
106 Pushing Out the Life-Boat.

E. E. Hewitt. Chas. H. Marsh.

1. There's a shipwreck on the o - cean, There's a sig - nal of dis - tress;
2. There's a soul in fear - ful dan - ger, Out a - mid the waves of sin;
3. O what joy to lift an - oth - er From the dark en-gulf-ing wave!
'Mid the peo - ple there's com-mo- tion, Who will to the res - cue press?
Be he bro-ther, be he stran-ger, Do your best to bring him in.
Bring him to the pre-cious Sav-iour, Who is a - ble now to save;
For the bil - lows high are roll - ing And the winds so fierce-ly blow,
See! the Lord of life is lead - ing, Boundless grace will he be - stow,
We can tell the Gos - pel sto - ry, And the love of Je - sus show,
They are push - ing out the life- boat; Who will vol - un - teer to go?
Chorus. *Faster.*
Hark, hark, hark! hear the bil - lows heav - y roll; Hark, hark,

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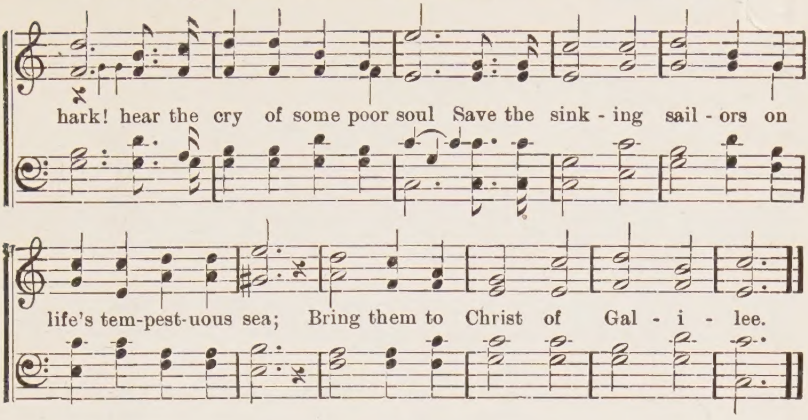
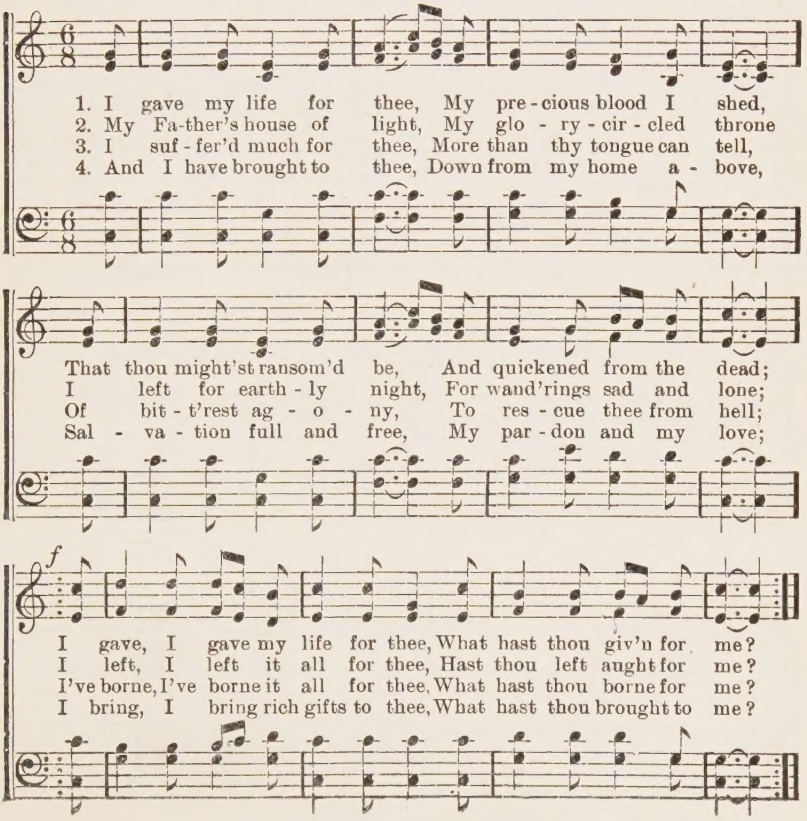
Pushing Out the Life-Boat.—Concluded.

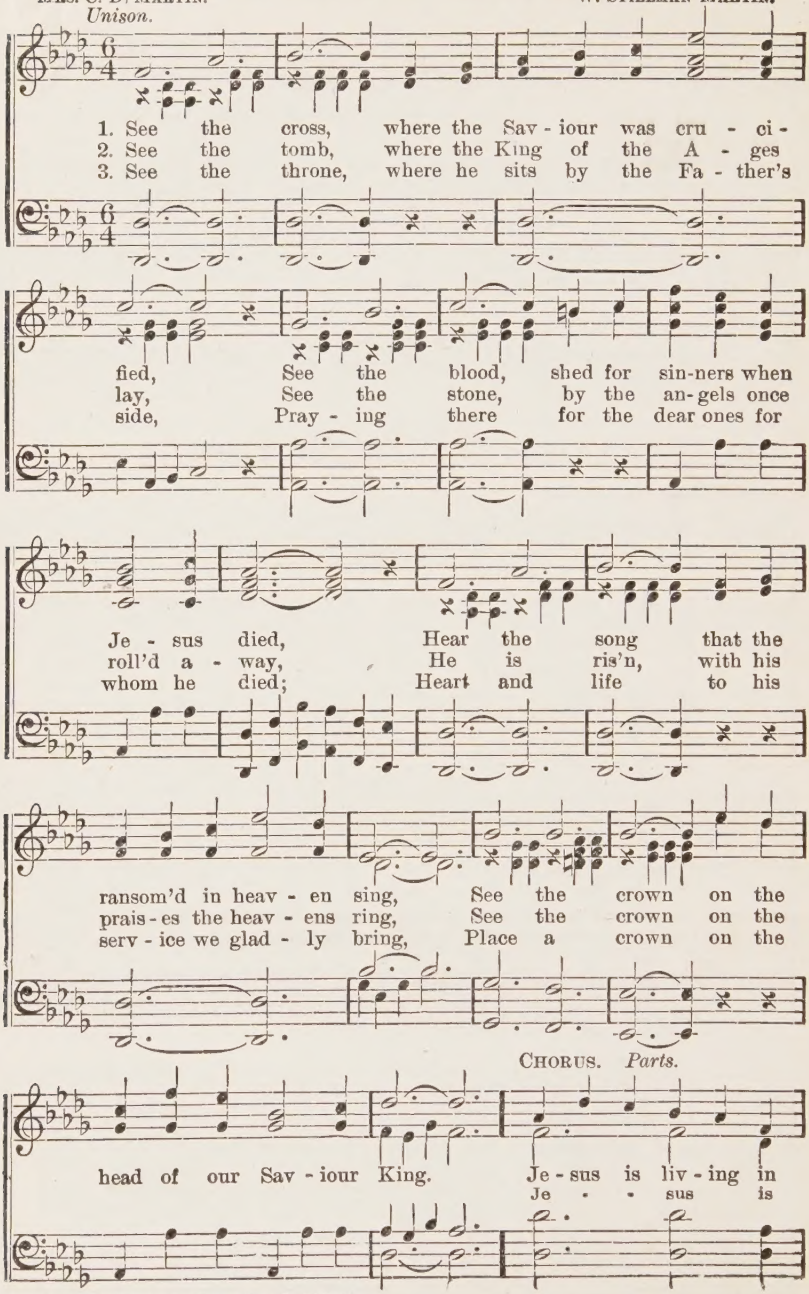


107 I Gave My Life for Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. P. P. BLISS.

1. I gave my life for thee, My pre - cious blood I shed,
2. My Fa-ther's house of light, My glo - ry - cir - cled throne
3. I suf - fer'd much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
4. And I have brought to thee, Down from my home a - bove,
That thou might'st ransom'd be, And quickened from the dead;
I left for earth - ly night, For wand'rings sad and lone;
Of bit - t'rest ag - o - ny, To res - cue thee from hell;
Sal - va - tion full and free, My par - don and my love;
f
I gave, I gave my life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for me?
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to me?

The King of the Ages.

MRS. C. D. MARTIN. W. STILLMAN MARTIN.

Unison.

1. See the cross, where the Sav - iour was cru - ci -
2. See the tomb, where the King of the A - ges
3. See the throne, where he sits by the Fa - ther's
fied, See the blood, shed for sin-ners when
lay, See the stone, by the an-gels once
side, Pray - ing there for the dear ones for
Je - sus died, Hear the song that the
roll'd a - way, He is ris'n, with his
whom he died; Heart and life to his
ransom'd in heav - en sing, See the crown on the
prais - es the heav - ens ring, See the crown on the
serv - ice we glad - ly bring, Place a crown on the
CHORUS. *Parts.*
head of our Sav - iour King. Je - sus is liv - ing in
Je - - sus is

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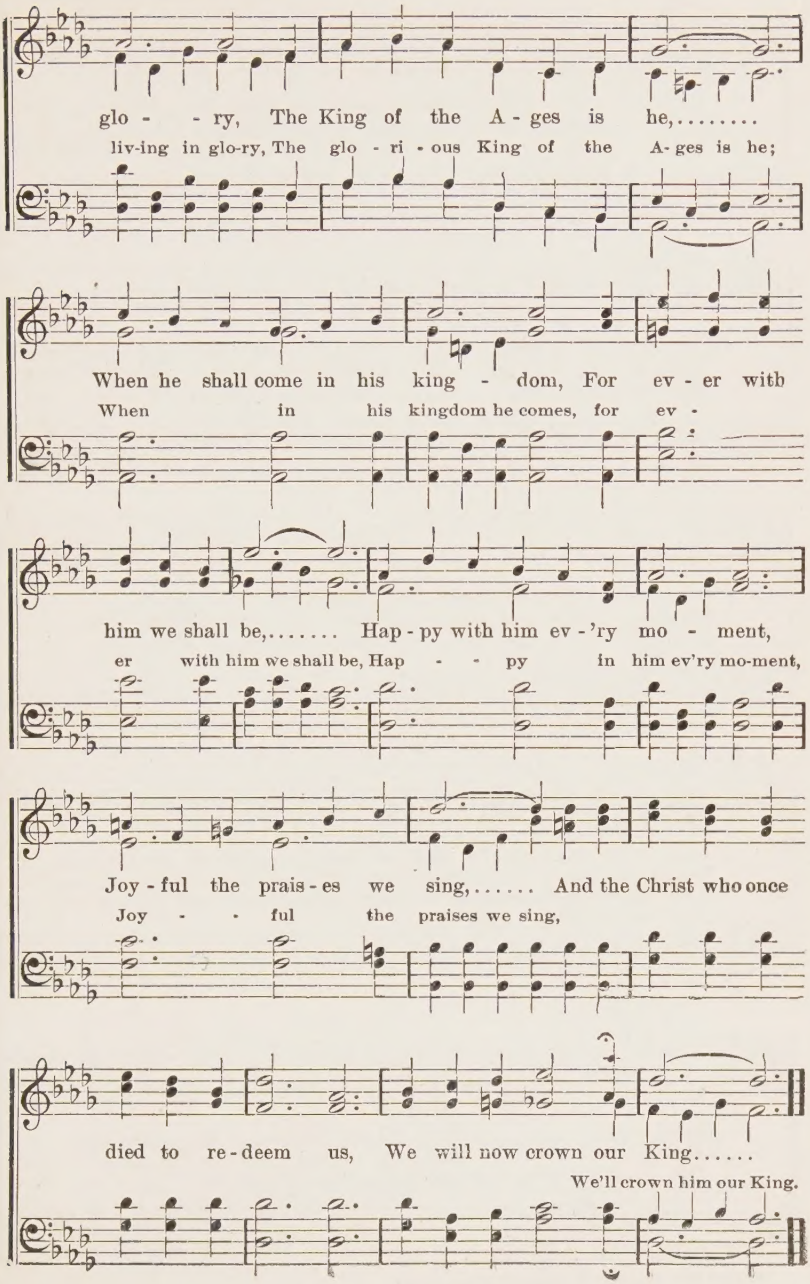
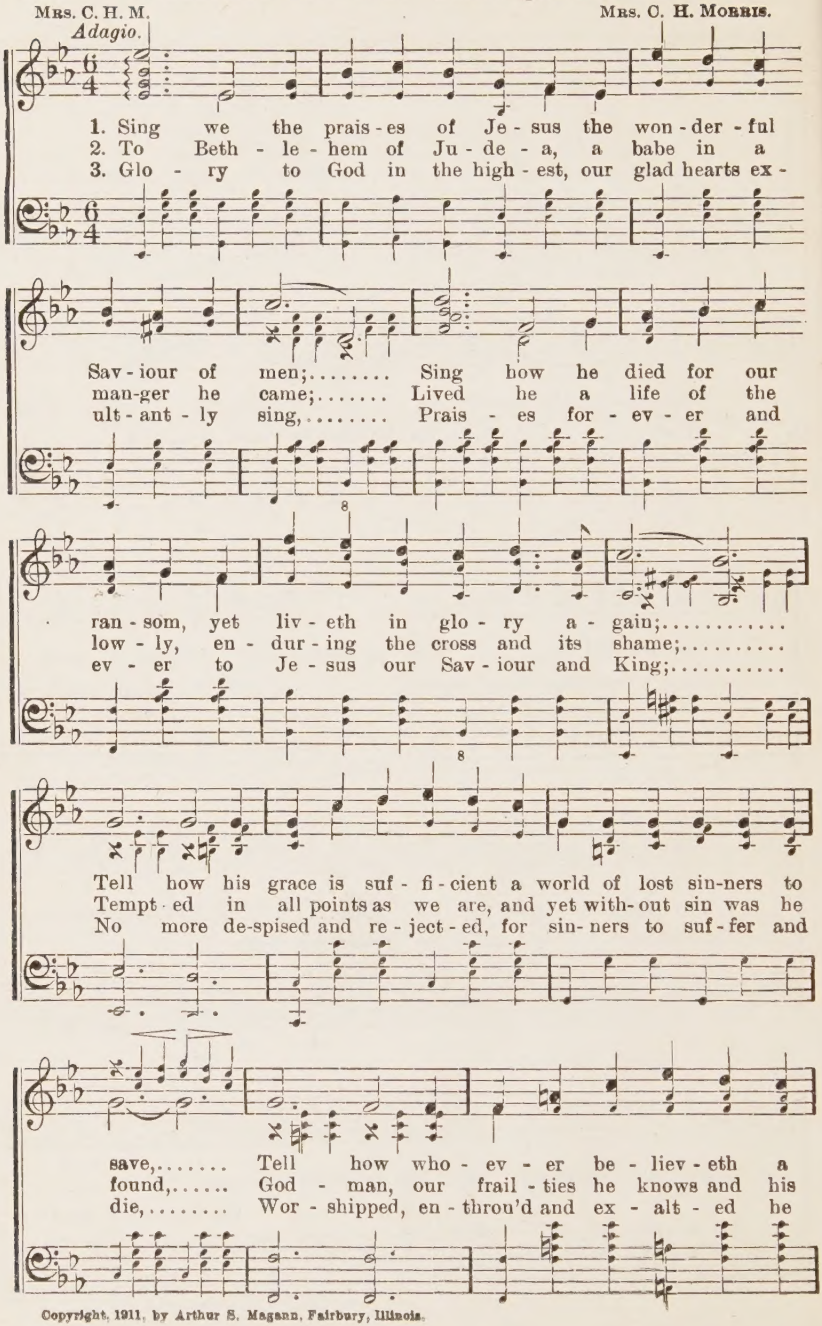
The King of the Ages.—Concluded.

glo - - ry, The King of the A - ges is he,.....
liv-ing in glo-ry, The glo - ri - ous King of the A-ges is he;
When he shall come in his king - dom, For ev - er with
When in his kingdom he comes, for ev -
him we shall be,..... Hap - py with him ev - 'ry mo - ment,
er with him we shall be, Hap - - py in him ev'ry mo-ment,
Joy - ful the prais - es we sing,..... And the Christ who once
Joy - - ful the praises we sing,
died to re - deem us, We will now crown our King.....
We'll crown him our King.

109 Wounded for Our Transgressions.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

Adagio.


1. Sing we the prais-es of Je-sus the won-der-ful
2. To Beth-le-hem of Ju-de-a, a babe in a
3. Glo-ry to God in the high-est, our glad hearts ex-
Sav-iour of men;..... Sing how he died for our
man-ger he came;..... Lived he a life of the
ult-ant-ly sing,..... Prais-es for-ev-er and
ran-som, yet liv-eth in glo-ry a-gain;.....
low-ly, en-dur-ing the cross and its shame;.....
ev-er to Je-sus our Sav-iour and King;.....
Tell how his grace is suf-fi-cient a world of lost sin-ners to
Tempt-ed in all points as we are, and yet with-out sin was he
No more de-spised and re-ject-ed, for sin-ners to suf-fer and
save,..... Tell how who-ev-er be-liev-eth a
found,..... God-man, our frail-ties he knows and his
die,..... Wor-shipped, en-throu'd and ex-alt-ed he

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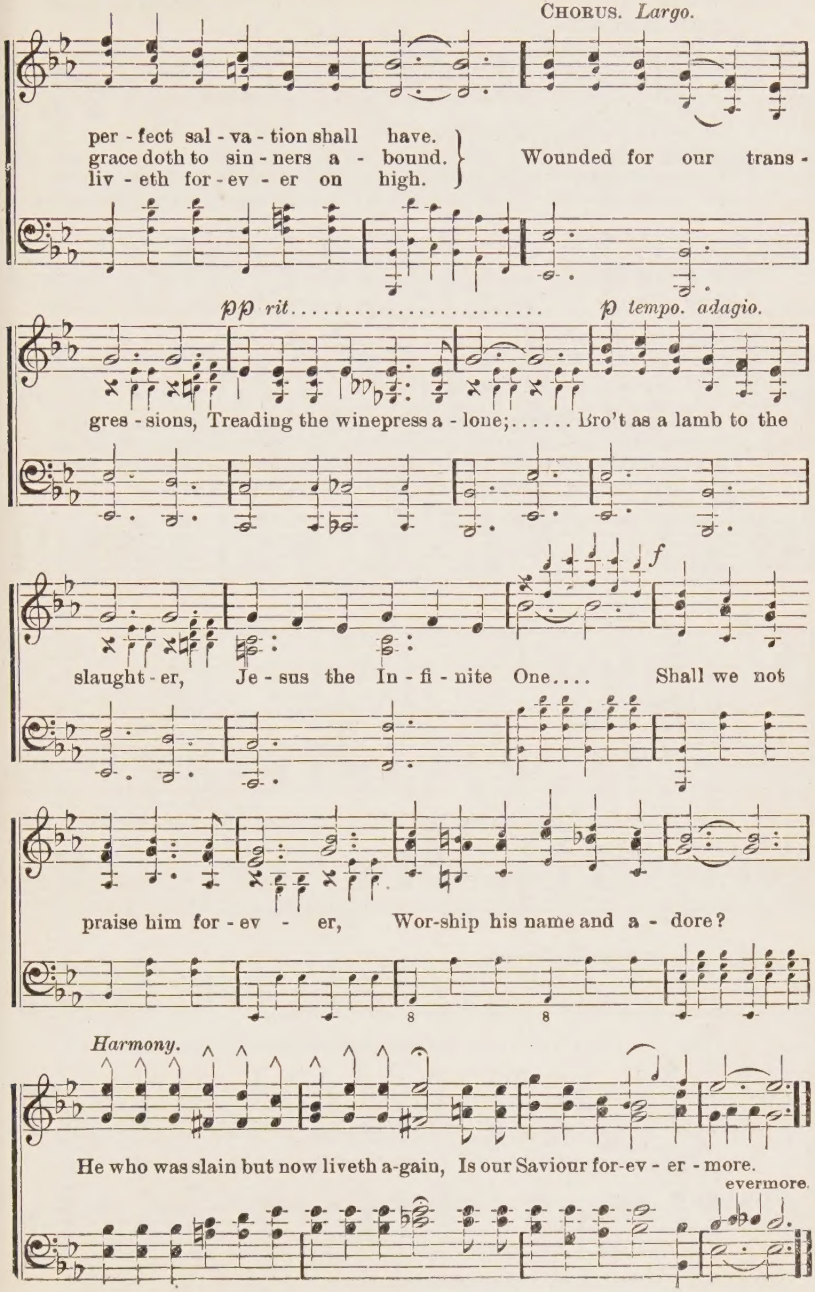
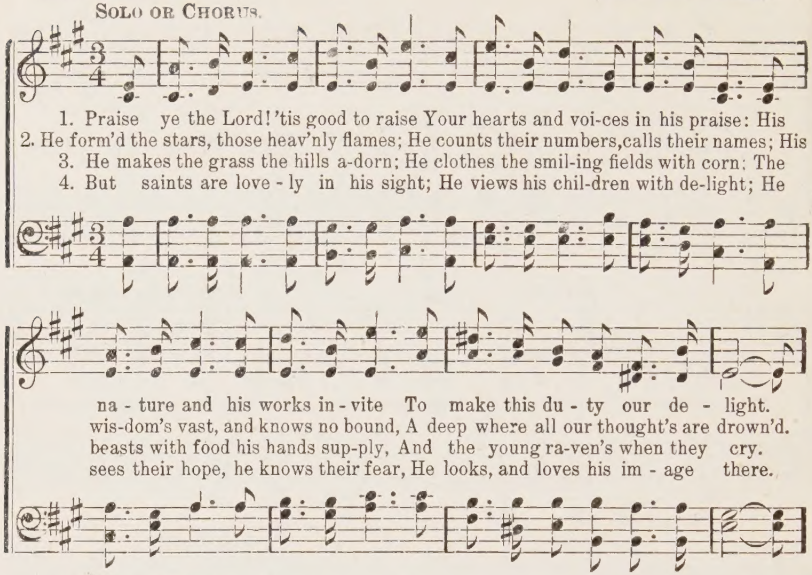
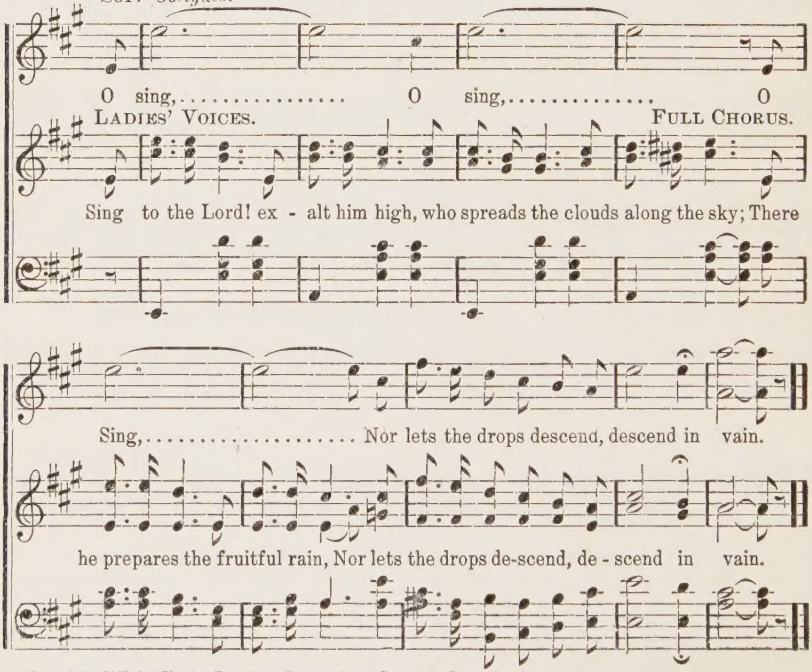
Wounded for Our Transgressions.—Concluded.

CHORUS. Largo.
per - fect sal - va - tion shall have.
grace doth to sin - ners a - bound.
liv - eth for - ev - er on high.
Wounded for our trans -
pp rit.
p tempo. adagio.
gres - sions, Treading the winepress a - lone;..... Bro't as a lamb to the
f
slaught - er, Je - sus the In - fi - nite One.... Shall we not
praise him for - ev - er, Wor-ship his name and a - dore?
Harmony.
He who was slain but now liveth a-gain, Is our Saviour for-ev - er - more.
evermore.

Sing to the Lord.

ISAAC WATTS. CHARLES F. ALLEN.

SOLO OR CHORUS.


1. Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise Your hearts and voi-ces in his praise: His
2. He form'd the stars, those heav'nly flames; He counts their numbers, calls their names; His
3. He makes the grass the hills a-dorn; He clothes the smil-ing fields with corn: The
4. But saints are love - ly in his sight; He views his chil-dren with de-light; He
na - ture and his works in - vite To make this du - ty our de - light.
wis-dom's vast, and knows no bound, A deep where all our thought's are drown'd.
beasts with food his hands sup-ply, And the young ra-ven's when they cry.
sees their hope, he knows their fear, He looks, and loves his im - age there.

SOP. *Obligato.*

O sing,..... O sing,..... O
LADIES' VOICES.
FULL CHORUS.
Sing to the Lord! ex - alt him high, who spreads the clouds along the sky; There
Sing,..... Nor lets the drops descend, descend in vain.
he prepares the fruitful rain, Nor lets the drops de-scend, de - scend in vain.

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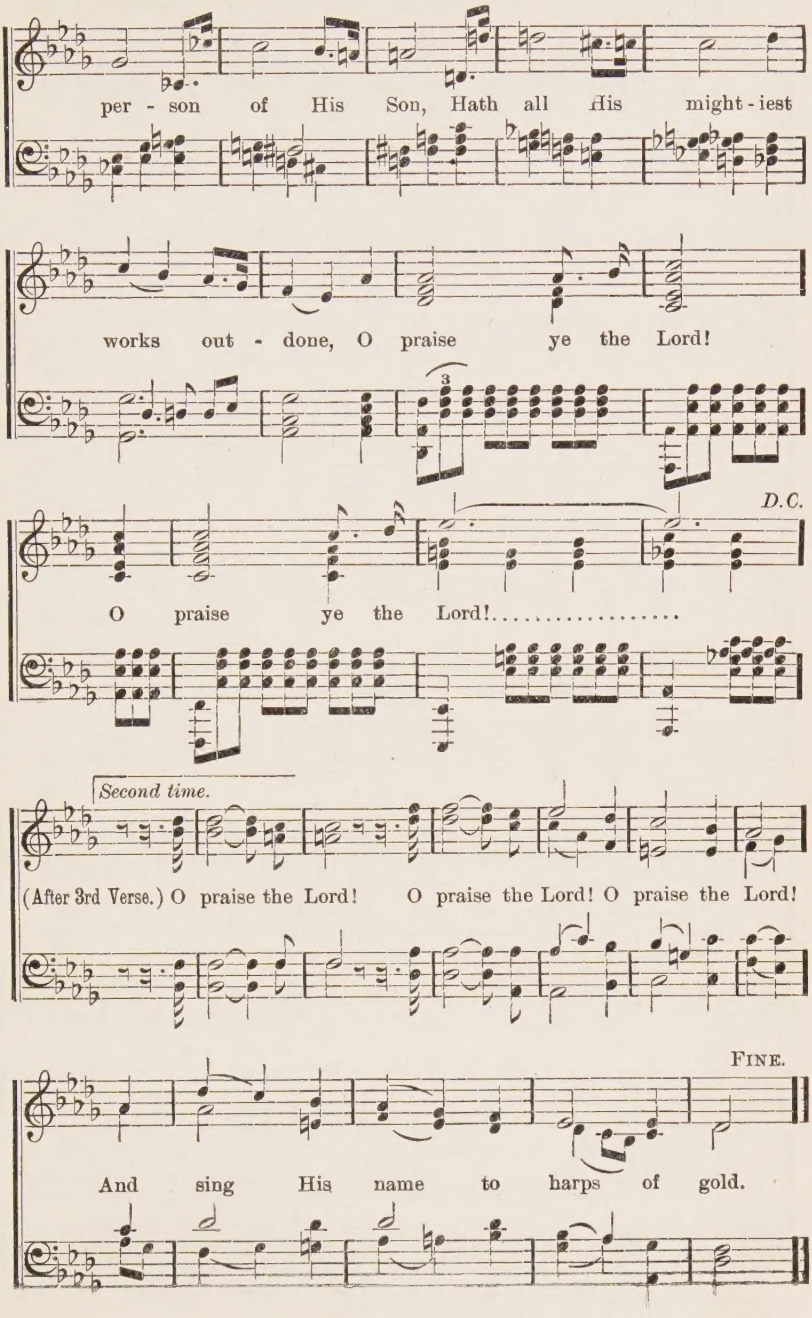
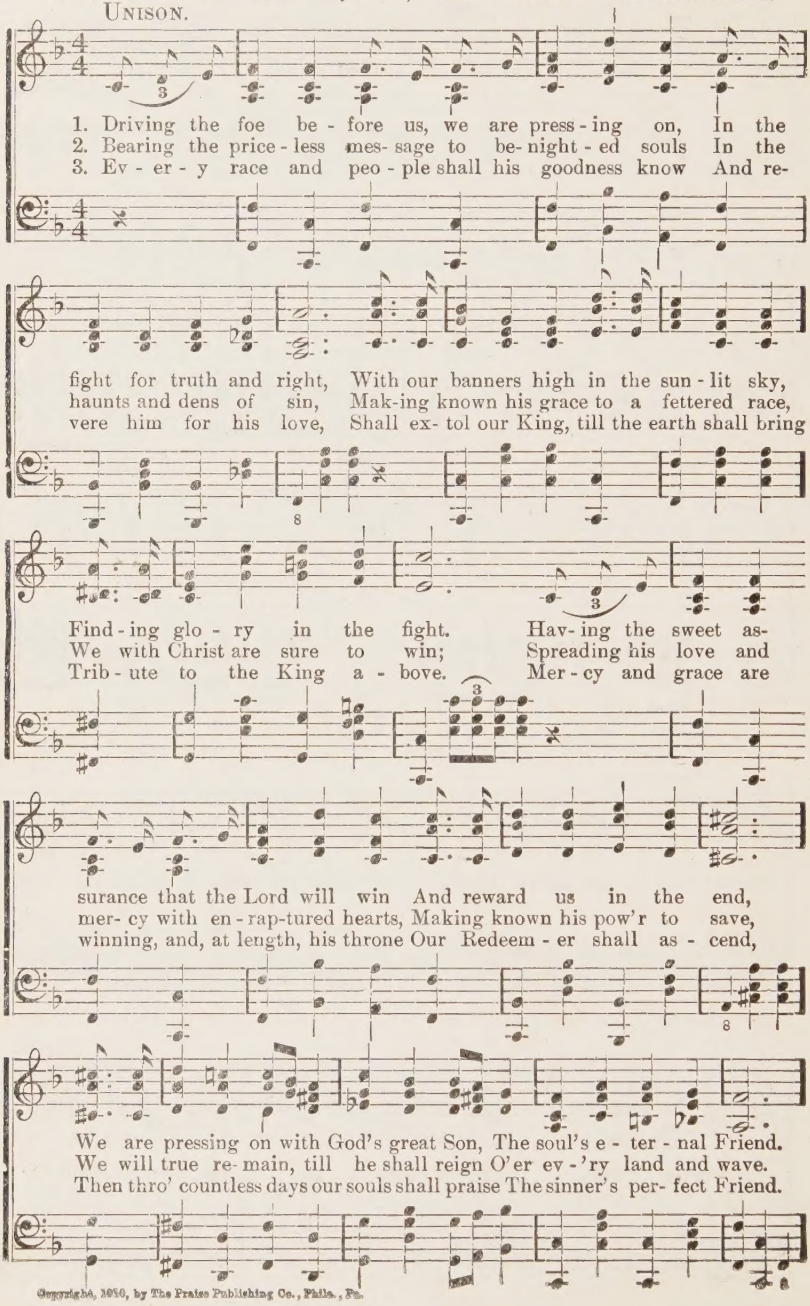
Now to the Lord a Noble Song.—Concluded.

per - son of His Son, Hath all His might - iest
works out - done, O praise ye the Lord!
3
D.C.
O praise ye the Lord!.....
Second time.
(After 3rd Verse.) O praise the Lord! O praise the Lord! O praise the Lord!
FINE.
And sing His name to harps of gold.

113 The Battle of the Centuries.

JAMES ROWE. Dedicated to my friend, Prof. Chas. F. Allen. CHARLES H. MARSH.

UNISON.


1. Driving the foe be - fore us, we are press - ing on, In the
2. Bearing the price - less mes- sage to be- night - ed souls In the
3. Ev - er - y race and peo - ple shall his goodness know And re-
fight for truth and right, With our banners high in the sun - lit sky,
haunts and dens of sin, Mak-ing known his grace to a fettered race,
vere him for his love, Shall ex- tol our King, till the earth shall bring
Find - ing glo - ry in the fight. Hav- ing the sweet as-
We with Christ are sure to win; Spreading his love and
Trib - ute to the King a - bove. Mer - cy and grace are
surance that the Lord will win And reward us in the end,
mer- cy with en - rap-tured hearts, Making known his pow'r to save,
winning, and, at length, his throne Our Redeem - er shall as - cend,
We are pressing on with God's great Son, The soul's e - ter - nal Friend.
We will true re- main, till he shall reign O'er ev - 'ry land and wave.
Then thro' countless days our souls shall praise The sinner's per- fect Friend.

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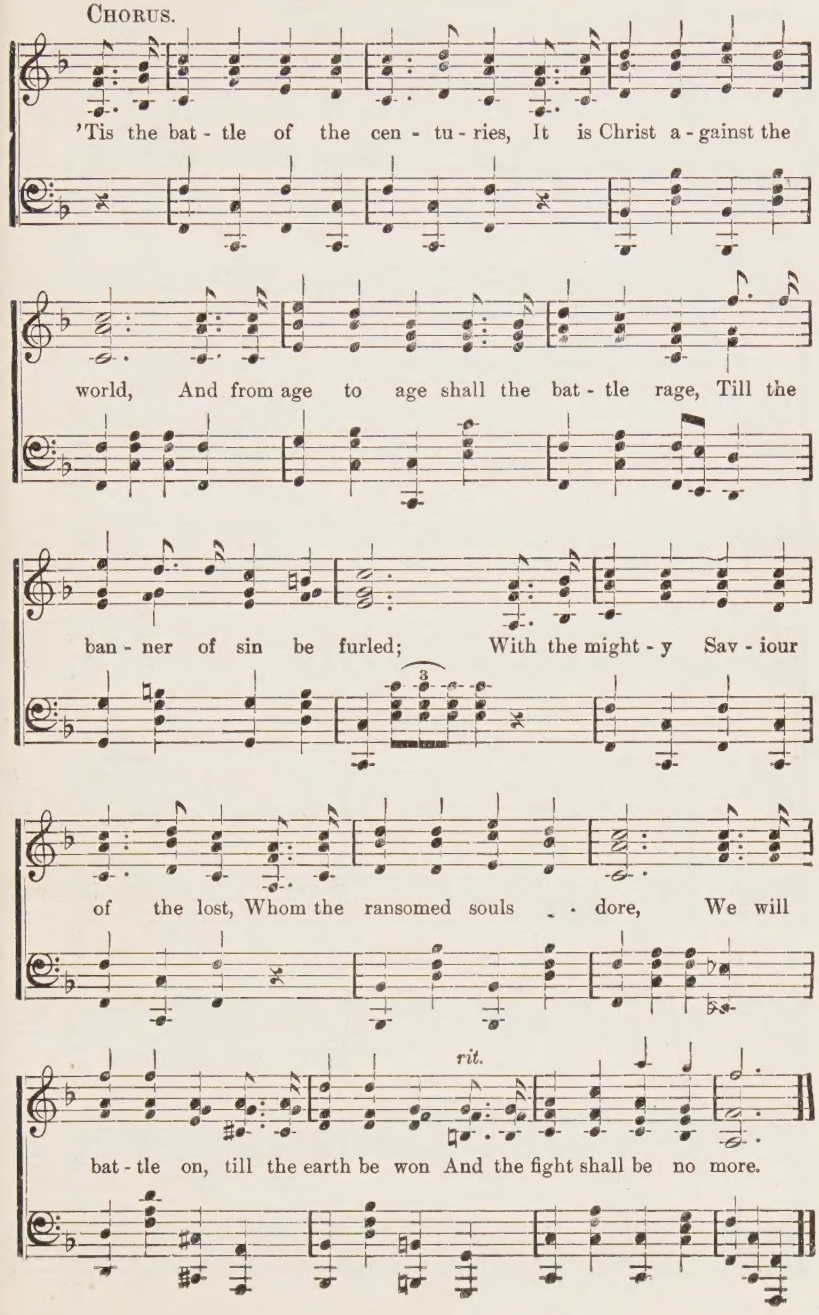
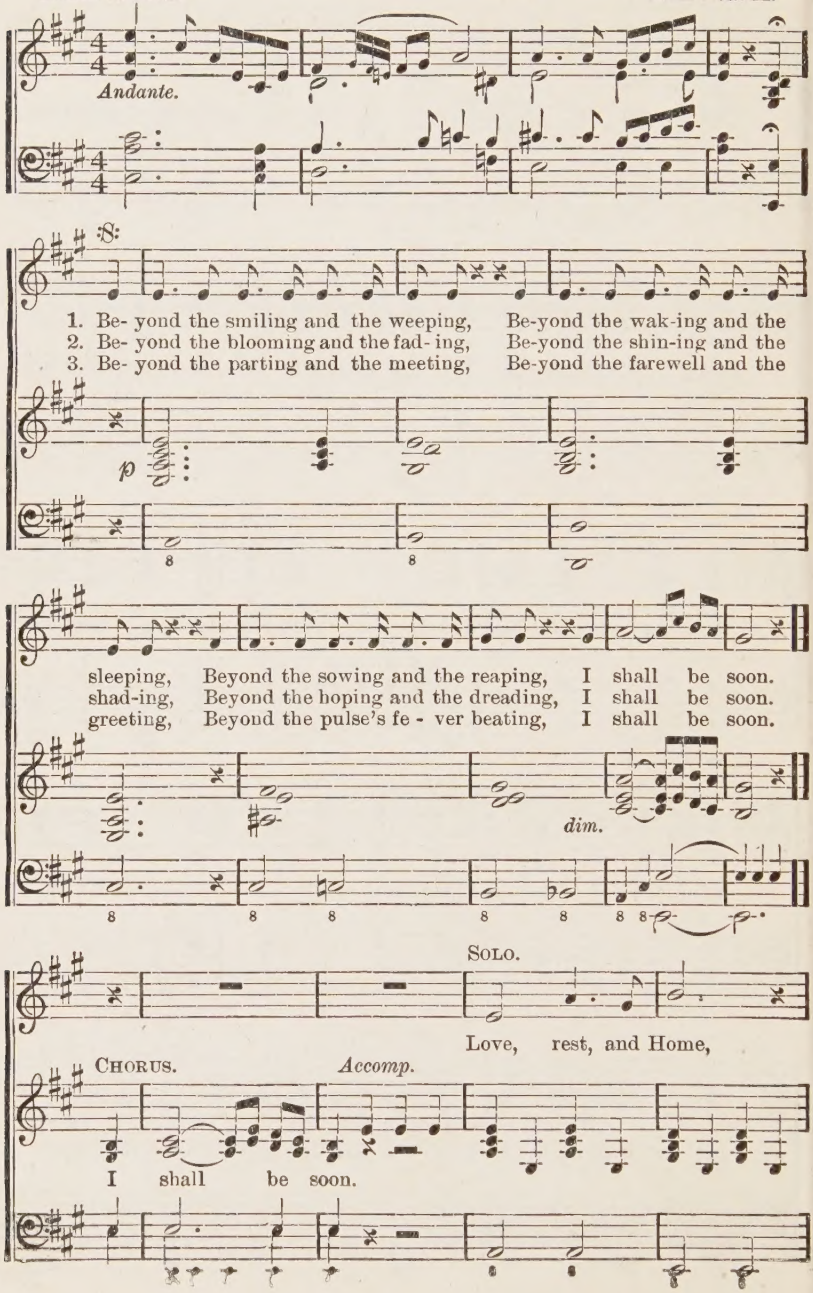
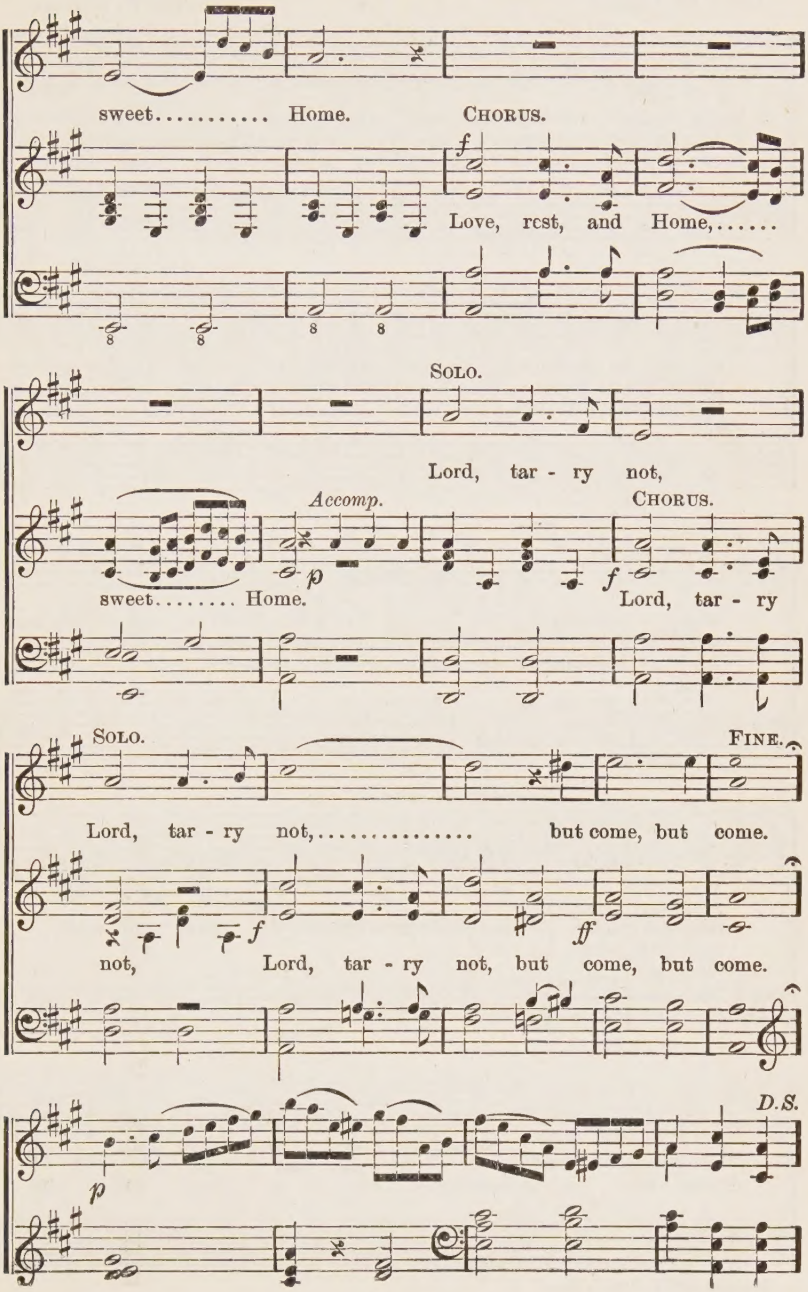
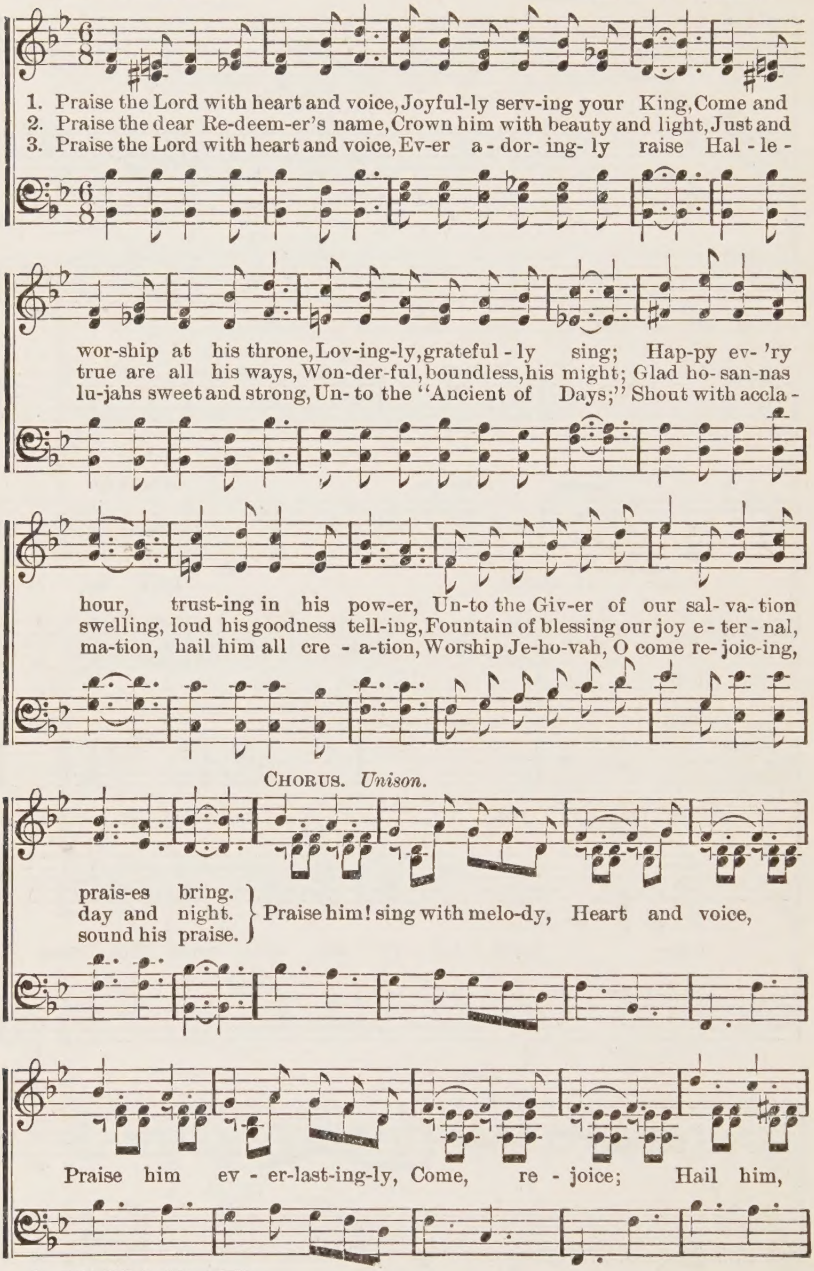
The Battle of the Centuries.—Concluded.

CHORUS.
'Tis the bat - tle of the cen - tu - ries, It is Christ a - gainst the
world, And from age to age shall the bat - tle rage, Till the
ban - ner of sin be furled; With the might - y Sav - iour
3
of the lost, Whom the ransomed souls . . dore, We will
rit.
bat - tle on, till the earth be won And the fight shall be no more.

Beyond the Smiling.

HORATIUS BONAR. JOHN ZUNDEL.

Andante.
1. Be- yond the smiling and the weeping, Be-yond the wak-ing and the
2. Be- yond the blooming and the fad- ing, Be-yond the shin-ing and the
3. Be- yond the parting and the meeting, Be-yond the farewell and the
p
sleeping, Beyond the sowing and the reaping, I shall be soon.
shad-ing, Beyond the hoping and the dreading, I shall be soon.
greeting, Beyond the pulse's fe - ver beating, I shall be soon.
dim.
SOLO.
Love, rest, and Home,
CHORUS.
Accomp.
I shall be soon.

Beyond the Smiling.—Concluded.

With Heart and Voice.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND. SAMUEL W. BEAZLEY.

1. Praise the Lord with heart and voice, Joyful-ly serv-ing your King, Come and
2. Praise the dear Re-deem-er's name, Crown him with beauty and light, Just and
3. Praise the Lord with heart and voice, Ev-er a-dor-ing-ly raise Hal-le-
wor-ship at his throne, Lov-ing-ly, grateful-ly sing; Hap-py ev-'ry
true are all his ways, Won-der-ful, boundless, his might; Glad ho-san-nas
lu-jahs sweet and strong, Un-to the "Ancient of Days;" Shout with accla-
hour, trust-ing in his pow-er, Un-to the Giv-er of our sal-va-tion
swelling, loud his goodness tell-ing, Fountain of blessing our joy e-ter-nal,
ma-tion, hail him all cre-a-tion, Worship Je-ho-vah, O come re-joic-ing,
CHORUS. Unison.
prais-es bring.
day and night.
sound his praise.
Praise him! sing with melo-dy, Heart and voice,
Praise him ev-er-last-ing-ly, Come, re-joice; Hail him,

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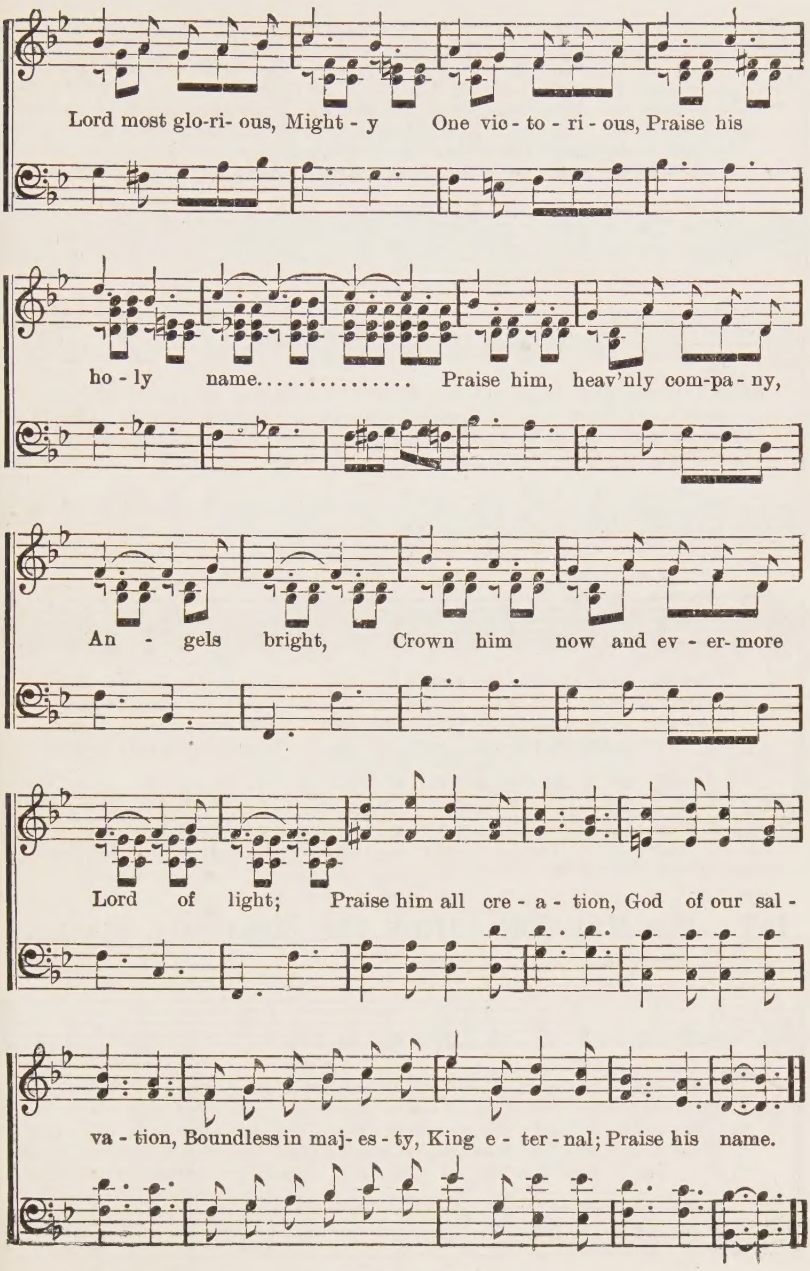
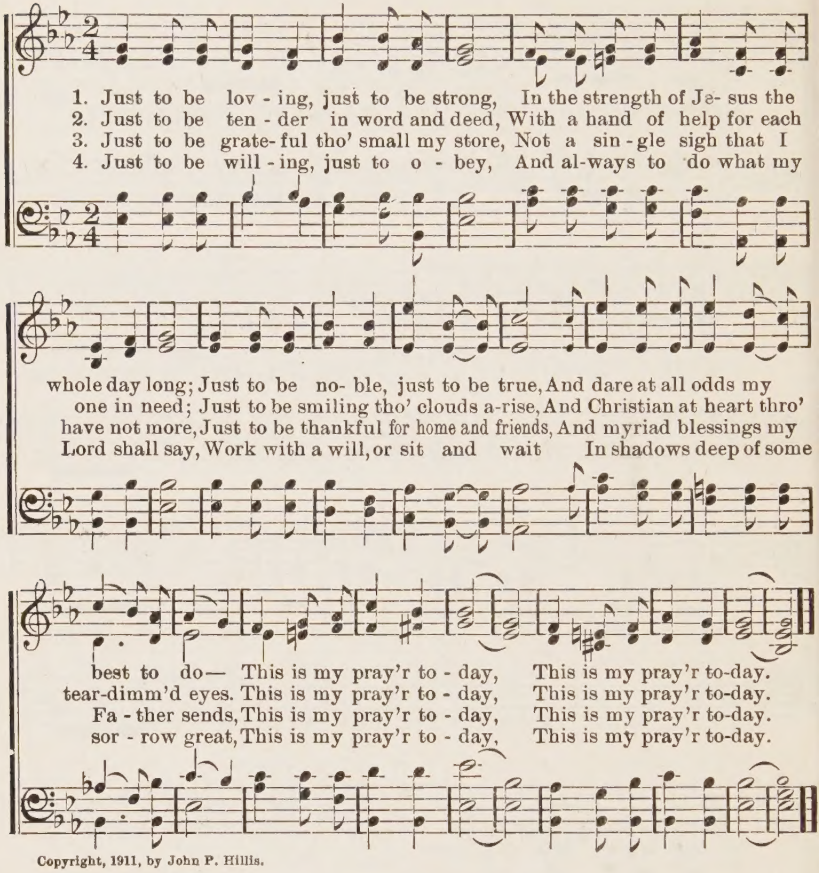
With Heart and Voice.—Concluded.

Lord most glo-ri- ous, Might - y One vic - to - ri - ous, Praise his
ho - ly name..... Praise him, heav'nly com-pa - ny,
An - gels bright, Crown him now and ev - er- more
Lord of light; Praise him all cre - a - tion, God of our sal -
va - tion, Boundless in maj- es - ty, King e - ter - nal; Praise his name.

116 This Is My Prayer To-Day.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS. CHAS. H. MARSH.

1. Just to be lov - ing, just to be strong, In the strength of Je- sus the
2. Just to be ten - der in word and deed, With a hand of help for each
3. Just to be grate- ful tho' small my store, Not a sin - gle sigh that I
4. Just to be will - ing, just to o - bey, And al-ways to do what my
whole day long; Just to be no- ble, just to be true, And dare at all odds my
one in need; Just to be smiling tho' clouds a-rise, And Christian at heart thro'
have not more, Just to be thankful for home and friends, And myriad blessings my
Lord shall say, Work with a will, or sit and wait In shadows deep of some
best to do— This is my pray'r to - day, This is my pray'r to-day.
tear-dimm'd eyes. This is my pray'r to - day, This is my pray'r to-day.
Fa - ther sends, This is my pray'r to - day, This is my pray'r to-day.
sor - row great, This is my pray'r to - day, This is my pray'r to-day.

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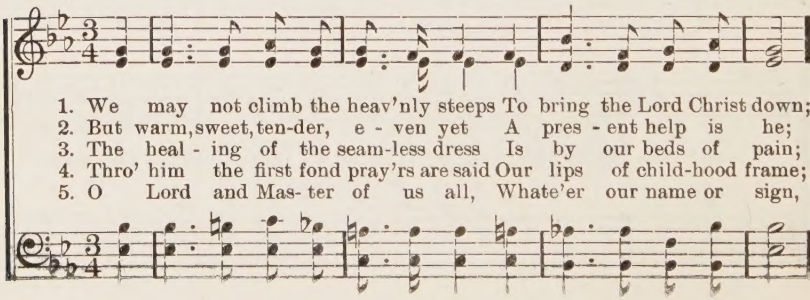
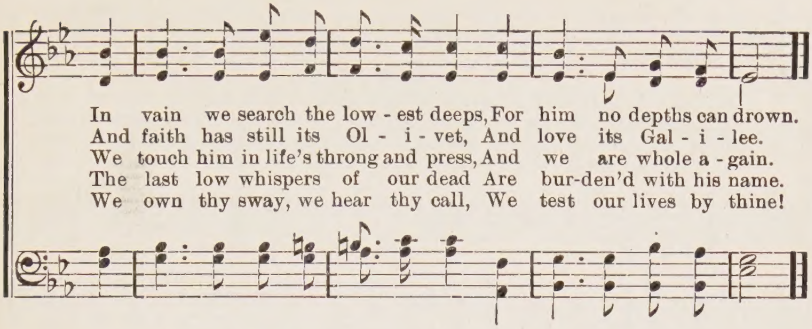
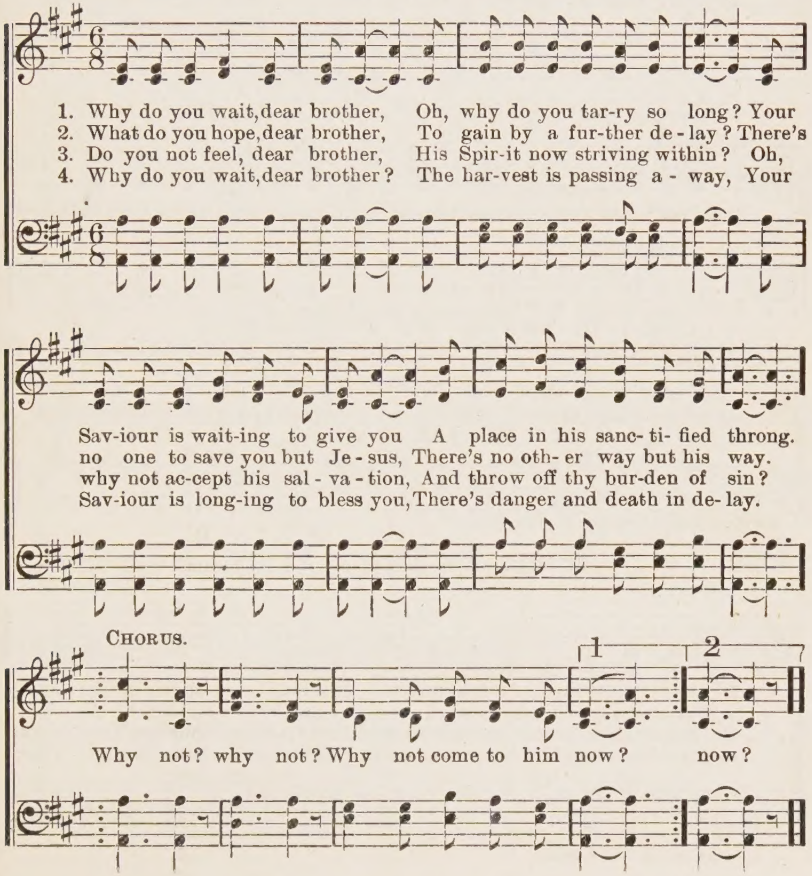
117 We May Not Climb the Heavenly Steeps.

JOHN G. WHITTIER. (Serenity. C. M.) WILLIAM V. WALLACE.

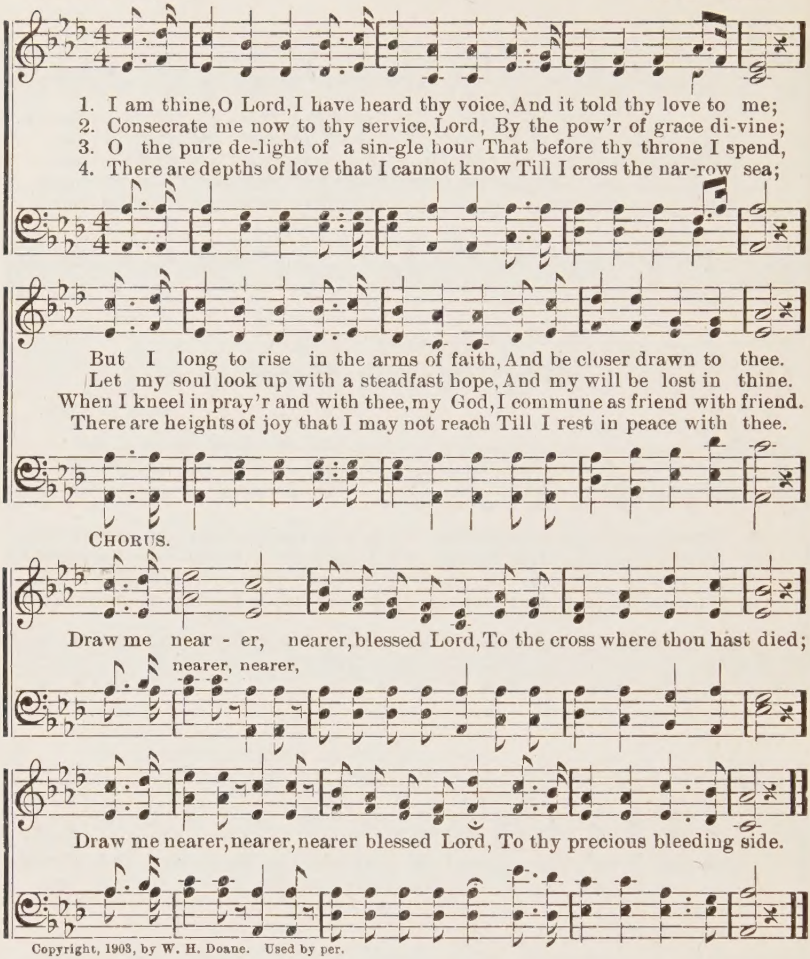

1. We may not climb the heav'nly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
2. But warm, sweet, ten-der, e - ven yet A pres - ent help is he;
3. The heal - ing of the seam-less dress Is by our beds of pain;
4. Thro' him the first fond pray'rs are said Our lips of child-hood frame;
5. O Lord and Mas- ter of us all, Whate'er our name or sign,


In vain we search the low - est deeps, For him no depths can drown.
And faith has still its Ol - i - vet, And love its Gal - i - lee.
We touch him in life's throng and press, And we are whole a - gain.
The last low whispers of our dead Are bur-den'd with his name.
We own thy sway, we hear thy call, We test our lives by thine!

118 Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Why do you wait, dear brother, Oh, why do you tar-ry so long? Your
2. What do you hope, dear brother, To gain by a fur-ther de - lay? There's
3. Do you not feel, dear brother, His Spir-it now striving within? Oh,
4. Why do you wait, dear brother? The har-vest is passing a - way, Your
Sav-iour is wait-ing to give you A place in his sanc- ti- fied throng.
no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth- er way but his way.
why not ac-cept his sal - va - tion, And throw off thy bur-den of sin?
Sav-iour is long-ing to bless you, There's danger and death in de- lay.
CHORUS.
1
2
Why not? why not? Why not come to him now? now?

119 I Am Thine, O Lord.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

1. I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice, And it told thy love to me;
2. Consecrate me now to thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di-vine;
3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That before thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the nar-row sea;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be closer drawn to thee.
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in thine.
When I kneel in pray'r and with thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with thee.
CHORUS.
Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where thou hast died;
nearer, nearer,
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer blessed Lord, To thy precious bleeding side.

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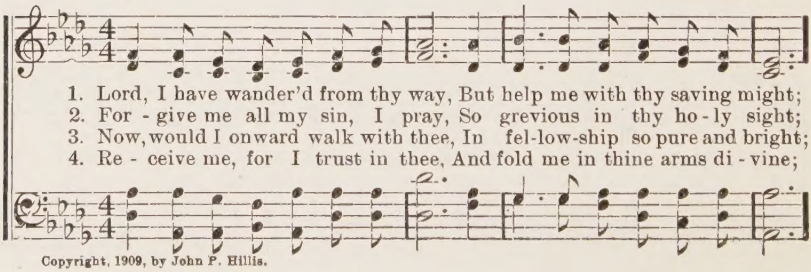
120 Home To Thine Arms.

E. E. HEWITT. JOHN P. HILLIS.


1. Lord, I have wander'd from thy way, But help me with thy saving might;
2. For - give me all my sin, I pray, So grevious in thy ho - ly sight;
3. Now, would I onward walk with thee, In fel-low-ship so pure and bright;
4. Re - ceive me, for I trust in thee, And fold me in thine arms di - vine;

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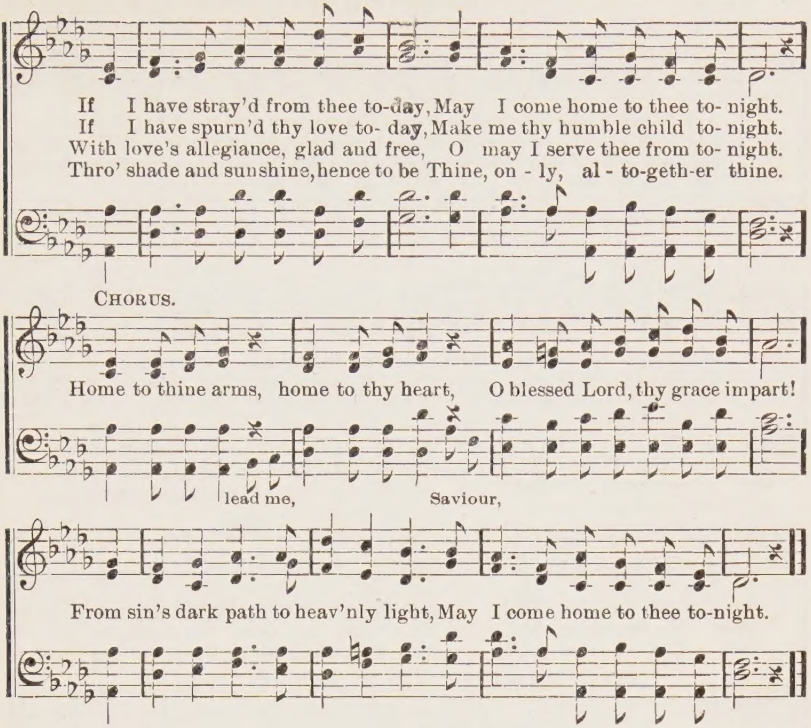
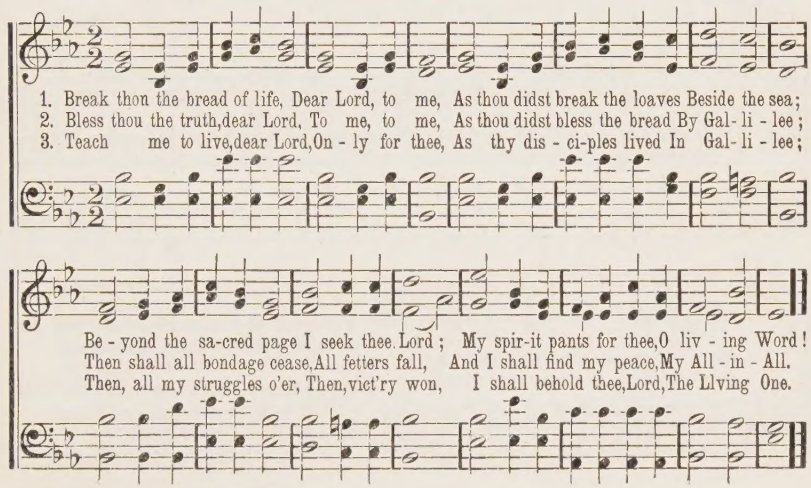
Home To Thine Arms.—Concluded.

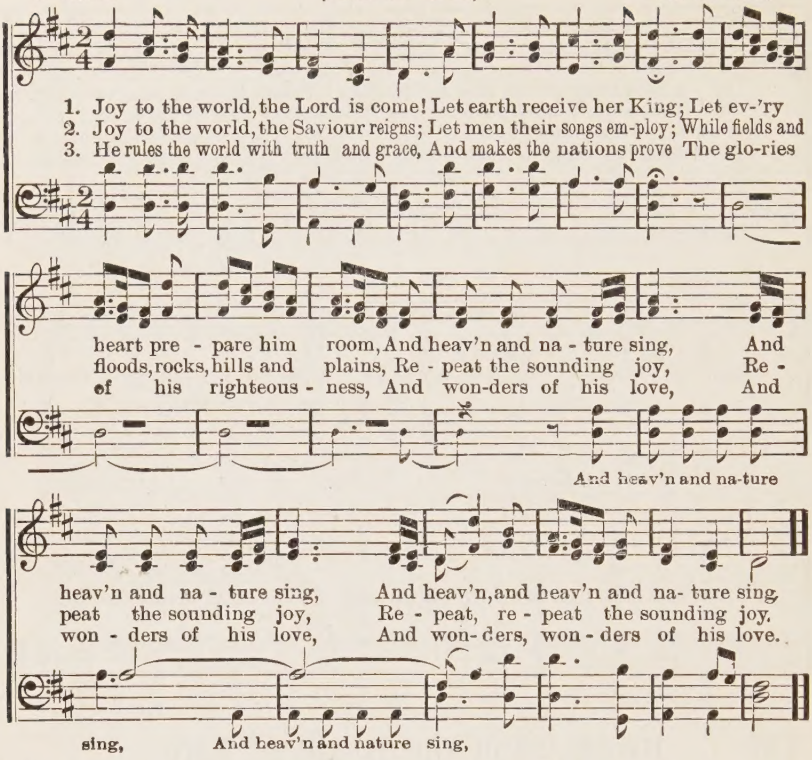

If I have stray'd from thee to-day, May I come home to thee to- night.
If I have spurn'd thy love to- day, Make me thy humble child to- night.
With love's allegiance, glad and free, O may I serve thee from to- night.
Thro' shade and sunshine, hence to be Thine, on - ly, al - to-geth-er thine.
CHORUS.
Home to thine arms, home to thy heart, O blessed Lord, thy grace impart!
lead me, Saviour,
From sin's dark path to heav'nly light, May I come home to thee to-night.

121 Break Thou the Bread of Life.

MARY A. LATHBURY. (Sherwin 10s.) WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.

1. Break thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As thou didst break the loaves Beside the sea;
2. Bless thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As thou didst bless the bread By Gal- li - lee;
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On - ly for thee, As thy dis - ci-ples lived In Gal- li - lee;
Be - yond the sa-cred page I seek thee, Lord; My spir-it pants for thee, O liv - ing Word!
Then shall all bondage cease, All fetters fall, And I shall find my peace, My All - in - All.
Then, all my struggles o'er, Then, vict'ry won, I shall behold thee, Lord, The Living One.

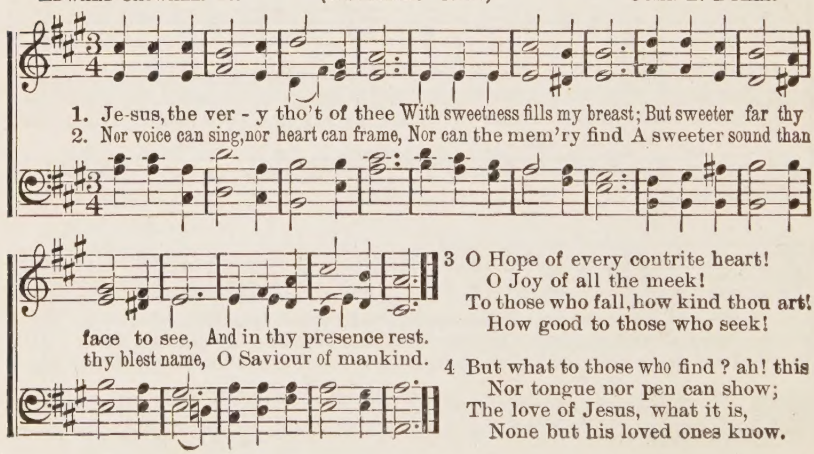
122 Joy to the World.

I. WATTS. (ANTIOCH. C. M.) G. F. HANDEL.


1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; Let ev-'ry
2. Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While fields and
3. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The glo-ries
heart pre - pare him room, And heav'n and na - ture sing, And
floods, rocks, hills and plains, Re - peat the sounding joy, Re -
of his righteous - ness, And won-ders of his love, And
And heav'n and na-ture
heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and na- ture sing,
peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
won - ders of his love, And won-ders, won - ders of his love.
sing, And heav'n and nature sing,

123 Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.

EDWARD CASWALL. Tr. (ST. AGNES. C. M.) JOHN B. DYKES.

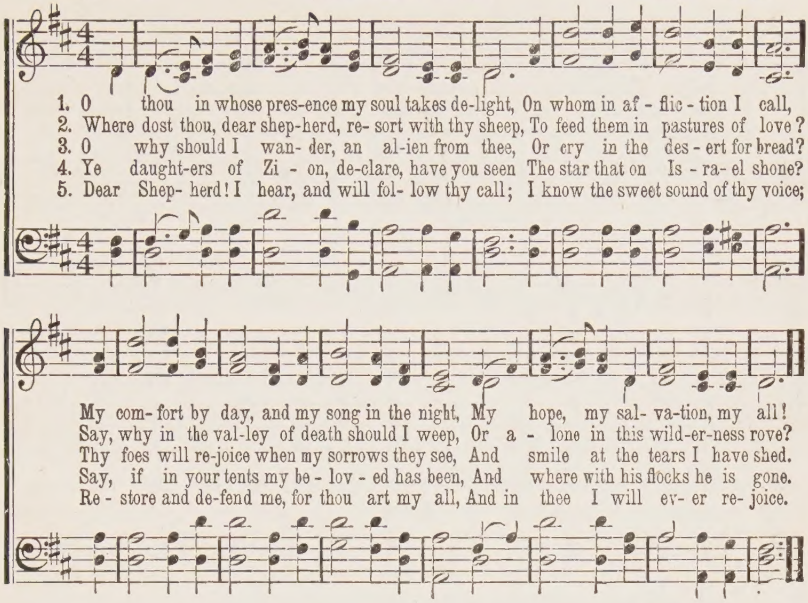

1. Je-sus, the ver - y tho't of thee With sweetness fills my breast; But sweeter far thy
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem'ry find A sweeter sound than
face to see, And in thy presence rest.
thy blest name, O Saviour of mankind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But what to those who find? ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

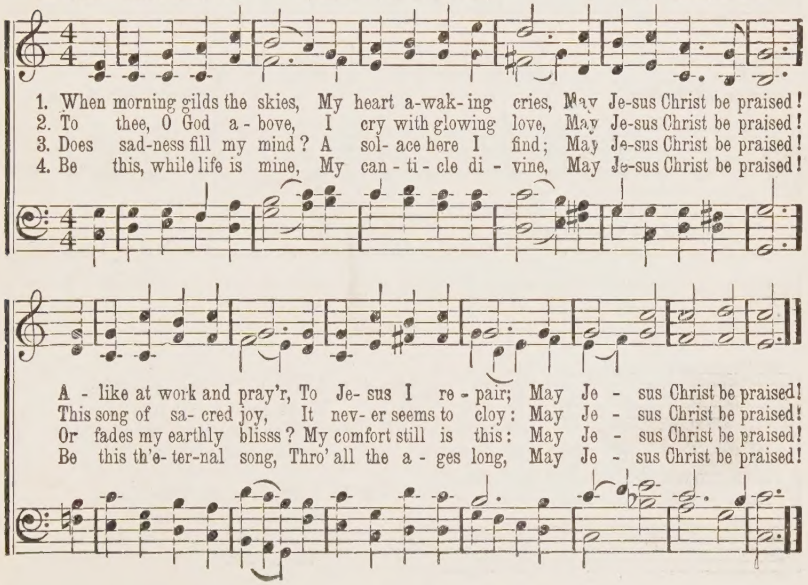
124 O Thou, in Whose Presence.

JOSEPH SWAIN. (MEDITATION 11s 8s.) FREEMAN LEWIS.


1. O thou in whose pres-ence my soul takes de-light, On whom in af - flic - tion I call,
2. Where dost thou, dear shep-herd, re- sort with thy sheep, To feed them in pastures of love?
3. O why should I wan- der, an al-ien from thee, Or cry in the des - ert for bread?
4. Ye daught-ers of Zi - on, de-clare, have you seen The star that on Is - ra- el shone?
5. Dear Shep- herd! I hear, and will fol- low thy call; I know the sweet sound of thy voice;
My com- fort by day, and my song in the night, My hope, my sal- va-tion, my all!
Say, why in the val-ley of death should I weep, Or a - lone in this wild-er-ness rove?
Thy foes will re-joice when my sorrows they see, And smile at the tears I have shed.
Say, if in your tents my be - lov - ed has been, And where with his flocks he is gone.
Re - store and de-fend me, for thou art my all, And in thee I will ev- er re- joice.

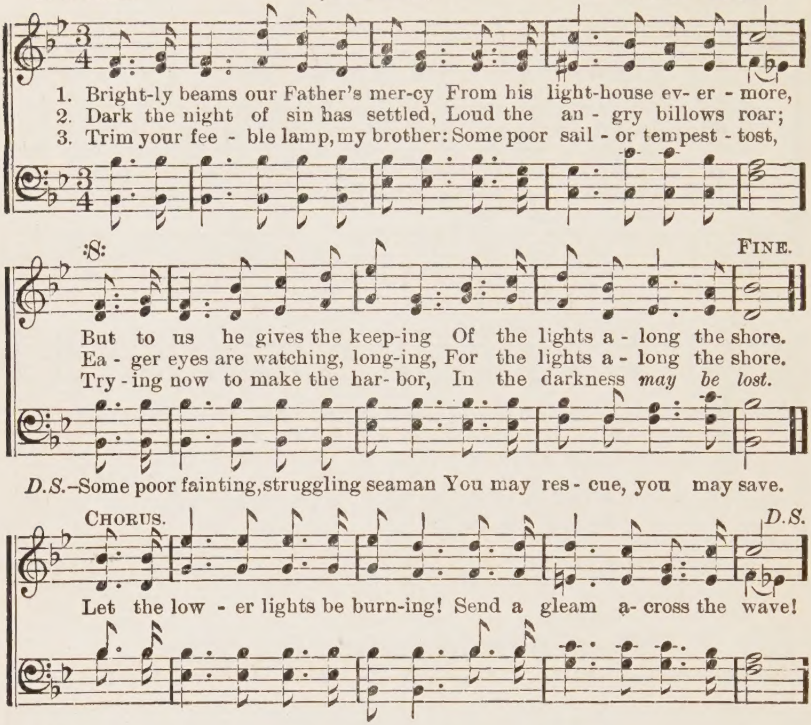
125 When Morning Gilds the Skies.

EDWARD CASWALL, Tr. (LAUDES DOMINI 6s.) JOSEPH BARNBY.


1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart a-wak- ing cries, May Je-sus Christ be praised!
2. To thee, O God a - bove, I cry with glowing love, May Je-sus Christ be praised!
3. Does sad-ness fill my mind? A sol- ace here I find; May Je-sus Christ be praised!
4. Be this, while life is mine, My can - ti - cle di - vine, May Je-sus Christ be praised!
A - like at work and pray'r, To Je- sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised!
This song of sa- cred joy, It nev- er seems to cloy: May Je - sus Christ be praised!
Or fades my earthly blisss? My comfort still is this: May Je - sus Christ be praised!
Be this th'e- ter-nal song, Thro' all the a - ges long, May Je - sus Christ be praised!

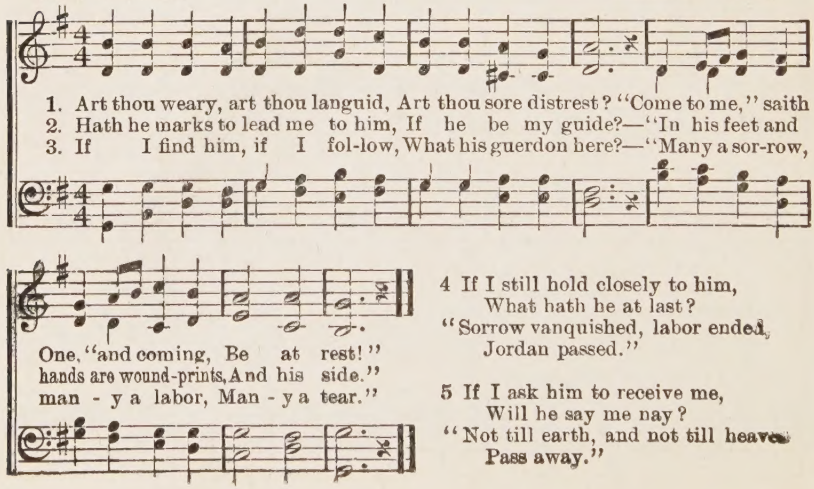
126 Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

P. P. Bliss. (Matt. 5: 16.) P. P. Bliss. By per.


1. Bright-ly beams our Father's mer-cy From his light-house ev- er - more,
2. Dark the night of sin has settled, Loud the an - gry billows roar;
3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my brother: Some poor sail - or tempest - tost,
:S:
FINE.
But to us he gives the keep-ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
Ea - ger eyes are watching, long-ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
Try - ing now to make the har- bor, In the darkness may be lost.
D.S.–Some poor fainting, struggling seaman You may res - cue, you may save.
CHORUS.
D.S.
Let the low - er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a- cross the wave!

127 Art Thou Weary?

John M. Neale. Henry W. Baker.

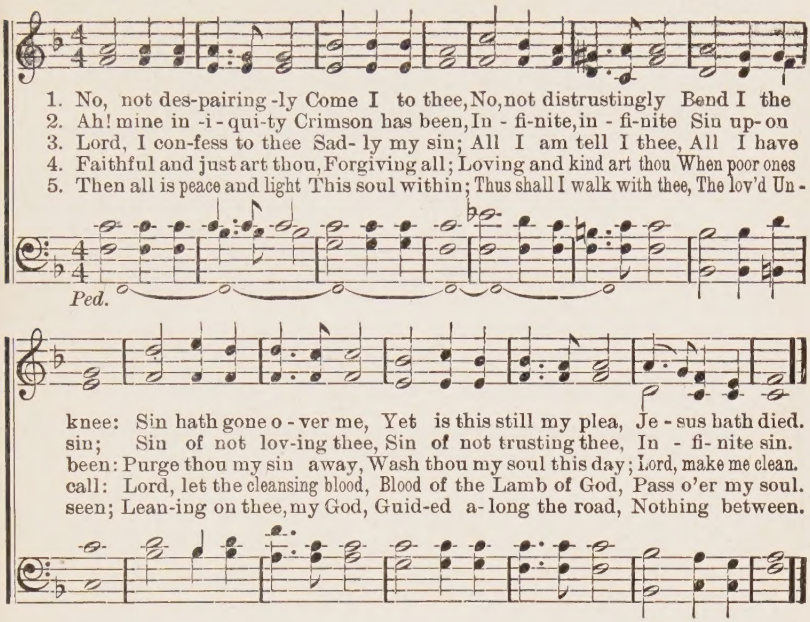

1. Art thou weary, art thou languid, Art thou sore distrest? "Come to me," saith
2. Hath he marks to lead me to him, If he be my guide?—"In his feet and
3. If I find him, if I fol-low, What his guerdon here?—"Many a sor-row,
One, "and coming, Be at rest!"
hands are wound-prints, And his side."
man - y a labor, Man - y a tear."

4 If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

5 If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

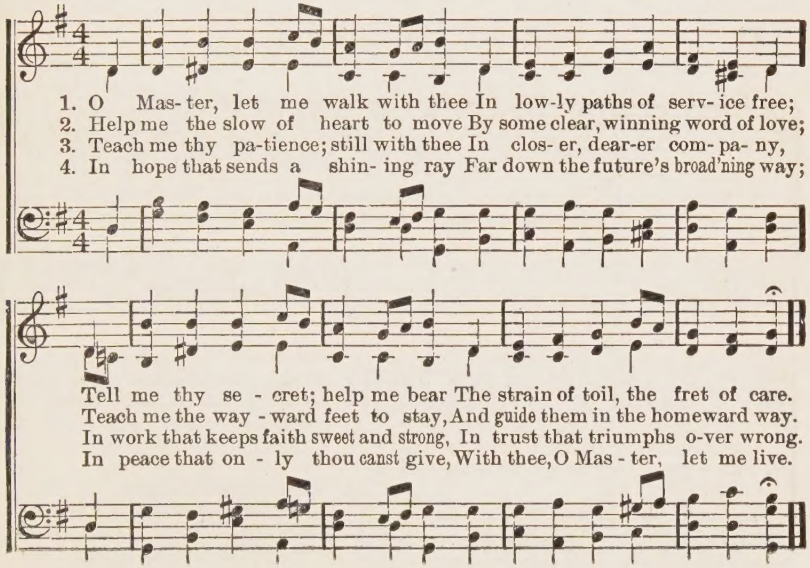
128 No, Not Despairingly.

HORATIUS BONAR. (KEDRON. 4. 6. 4.) A. B. SPRATT.

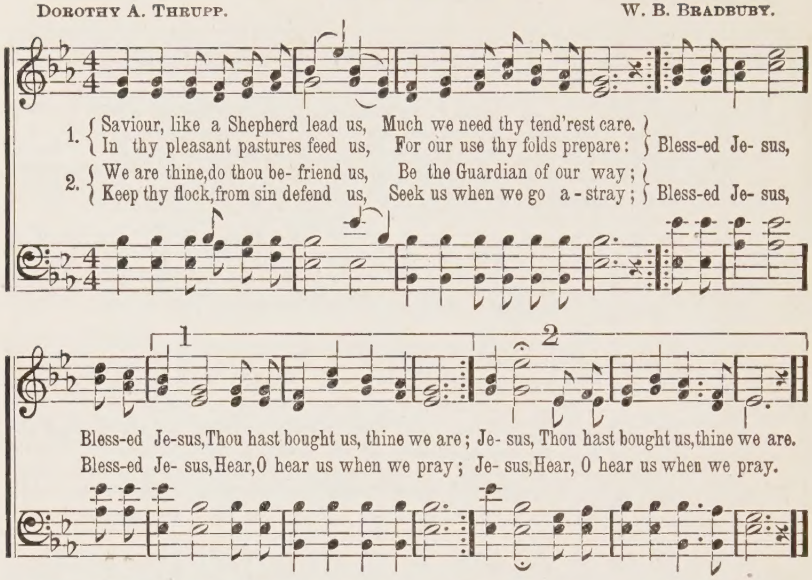

1. No, not des-pairing-ly Come I to thee, No, not distrustingly Bend I the
2. Ah! mine in-i-qui-ty Crimson has been, In-fi-nite, in-fi-nite Sin up-on
3. Lord, I con-fess to thee Sad-ly my sin; All I am tell I thee, All I have
4. Faithful and just art thou, Forgiving all; Loving and kind art thou When poor ones
5. Then all is peace and light This soul within; Thus shall I walk with thee, The lov'd Un-
Ped.
knee: Sin hath gone o-ver me, Yet is this still my plea, Je-sus hath died.
sin; Sin of not lov-ing thee, Sin of not trusting thee, In-fi-nite sin.
been: Purge thou my sin away, Wash thou my soul this day; Lord, make me clean.
call: Lord, let the cleansing blood, Blood of the Lamb of God, Pass o'er my soul.
seen; Lean-ing on thee, my God, Guid-ed a-long the road, Nothing between.

129 O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.

WASHINGTON GLADDEN. (CANONBURY. L. M.) ROBERT SCHUMANN.


1. O Mas-ter, let me walk with thee In low-ly paths of serv-ice free;
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, winning word of love;
3. Teach me thy pa-tience; still with thee In clos-er, dear-er com-pa-ny,
4. In hope that sends a shin-ing ray Far down the future's broad'ning way;
Tell me thy se-cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
Teach me the way-ward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that triumphs o-ver wrong.
In peace that on-ly thou canst give, With thee, O Mas-ter, let me live.

130 Saviour, Like a Shepherd.

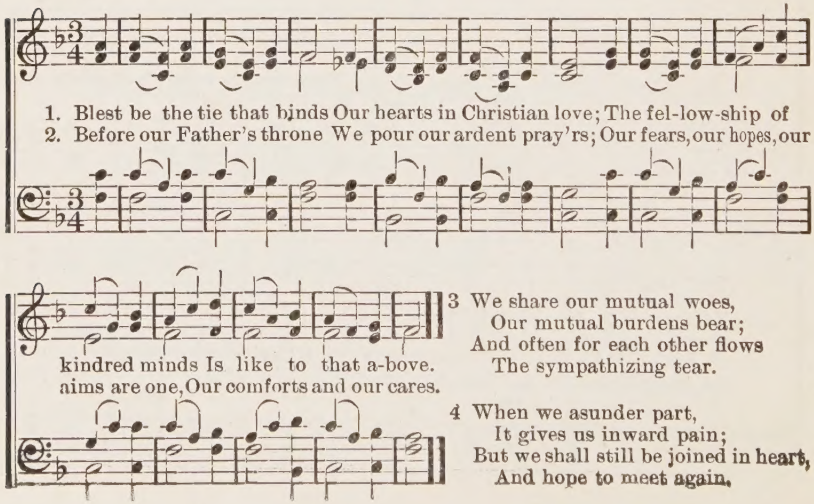
DOROTHY A. THRUPP. W. B. BRADBURY.

1. { Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us, Much we need thy tend'rest care. }
{ In thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use thy folds prepare: } Bless-ed Je- sus,
2. { We are thine, do thou be- friend us, Be the Guardian of our way; }
{ Keep thy flock, from sin defend us, Seek us when we go a - stray; } Bless-ed Je- sus,
1
2
Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are; Je- sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.
Bless-ed Je- sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray; Je- sus, Hear, O hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill;
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

131 Blest Be the Tie.

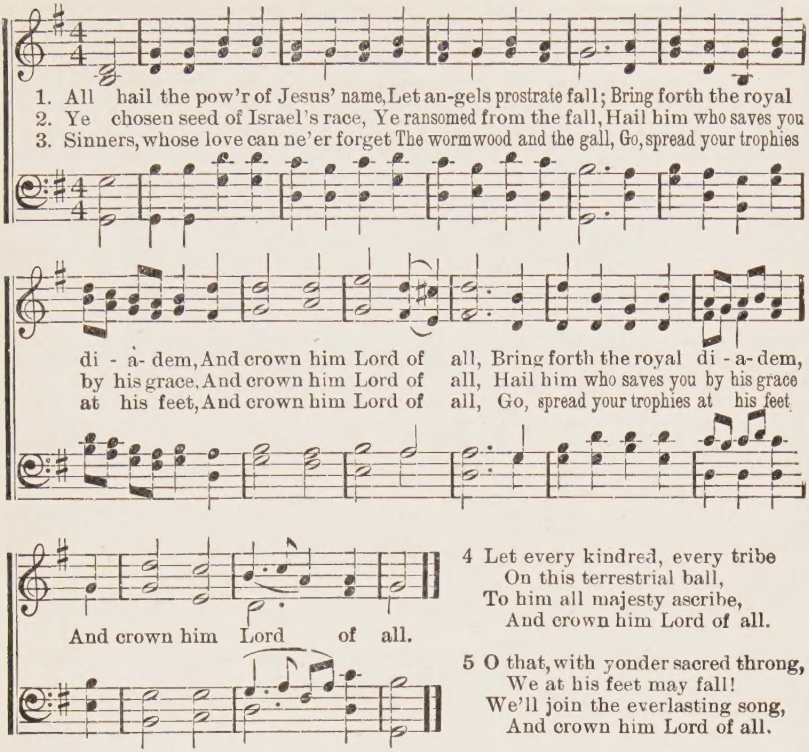
JOHN FAWCETT. (DENNIS. S. M.) HANS G. NAEGELI.


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fel-low-ship of
2. Before our Father's throne We pour our ardent pray'rs; Our fears, our hopes, our
kindred minds Is like to that a-bove.
aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

132 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

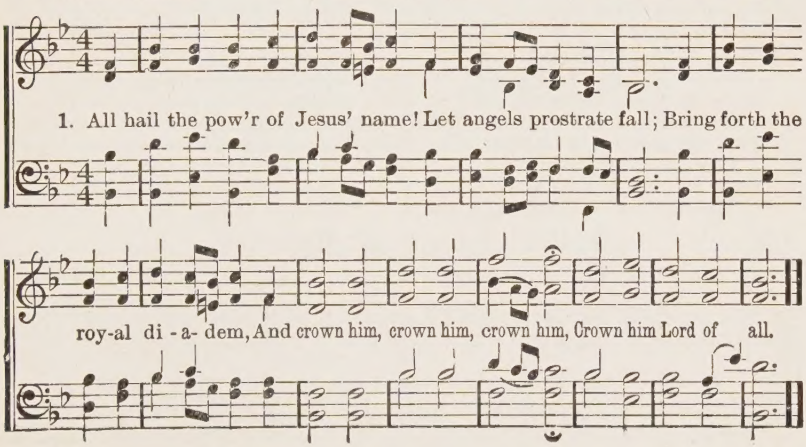
EDWARD PERRONET. (CORONATION. C. M.) OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name, Let an-gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal
2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail him who saves you
3. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall, Go, spread your trophies
di - a- dem, And crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the royal di - a- dem,
by his grace, And crown him Lord of all, Hail him who saves you by his grace
at his feet, And crown him Lord of all, Go, spread your trophies at his feet
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

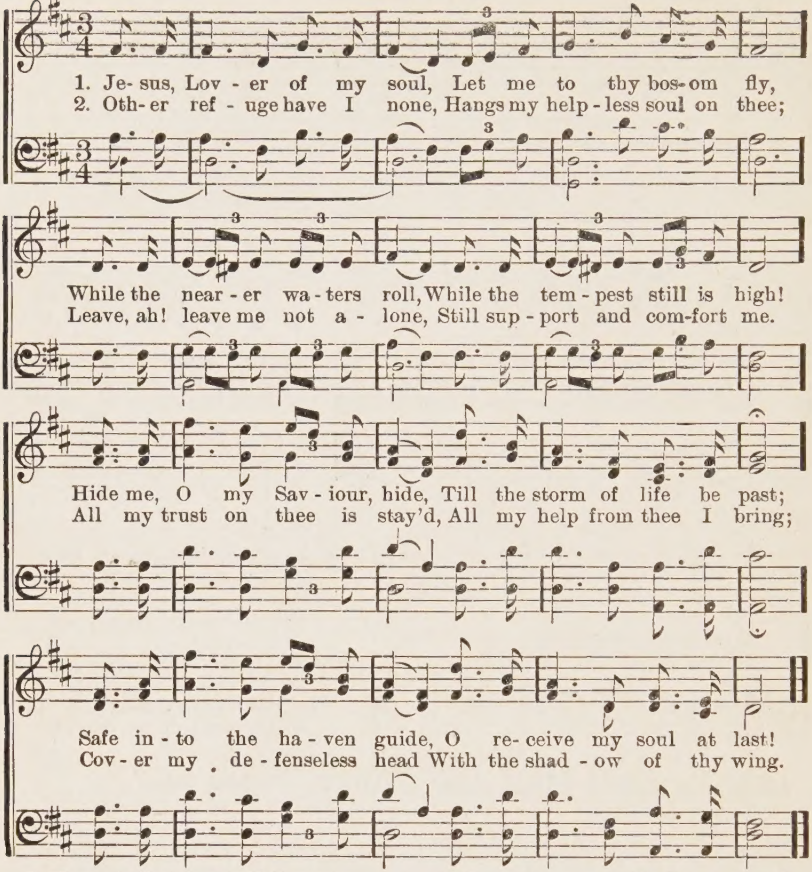
5 O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

133 All Hail the Power. (Second Tune.)

EDWARD PERRONET. (MILES LANE. C. M.) WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE.


1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the
roy-al di - a- dem, And crown him, crown him, crown him, Crown him Lord of all.

134 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

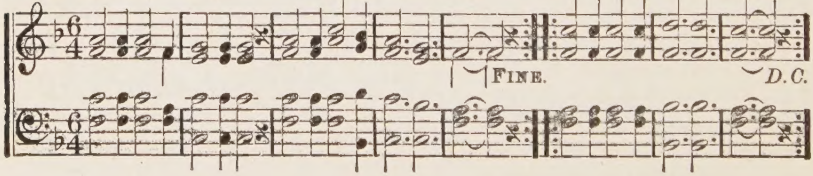
CHARLES WESLEY. (REFUGE. 7s. D.) J. P. HOLBROOK.

1. Je- sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos- om fly,
2. Oth- er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on thee;
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me.
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;
All my trust on thee is stay'd, All my help from thee I bring;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re- ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de - fenseless head With the shad - ow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing stre_ms abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

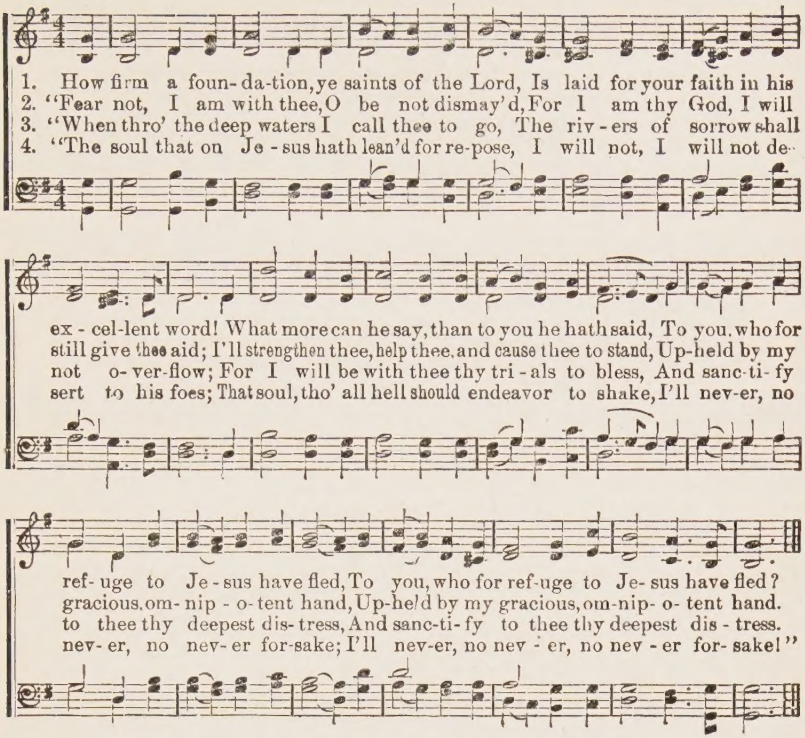
135 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

[*For Hymn see above.*] (MARTYN. 7s. D.) S. B. MARSH.



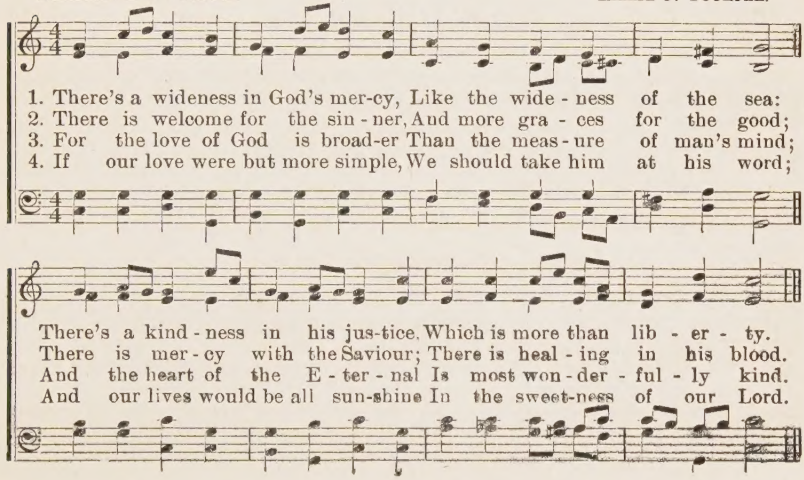
136 How Firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH. Portuguese Hymn. 11s. J. READING.


1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismay'd, For I am thy God, I will
3. "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sorrow shall
4. "The soul that on Je-sus hath lean'd for re-pose, I will not, I will not de-
ex-cel-lent word! What more can he say, than to you he hath said, To you, who for
still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by my
not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy
sert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to shake, I'll nev-er, no
ref-uge to Je-sus have fled, To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
gracious, om-nip-o-tent hand, Up-held by my gracious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
to thee thy deepest dis-tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deepest dis-tress.
nev-er, no nev-er for-sake; I'll nev-er, no nev-er, no nev-er for-sake!"

137 There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

FREDERICK W. FABER. LIZZIE J. TOURJEE.


1. There's a wideness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea:
2. There is welcome for the sin-ner, And more gra-ces for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more simple, We should take him at his word;
There's a kind-ness in his jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.
There is mer-cy with the Saviour; There is heal-ing in his blood.
And the heart of the E-ter-nal Is most won-der-ful-ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

138 Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T. WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very slow. *p* *m*

1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je - sus is call-ing, Calling for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. O for the wonderful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See on the portals he's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mercies for you and for me.
Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd he has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

m CHORUS. *cres*

Come home, come home, ... Ye who are wea- ry come home; ...

p *pp* *rit.* *p*

Earn-est-ly, ten-der-ly, Je- sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

By permission of W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O., and The Thompson Music Co., Chicago, Ill.

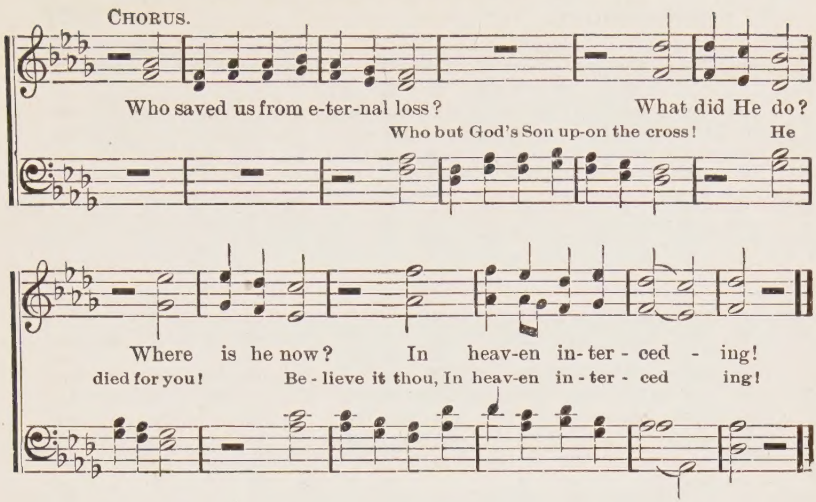
139 What Did He Do.

ANON. alt. W. OWEN.

1. O list- en to our wondrous sto - ry, Counted once a - mong the lost;
2. No an-gel could our place have ta-ken, Highest of the high tho' he;
3. And yet this wondrous tale proceedeth, Stirring heart and tongue a-flame!
4. Will you sur-ren-der to this Sav - iour? To his scep-tre hum - bly bow?

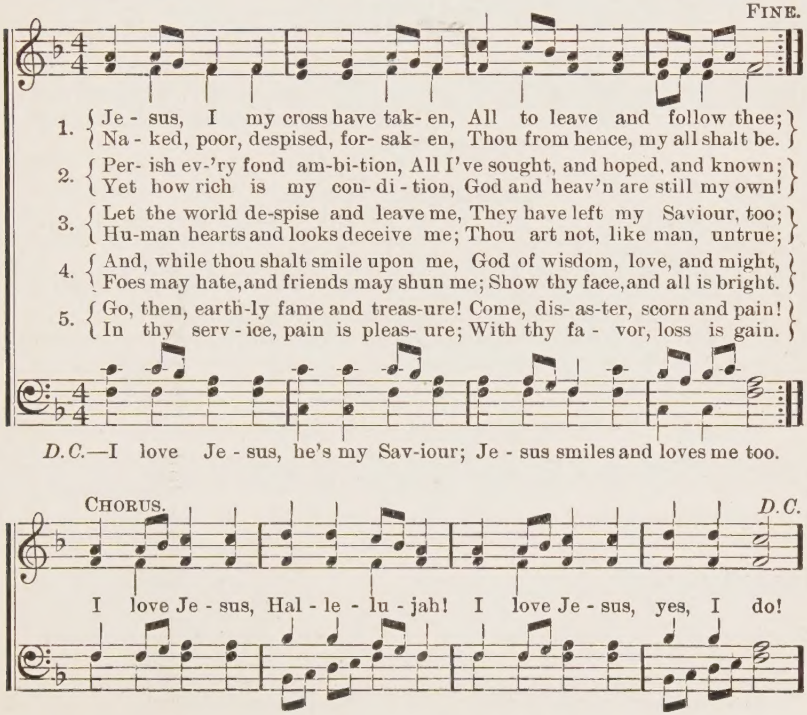
Yet, One came down from heav'n's glo - ry, Sav-ing us at aw - ful cost!
The lov'd One on the cross for - sak - en Was one of the God-head Three!
As our High Priest in heav'n he plead-eth, And Christ Jesus is his name!
You, too, shall come to know his fa - vor, He will save you, save you now!

What Did He Do.—Concluded.


CHORUS.
Who saved us from e-ter-nal loss? What did He do?
Who but God's Son up-on the cross! He
Where is he now? In heav-en in-ter - ced - ing!
died for you! Be - lieve it thou, In heav-en in - ter - ced ing!

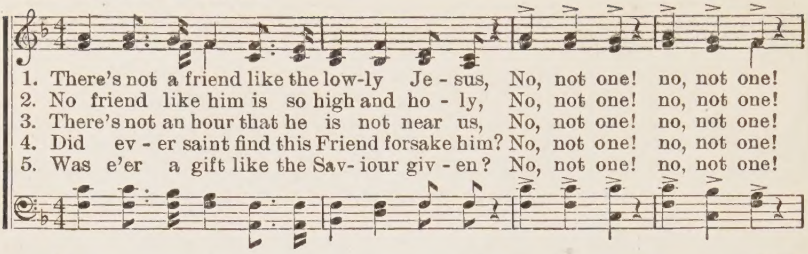
140 I Love Jesus, He's My Saviour.

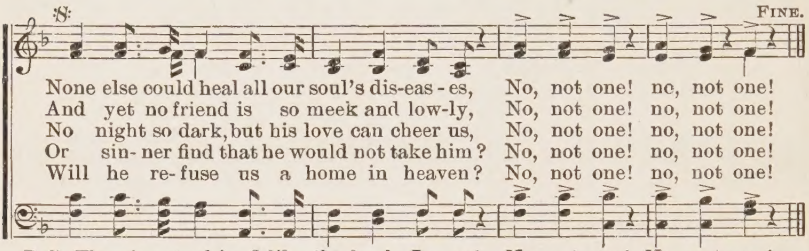
HENRY F. LYTE. (GREENVILLE 8s. 7s.) J. J. ROUSSEAU.

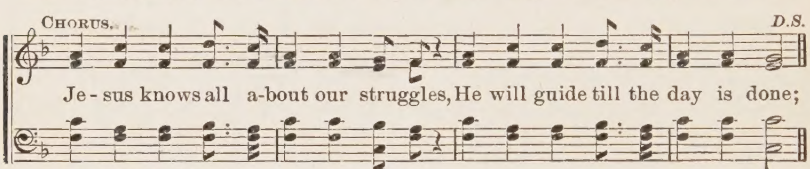

FINE.
1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak- en, All to leave and follow thee;
Na - ked, poor, despised, for- sak- en, Thou from hence, my all shalt be.
2. Per- ish ev-'ry fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
Yet how rich is my cou- di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own!
3. Let the world de-spise and leave me, They have left my Saviour, too;
Hu-man hearts and looks deceive me; Thou art not, like man, untrue;
4. And, while thou shalt smile upon me, God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show thy face, and all is bright.
5. Go, then, earth-ly fame and treas-ure! Come, dis- as-ter, scorn and pain!
In thy serv - ice, pain is pleas- ure; With thy fa - vor, loss is gain.
D.C.—I love Je - sus, he's my Sav-iour; Je - sus smiles and loves me too.

141 No, Not One.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. GEO. C. HUGG.


1. There's not a friend like the low-ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that he is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this Friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav - iour giv - en? No, not one! no, not one!


S.
FINE.
None else could heal all our soul's dis-eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark, but his love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin- ner find that he would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will he re- fuse us a home in heaven? No, not one! no, not one!
D.S.–There's not a friend like the lowly Je- sus! No, not one! No, not one!



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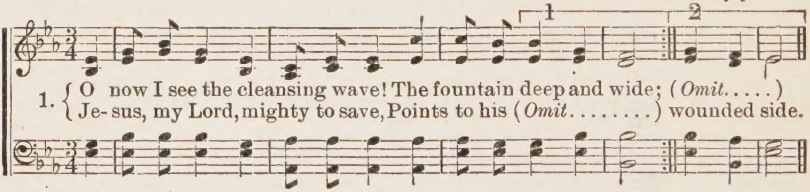
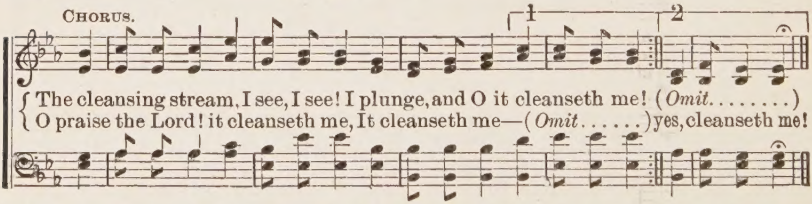
142 Cleansing Wave.

PHOEBE PALMER. MRS. J. F. KNAPP. By per.


1
2
1. { O now I see the cleansing wave! The fountain deep and wide; (Omit.....)
{ Je- sus, my Lord, mighty to save, Points to his (Omit.....) wounded side.

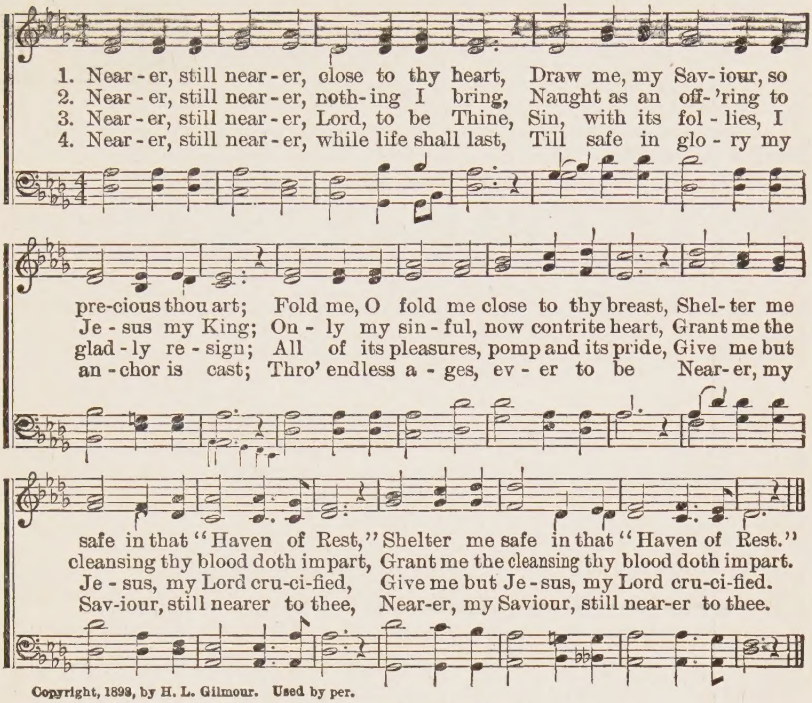

CHORUS.
1
2
{ The cleansing stream, I see, I see! I plunge, and O it cleanseth me! (Omit.....)
{ O praise the Lord! it cleanseth me, It cleanseth me—(Omit.....) yes, cleanseth me!

2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world of sin, [white
With heart made pure and garments
And Christ enthroned within.

3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus, know,
My Jesus crucified.

143 Nearer, Still Nearer.

MRS. C. H. M. MRS. C. H. MORRIS.


1. Near - er, still near - er, close to thy heart, Draw me, my Sav - iour, so
2. Near - er, still near - er, noth - ing I bring, Naught as an off - 'ring to
3. Near - er, still near - er, Lord, to be Thine, Sin, with its fol - lies, I
4. Near - er, still near - er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo - ry my
pre-cious thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to thy breast, Shel - ter me
Je - sus my King; On - ly my sin - ful, now contrite heart, Grant me the
glad - ly re - sign; All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride, Give me but
an - chor is cast; Thro' endless a - ges, ev - er to be Near - er, my
safe in that "Haven of Rest," Shelter me safe in that "Haven of Rest."
cleansing thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing thy blood doth impart.
Je - sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru-ci-fied.
Sav-iour, still nearer to thee, Near-er, my Saviour, still near-er to thee.

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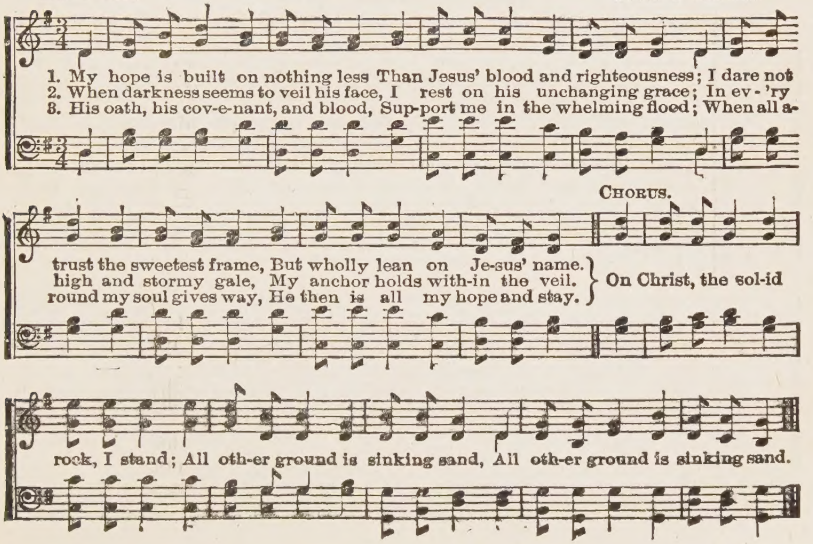
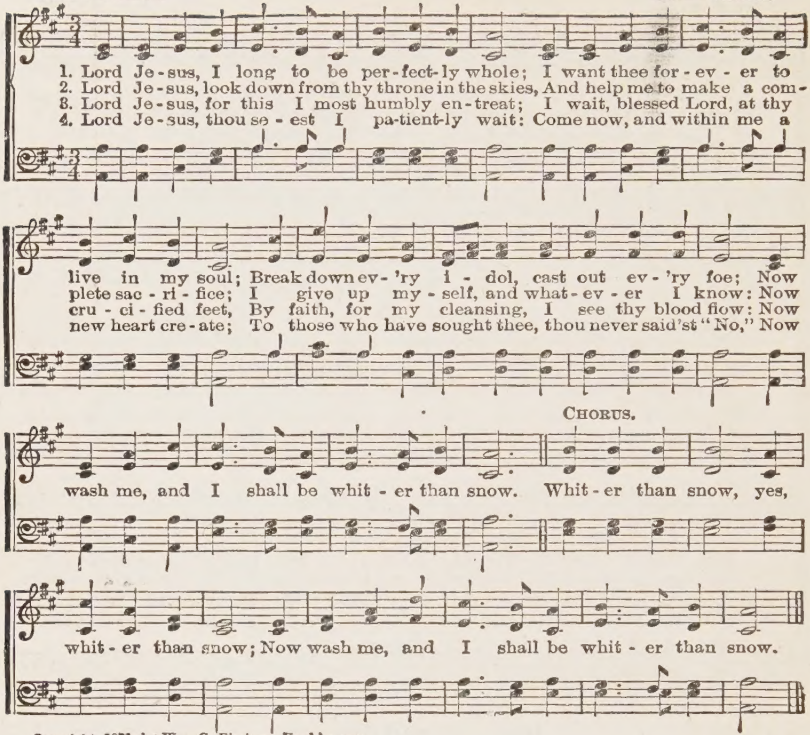
144 The Solid Rock.

EDWARD MOTE. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.


1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; I dare not
2. When darkness seems to veil his face, I rest on his unchanging grace; In ev - 'ry
3. His oath, his cov-e-nant, and blood, Sup-port me in the whelming flood; When all a-
CHORUS.
trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je-sus' name.
high and stormy gale, My anchor holds with-in the veil.
round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
On Christ, the sol-id
rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is sinking sand, All oth-er ground is sinking sand.

145 Whiter than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON. WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want thee for-ev-er to
2. Lord Je-sus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-
3. Lord Je-sus, for this I most humbly en-treat; I wait, blessed Lord, at thy
4. Lord Je-sus, thou se-est I pa-tient-ly wait: Come now, and within me a
live in my soul; Break down ev-'ry i-dol, cast out ev-'ry foe; Now
plete sac-ri-fice; I give up my-self, and what-ev-er I know: Now
cru-ci-fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow: Now
new heart cre-ate; To those who have sought thee, thou never said'st "No," Now
CHORUS.
wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow. Whit-er than snow, yes,
whit-er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.

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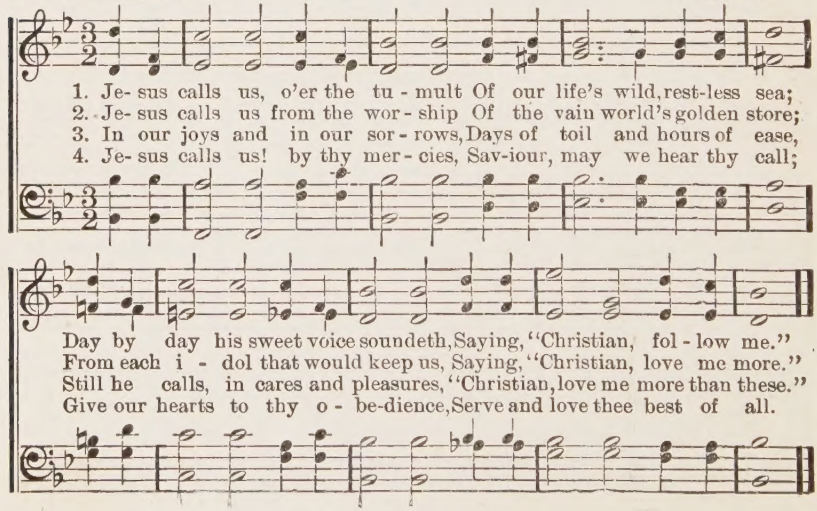
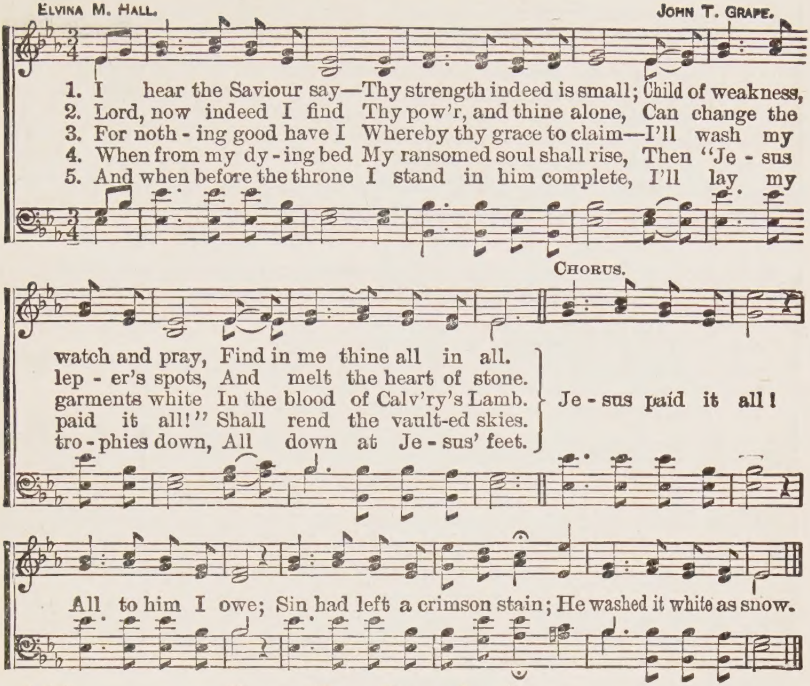
146 Jesus Calls Us.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER. W. H. JUDE.


1. Je-sus calls us, o'er the tu-mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea;
2. Je-sus calls us from the wor-ship Of the vain world's golden store;
3. In our joys and in our sor-rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je-sus calls us! by thy mer-cies, Sav-iour, may we hear thy call;
Day by day his sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, fol-low me."
From each i-dol that would keep us, Saying, "Christian, love me more."
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures, "Christian, love me more than these."
Give our hearts to thy o-be-dience, Serve and love thee best of all.

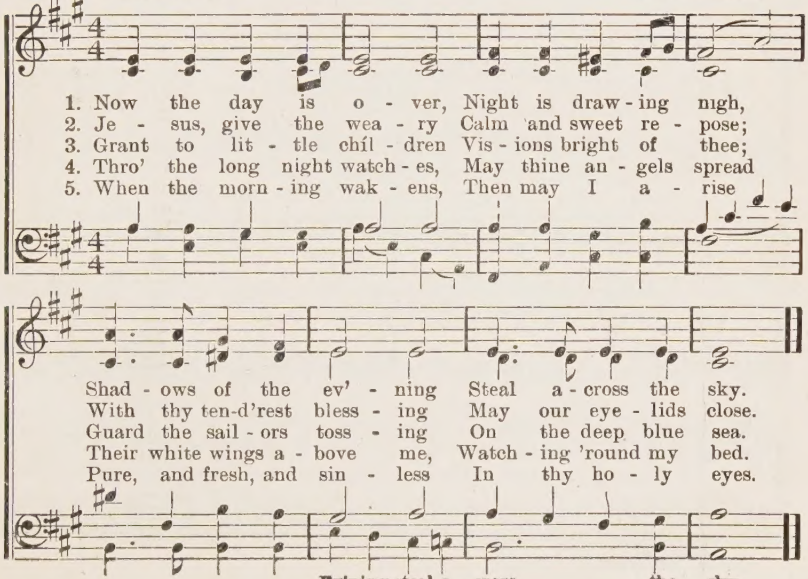
147 All to Christ I Owe.

ELVINA M. HALL. JOHN T. GRAPE.


1. I hear the Saviour say—Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness,
2. Lord, now indeed I find Thy pow'r, and thine alone, Can change the
3. For noth - ing good have I Whereby thy grace to claim—I'll wash my
4. When from my dy - ing bed My ransomed soul shall rise, Then "Je - sus
5. And when before the throne I stand in him complete, I'll lay my
CHORUS.
watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all.
lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
garments white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.
paid it all!" Shall rend the vault-ed skies.
tro - phies down, All down at Je - sus' feet.
Je - sus paid it all!
All to him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain; He washed it white as snow.

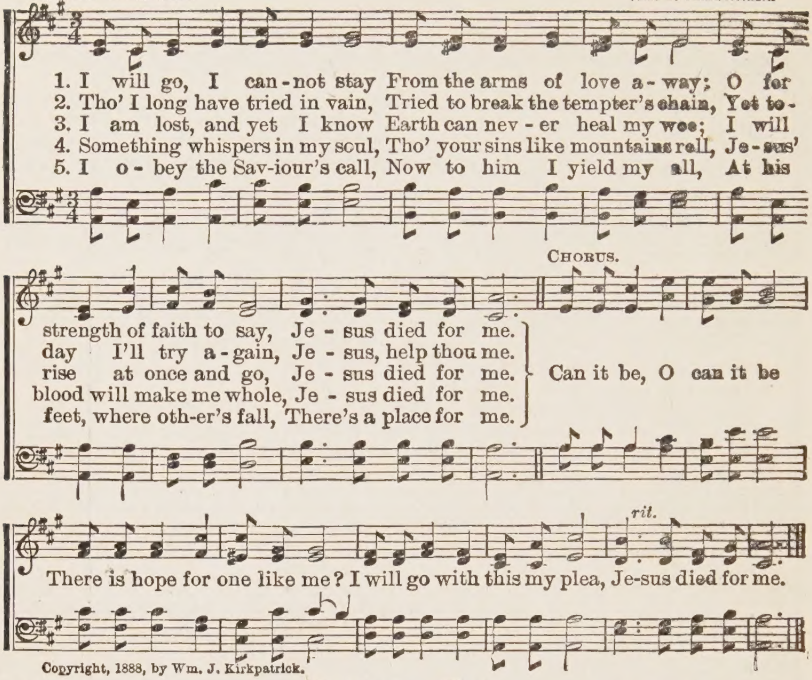
148 Now the Day is Over.

SABINE BARING-GOULD. JOSEPH BARNBY.


1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vis - ions bright of thee;
4. Thro' the long night watch - es, May thine an - gels spread
5. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise
Shad - ows of the ev' - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With thy ten-d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Guard the sail - ors toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing 'round my bed.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In thy ho - ly eyes.
Ev'ning steal a - cross the sky.

149 I Will Go.

MARTHA J. LANKTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. I will go, I can-not stay From the arms of love a-way; O for
2. Tho' I long have tried in vain, Tried to break the tempter's chain, Yet to-
3. I am lost, and yet I know Earth can nev-er heal my woe; I will
4. Something whispers in my soul, Tho' your sins like mountains roll, Je-sus'
5. I o-bey the Sav-iour's call, Now to him I yield my all, At his
CHORUS.
strength of faith to say, Je-sus died for me.
day I'll try a-gain, Je-sus, help thou me.
rise at once and go, Je-sus died for me.
blood will make me whole, Je-sus died for me.
feet, where oth-er's fall, There's a place for me.
Can it be, O can it be
rit.
There is hope for one like me? I will go with this my plea, Je-sus died for me.

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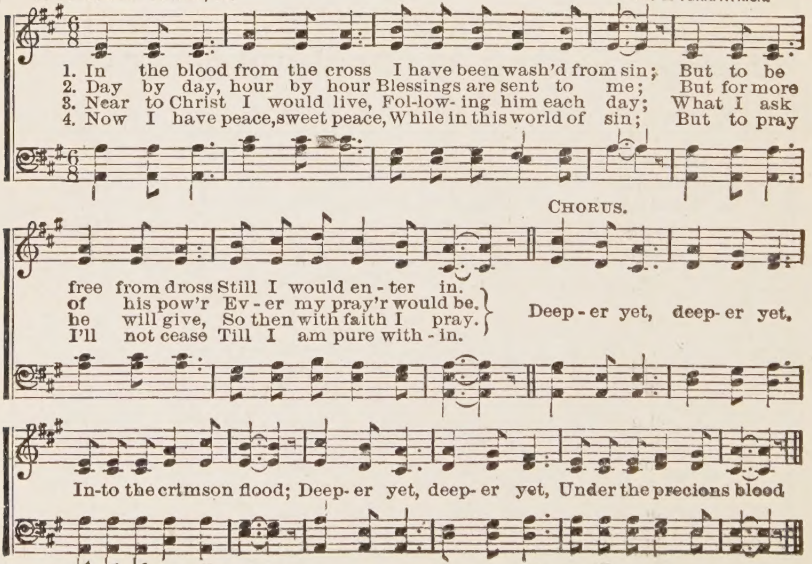
150 Deeper Yet.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. In the blood from the cross I have been wash'd from sin; But to be
2. Day by day, hour by hour Blessings are sent to me; But for more
3. Near to Christ I would live, Fol-low-ing him each day; What I ask
4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray
CHORUS.
free from dross Still I would en-ter in.
of his pow'r Ev-er my pray'r would be.
be will give, So then with faith I pray.
I'll not cease Till I am pure with-in.
Deep-er yet, deep-er yet,
In-to the crimson flood; Deep-er yet, deep-er yet, Under the precious blood

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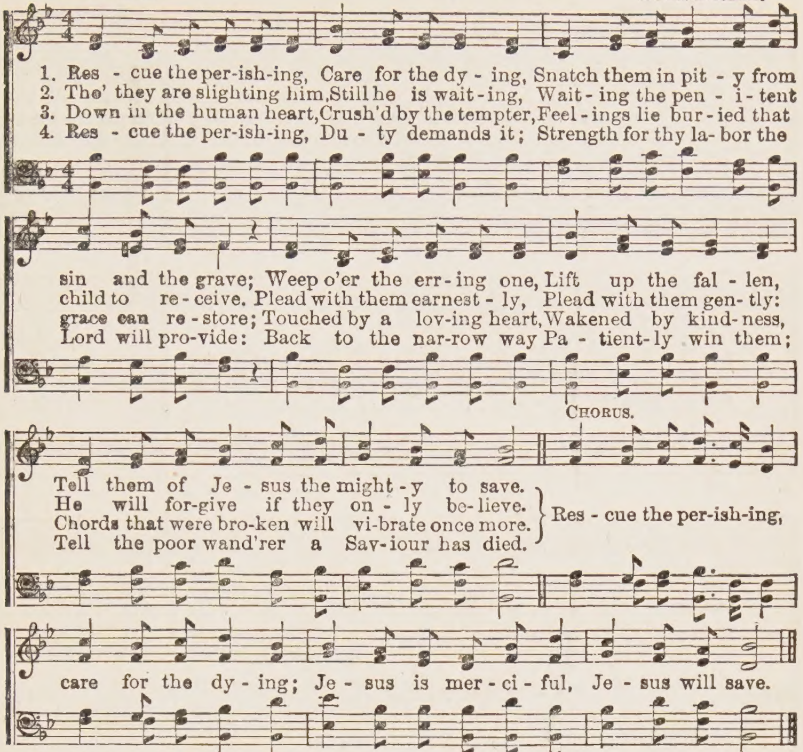
151 Rescue the Perishing.

F. J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. The' they are slighting him, Still he is wait-ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the human heart, Crush'd by the tempter, Feel - ings lie bur - ied that
4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty demands it; Strength for thy la-bor the
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fal - len,
child to re - ceive. Plead with them earnest - ly, Plead with them gen- tly:
grace can re - store; Touched by a lov-ing heart, Wakened by kind-ness,
Lord will pro-vide: Back to the nar-row way Pa - tient-ly win them;
CHORUS.
Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be-lieve.
Chords that were bro-ken will vi-brate once more.
Tell the poor wand'rer a Sav-iour has died.
} Res - cue the per-ish-ing,
care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

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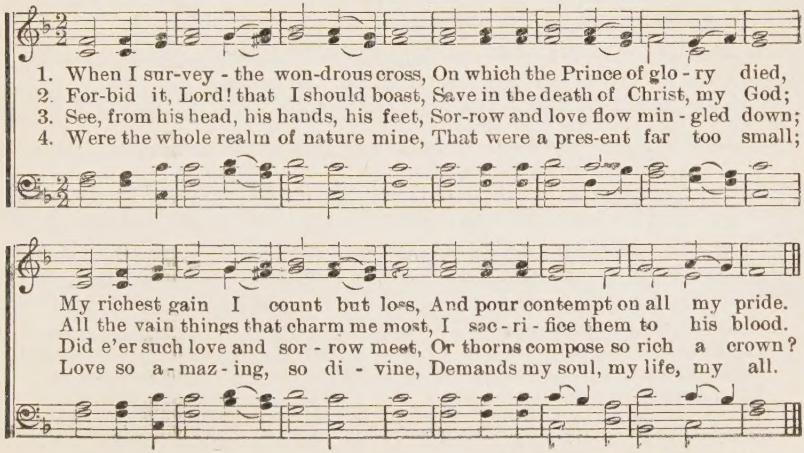
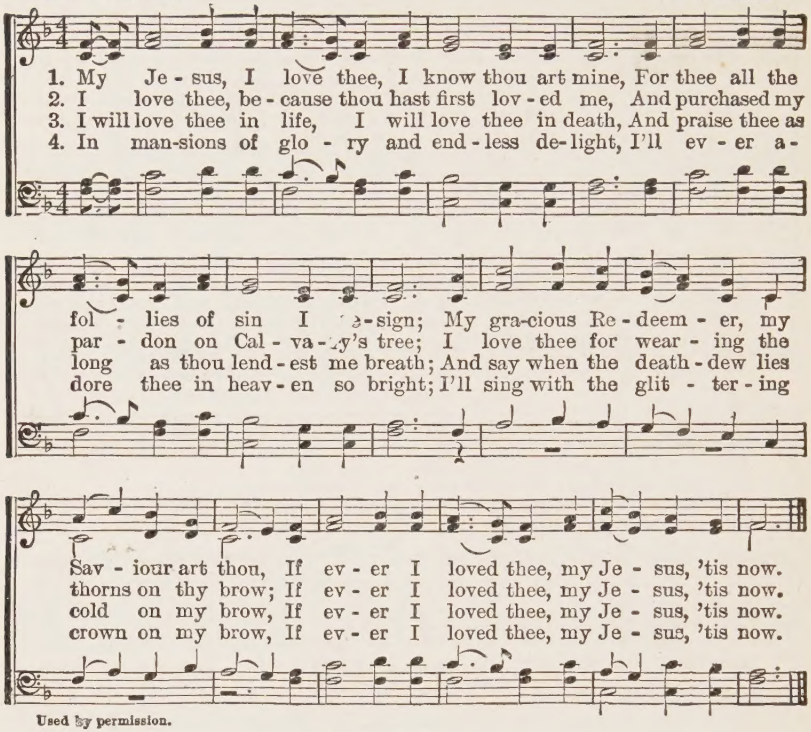
152 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

ISAAC WATTS. (HAMBURG. L. M.) Ad. by LOWELL MASON.


1. When I sur-vey - the won-drous cross, On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
2. For-bid it, Lord! that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
3. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sor-row and love flow min - gled down;
4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a pres-ent far too small;
My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri - fice them to his blood.
Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.

153 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

LONDON HYMN BOOK. A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine, For thee all the
2. I love thee, be - cause thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death, And praise thee as
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de-light, I'll ev - er a-
fol - lies of sin I re-sign; My gra-cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love thee for wear - ing the
long as thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies
dore thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing
Sav - iour art thou, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on thy brow; If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

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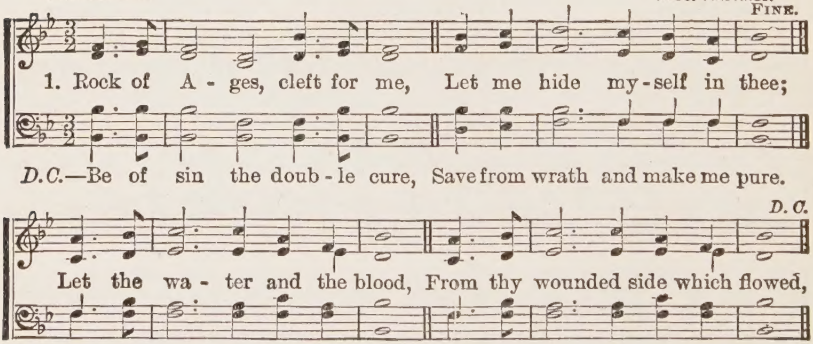
154 Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY. THOS. HASTINGS.

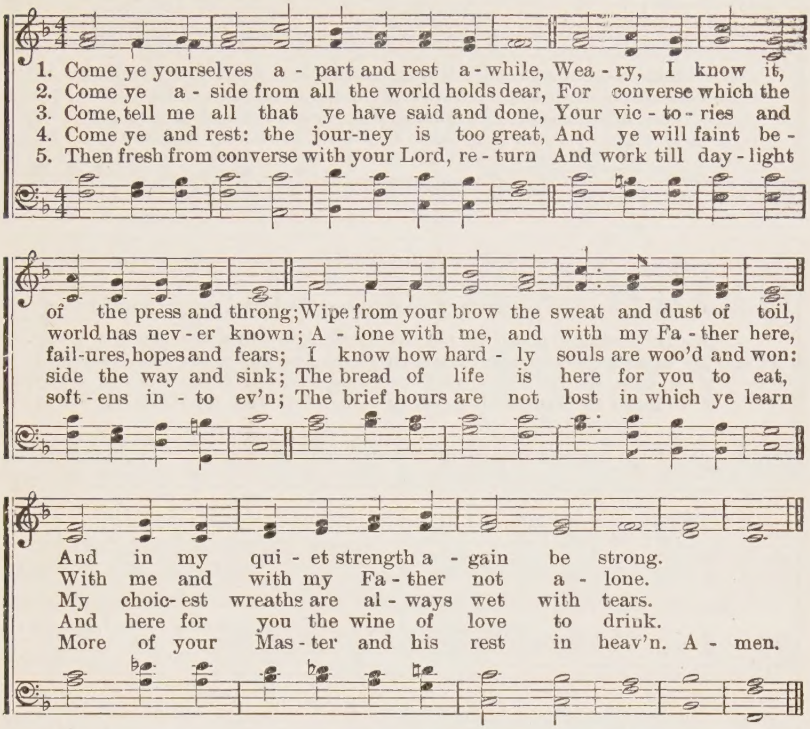

FINE.
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee;
D.C.—Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
D. C.
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flowed,

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

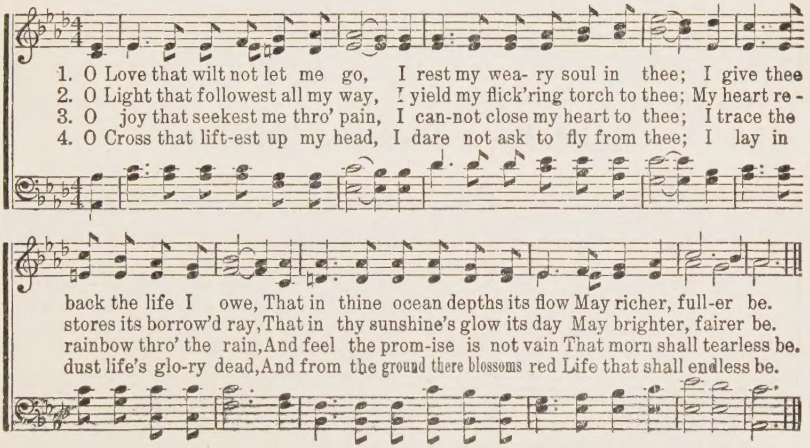
155 The Quiet Hour.

BISHOP BICKERSTETH. By per. LANGRAN. 10s. JAMES LANGRAN.


1. Come ye yourselves a - part and rest a - while, Wea - ry, I know it,
2. Come ye a - side from all the world holds dear, For converse which the
3. Come, tell me all that ye have said and done, Your vic - to - ries and
4. Come ye and rest: the jour-ney is too great, And ye will faint be -
5. Then fresh from converse with your Lord, re - turn And work till day - light
of the press and throng; Wipe from your brow the sweat and dust of toil,
world has nev - er known; A - lone with me, and with my Fa - ther here,
fail-ures, hopes and fears; I know how hard - ly souls are woo'd and won:
side the way and sink; The bread of life is here for you to eat,
soft - ens in - to ev'n; The brief hours are not lost in which ye learn
And in my qui - et strength a - gain be strong.
With me and with my Fa - ther not a - lone.
My choic- est wreaths are al - ways wet with tears.
And here for you the wine of love to drink.
More of your Mas - ter and his rest in heav'n. A - men.

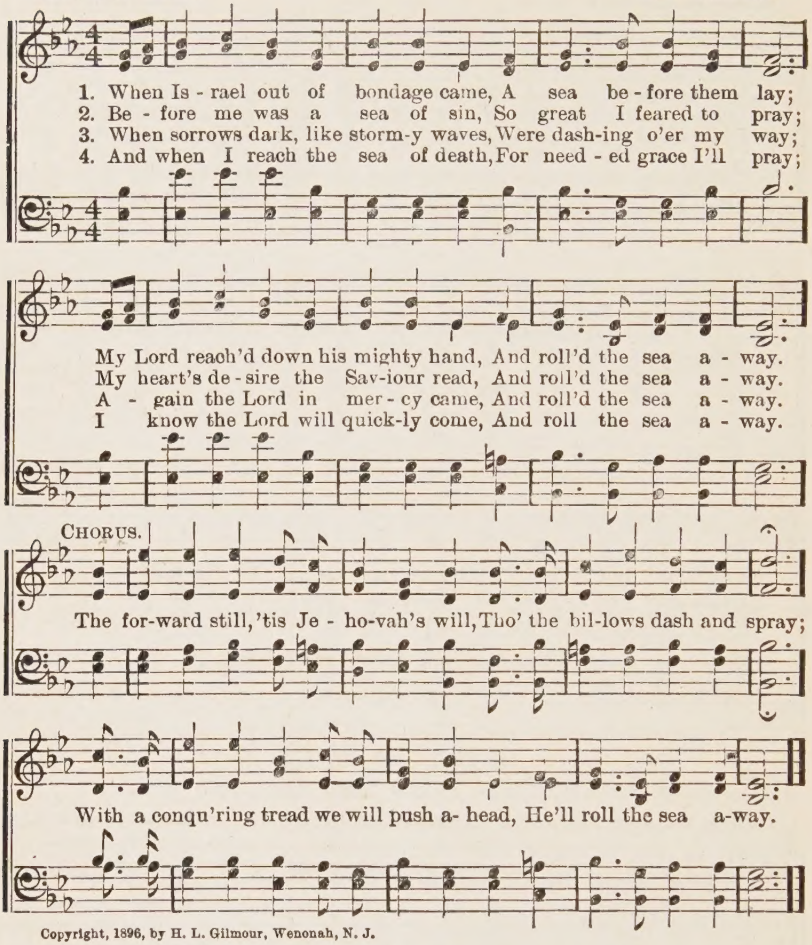
156 O Love that Wilt Not Let Me Go.

GEORGE MATHESON. ST. MARGARET. 8, 8, 8, 8, 6. ALBERT L. PEACE.


1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea- ry soul in thee; I give thee
2. O Light that followest all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to thee; My heart re -
3. O joy that seekest me thro' pain, I can-not close my heart to thee; I trace the
4. O Cross that lift-est up my head, I dare not ask to fly from thee; I lay in
back the life I owe, That in thine ocean depths its flow May richer, full-er be.
stores its borrow'd ray, That in thy sunshine's glow its day May brighter, fairer be.
rainbow thro' the rain, And feel the prom-ise is not vain That morn shall tearless be.
dust life's glo-ry dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall endless be.

157 He Rolled the Sea Away.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY. H. L. GILMOUR.


1. When Is - rael out of bondage came, A sea be - fore them lay;
2. Be - fore me was a sea of sin, So great I feared to pray;
3. When sorrows dark, like storm-y waves, Were dash-ing o'er my way;
4. And when I reach the sea of death, For need - ed grace I'll pray;
My Lord reach'd down his mighty hand, And roll'd the sea a - way.
My heart's de - sire the Sav-iour read, And roll'd the sea a - way.
A - gain the Lord in mer - cy came, And roll'd the sea a - way.
I know the Lord will quick-ly come, And roll the sea a - way.
CHORUS.
The for-ward still, 'tis Je - ho-vah's will, Tho' the bil-lows dash and spray;
With a conqu'ring tread we will push a- head, He'll roll the sea a-way.

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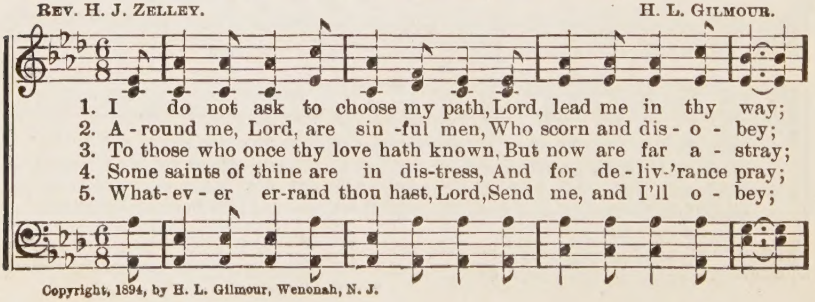
158 Make Me a Blessing To-Day.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY. H. L. GILMOUR.


1. I do not ask to choose my path, Lord, lead me in thy way;
2. A - round me, Lord, are sin -ful men, Who scorn and dis - o - bey;
3. To those who once thy love hath known, But now are far a - stray;
4. Some saints of thine are in dis-tress, And for de - liv-'rance pray;
5. What- ev - er er-rand thou hast, Lord, Send me, and I'll o - bey;

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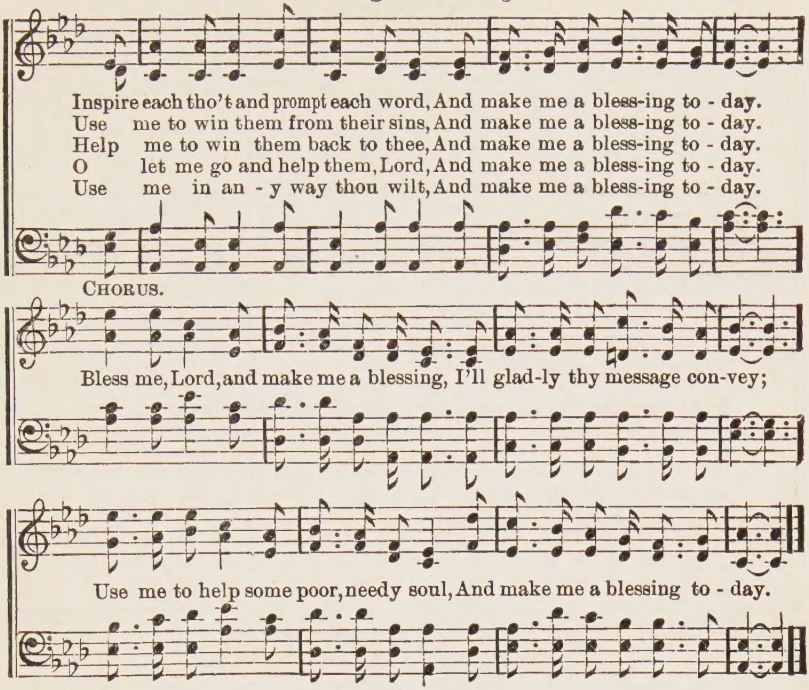
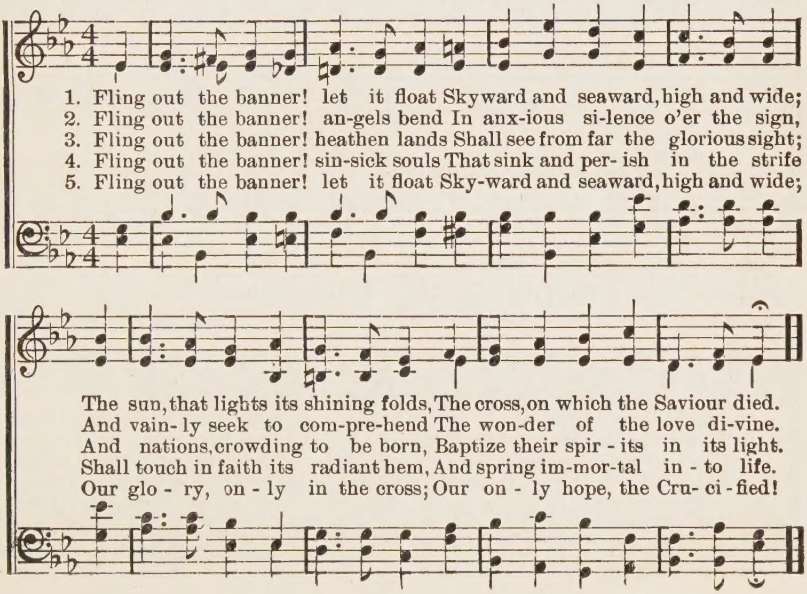
Make Me a Blessing To-Day.—Concluded.

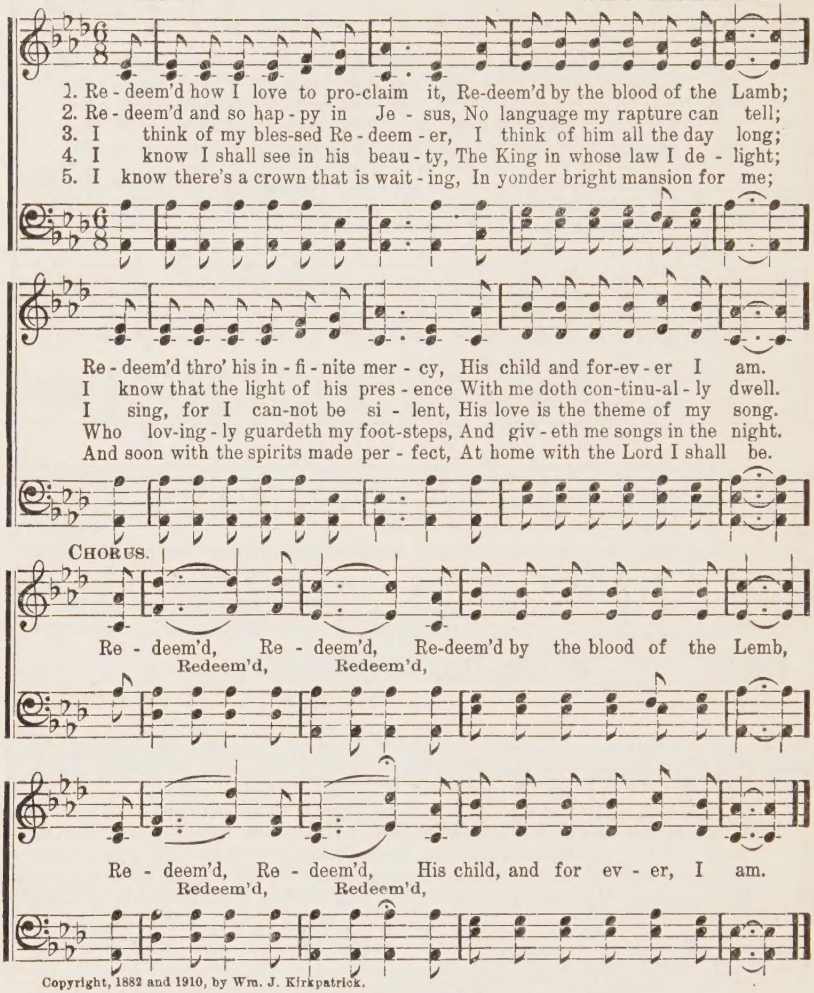

Inspire each tho't and prompt each word, And make me a bless-ing to - day.
Use me to win them from their sins, And make me a bless-ing to - day.
Help me to win them back to thee, And make me a bless-ing to - day.
O let me go and help them, Lord, And make me a bless-ing to - day.
Use me in an - y way thou wilt, And make me a bless-ing to - day.
CHORUS.
Bless me, Lord, and make me a blessing, I'll glad-ly thy message con-vey;
Use me to help some poor, needy soul, And make me a blessing to - day.

159 Fling Out the Banner.

G. W. DOANE. (WALTHAM. L. M.) J. B. CALKIN.


1. Fling out the banner! let it float Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
2. Fling out the banner! an-gels bend In anx-ious si-lence o'er the sign,
3. Fling out the banner! heathen lands Shall see from far the glorious sight;
4. Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls That sink and per- ish in the strife
5. Fling out the banner! let it float Sky-ward and seaward, high and wide;
The sun, that lights its shining folds, The cross, on which the Saviour died.
And vain- ly seek to com-pre-hend The won-der of the love di-vine.
And nations, crowding to be born, Baptize their spir - its in its light.
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem, And spring im-mor-tal in - to life.
Our glo - ry, on - ly in the cross; Our on - ly hope, the Cru- ci - fied!

160 Redeemed.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Re - deem'd how I love to pro-claim it, Re-deem'd by the blood of the Lamb;
2. Re - deem'd and so hap - py in Je - sus, No language my rapture can tell;
3. I think of my bles-sed Re - deem - er, I think of him all the day long;
4. I know I shall see in his beau - ty, The King in whose law I de - light;
5. I know there's a crown that is wait - ing, In yonder bright mansion for me;
Re - deem'd thro' his in - fi - nite mer - cy, His child and for-ev - er I am.
I know that the light of his pres - ence With me doth con-tinu-al - ly dwell.
I sing, for I can-not be si - lent, His love is the theme of my song.
Who lov-ing - ly guardeth my foot-steps, And giv - eth me songs in the night.
And soon with the spirits made per - fect, At home with the Lord I shall be.
CHORUS.
Re - deem'd, Re - deem'd, Re-deem'd by the blood of the Lemb,
Redeem'd, Redeem'd,
Re - deem'd, Re - deem'd, His child, and for ev - er, I am.
Redeem'd, Redeem'd,

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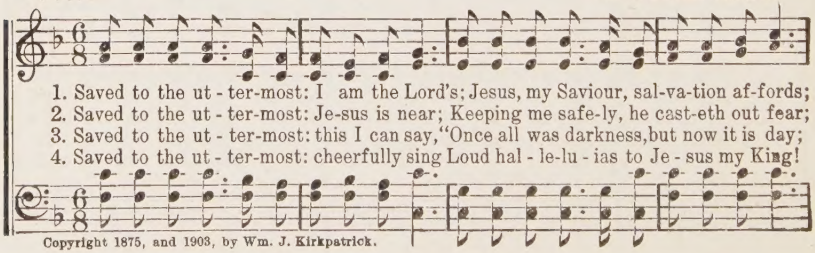
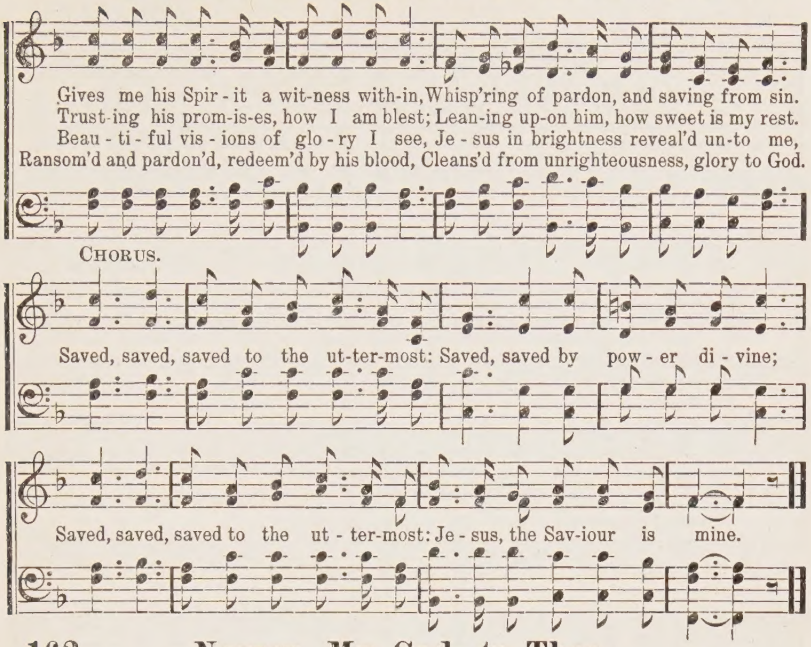
161 Saved to the Uttermost.

W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.


1. Saved to the ut - ter-most: I am the Lord's; Jesus, my Saviour, sal-va-tion af-fords;
2. Saved to the ut - ter-most: Je-sus is near; Keeping me safe-ly, he cast-eth out fear;
3. Saved to the ut - ter-most: this I can say, "Once all was darkness, but now it is day;
4. Saved to the ut - ter-most: cheerfully sing Loud hal - le-lu - ias to Je - sus my King!

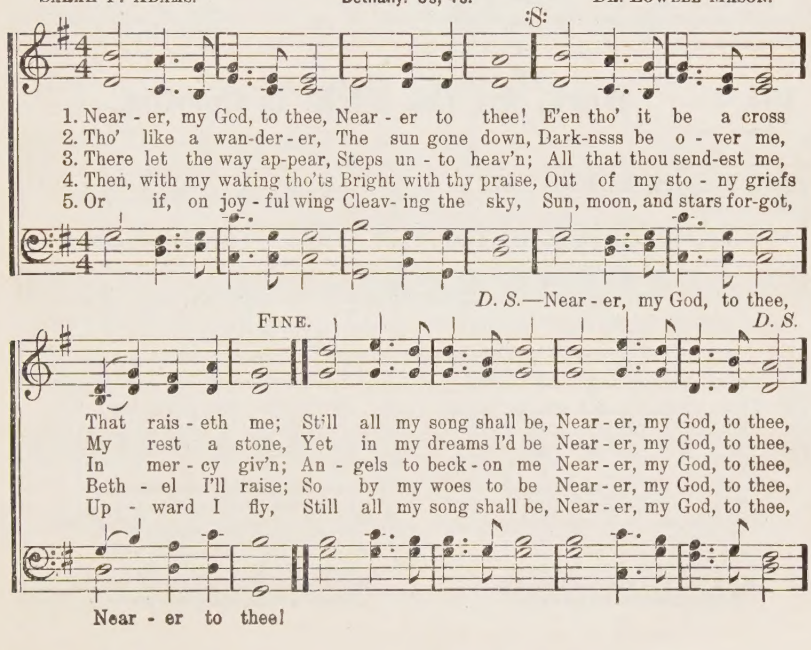
Copyright 1875, and 1903, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Saved to the Uttermost.—Concluded.

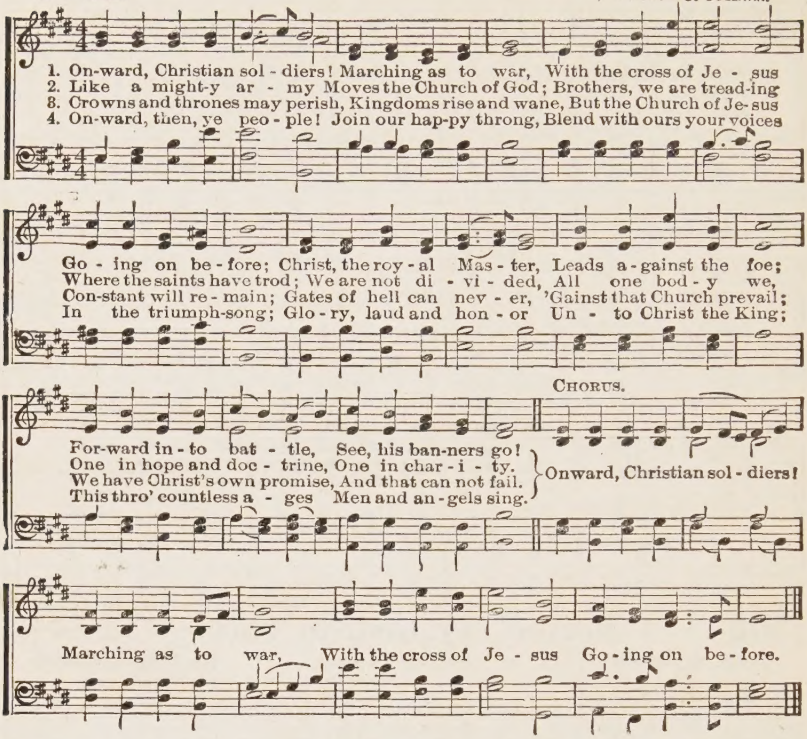

Gives me his Spir - it a wit-ness with-in, Whisp'ring of pardon, and saving from sin.
Trust-ing his prom-is-es, how I am blest; Lean-ing up-on him, how sweet is my rest.
Beau - ti - ful vis - ions of glo - ry I see, Je - sus in brightness reveal'd un-to me,
Ransom'd and pardon'd, redeem'd by his blood, Cleans'd from unrighteousness, glory to God.
CHORUS.
Saved, saved, saved to the ut-ter-most: Saved, saved by pow - er di - vine;
Saved, saved, saved to the ut - ter-most: Je - sus, the Sav-iour is mine.

162 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS. Bethany. 6s, 4s. DR. LOWELL MASON.

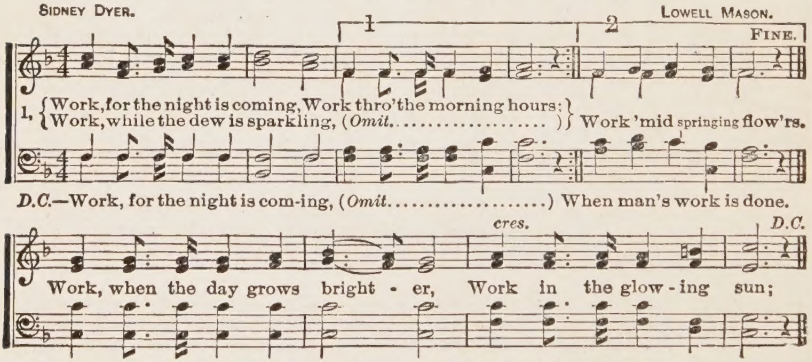

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-nsss be o - ver me,
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that thou send-est me,
4. Then, with my waking tho'ts Bright with thy praise, Out of my sto - ny griefs
5. Or if, on joy - ful wing Cleav- ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for-got,
D. S.—Near - er, my God, to thee,
FINE.
D. S.
That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee,
My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to thee,
In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to thee,
Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to thee,
Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee,
Near - er to thee!

163 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. B. GOULD. ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread-ing
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Je-sus
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices
Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vi - ded, All one bod - y we,
Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er, 'Gainst that Church prevail;
In the triumph-song; Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ the King;
CHORUS.
For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, his ban-ners go!
One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
We have Christ's own promise, And that can not fail.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and an-gels sing.
Onward, Christian sol - diers!
Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

164 Work, for the Night is Coming.

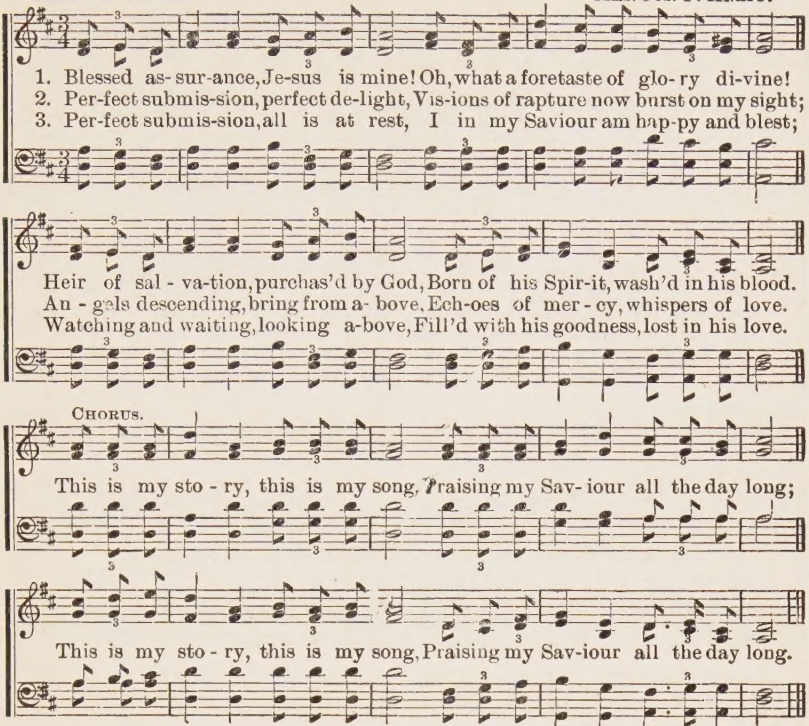
SIDNEY DYER. LOWELL MASON.


1
2
FINE.
1, Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling, (Omit.....)
Work 'mid springing flow'rs.
D.C.—Work, for the night is com-ing, (Omit.....) When man's work is done.
cres.
D.C.
Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;

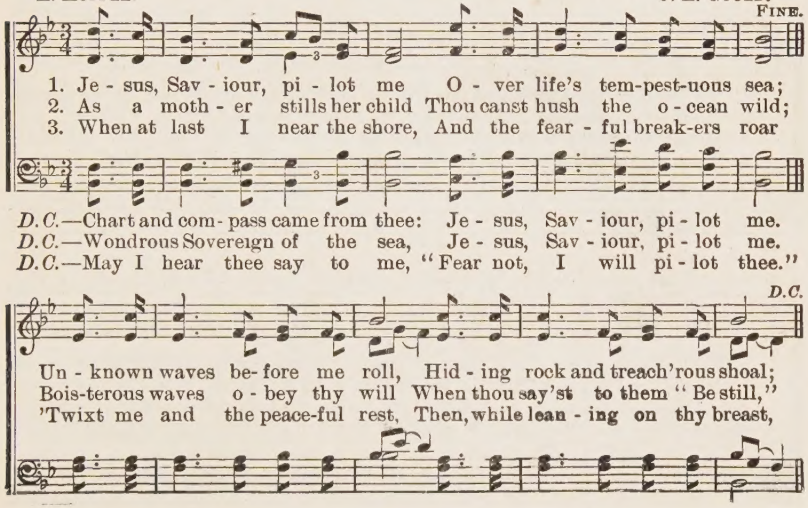
2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

165 Blessed Assurance.

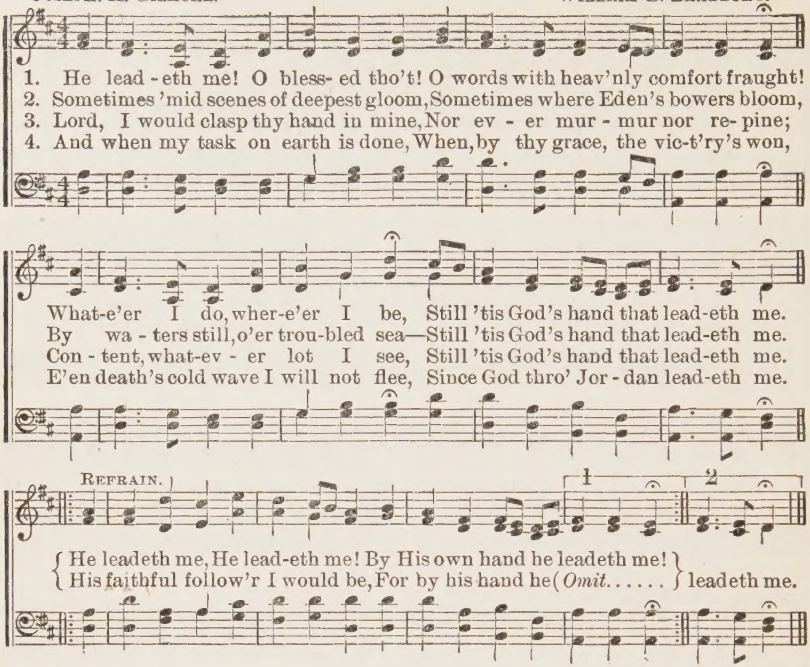
FANNY J. CROSBY. MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Blessed as- sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a foretaste of glo-ry di-vine!
2. Per-fect submis-sion, perfect de-light, Vis-ions of rapture now burst on my sight;
3. Per-fect submis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am hap-py and blest;
Heir of sal - va-tion, purchas'd by God, Born of his Spir-it, wash'd in his blood.
An - gels descending, bring from a- bove, Ech-oes of mer - cy, whispers of love.
Watching and waiting, looking a-bove, Fill'd with his goodness, lost in his love.
CHORUS.
This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav- iour all the day long;
This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav-iour all the day long.

166 Saviour, Pilot Me.

E. HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.

FINE.
1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar
D.C.—Chart and com- pass came from thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
D.C.—Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
D.C.—May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."
D.C.
Un - known waves be- fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Bois-terous waves o - bey thy will When thou say'st to them "Be still,"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on thy breast,

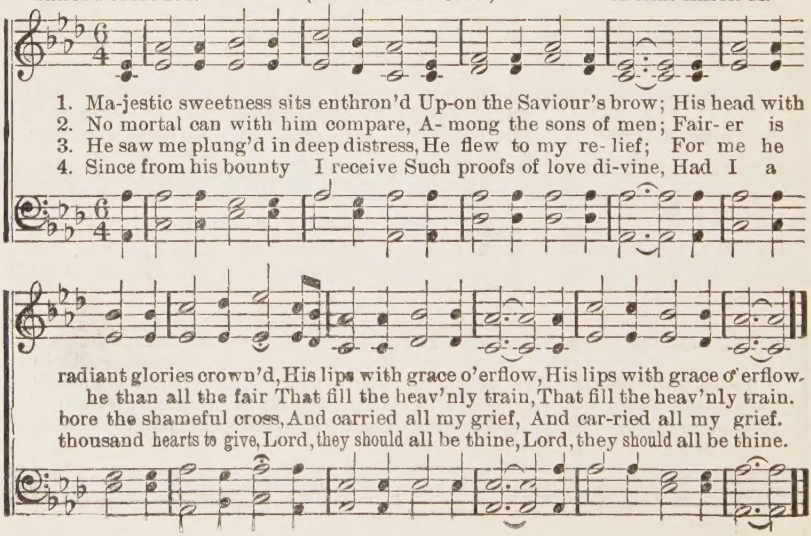
167 He Leadeth Me.

JOSEPH. H. GILMORE. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.


1. He lead - eth me! O bless- ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re- pine;
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,
What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er trou-bled sea— Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
Con - tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.
REFRAIN.
1
2
He leadeth me, He lead-eth me! By His own hand he leadeth me!
His faithful follow'r I would be, For by his hand he (Omit.....) leadeth me.

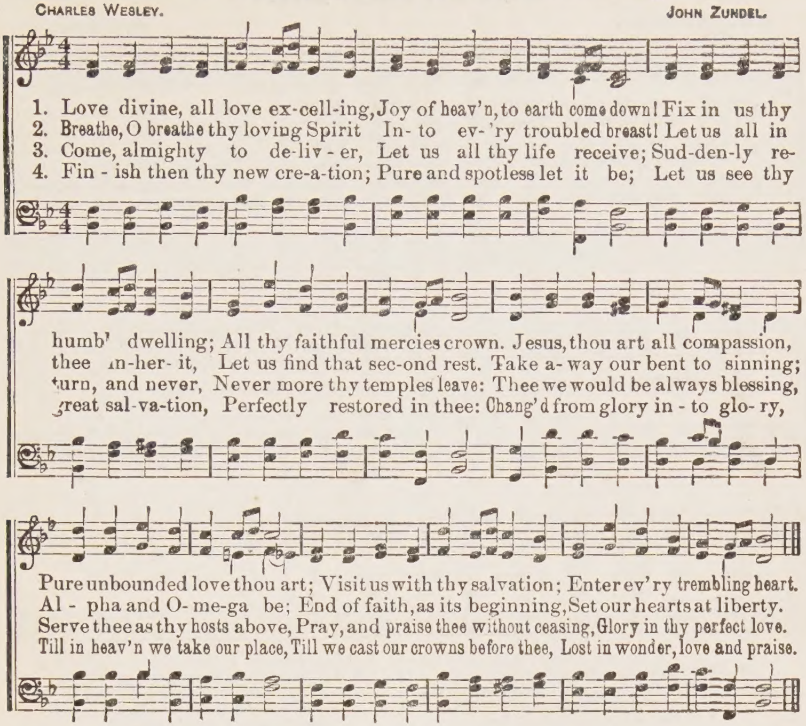
168 Majestic Sweetness.

SAMUEL STENNETT. (ORTONVILLE. C. M.) THOMAS HASTINGS.


1. Ma-jestic sweetness sits enthron'd Up-on the Saviour's brow; His head with
2. No mortal can with him compare, A- mong the sons of men; Fair- er is
3. He saw me plung'd in deep distress, He flew to my re- lief; For me he
4. Since from his bounty I receive Such proofs of love di-vine, Had I a
radiant glories crown'd, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace o'erflow.
he than all the fair That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
bore the shameful cross, And carried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.
thousand hearts to give, Lord, they should all be thine, Lord, they should all be thine.

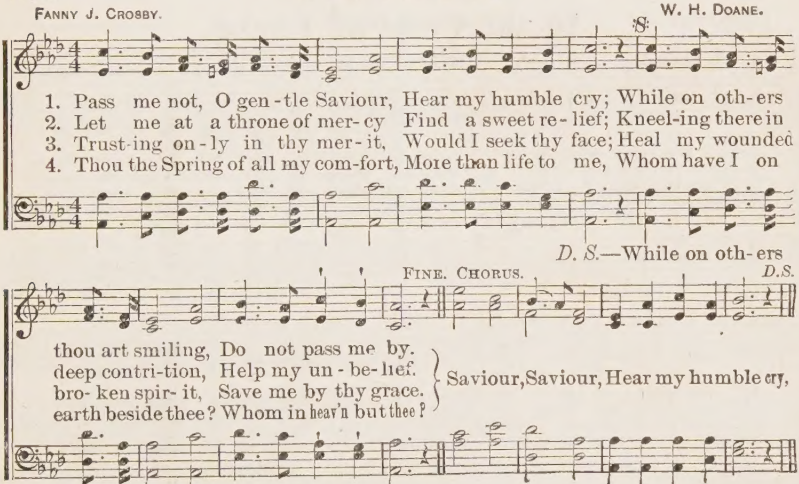
169 Love Divine, all Love Excelling.

CHARLES WESLEY. JOHN ZUNDEL.


1. Love divine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us thy
2. Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit In-to ev-'ry troubled breast! Let us all in
3. Come, almighty to de-liv-er, Let us all thy life receive; Sud-den-ly re-
4. Fin-ish then thy new cre-a-tion; Pure and spotless let it be; Let us see thy
humb' dwelling; All thy faithful mercies crown. Jesus, thou art all compassion,
thee in-her-it, Let us find that sec-ond rest. Take a-way our bent to sinning;
turn, and never, Never more thy temples leave: Thee we would be always blessing,
great sal-va-tion, Perfectly restored in thee: Chang'd from glory in-to glo-ry,
Pure unbounded love thou art; Visit us with thy salvation; Enter ev'ry trembling heart.
Al-pha and O-me-ga be; End of faith, as its beginning, Set our hearts at liberty.
Serve thee as thy hosts above, Pray, and praise thee without ceasing, Glory in thy perfect love.
Till in heav'n we take our place, Till we cast our crowns before thee, Lost in wonder, love and praise.

170 Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Saviour, Hear my humble cry; While on oth-ers
2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing there in
3. Trust-ing on-ly in thy mer-it, Would I seek thy face; Heal my wounded
4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have I on
D. S.—While on oth-ers
FINE. CHORUS.
D.S.
thou art smiling, Do not pass me by.
deep contri-tion, Help my un-be-lief.
bro-ken spir-it, Save me by thy grace.
earth beside thee? Whom in heav'n but thee?
Saviour, Saviour, Hear my humble cry,
thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

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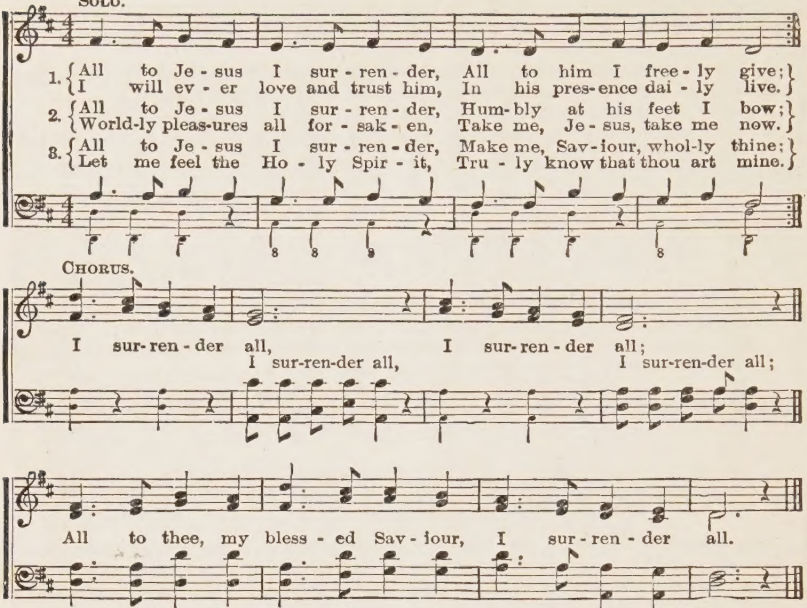
171 I Surrender All.

J. W. VAN DEVENTER. SOLO. W. S. WEEDEN.

1. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, All to him I free - ly give;
I will ev - er love and trust him, In his pres-ence dai - ly live.
2. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Hum-bly at his feet I bow;
World-ly pleas-ures all for - sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now.
3. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Make me, Sav - iour, whol-ly thine;
Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that thou art mine.
CHORUS.
I sur-ren - der all, I sur-ren - der all;
I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all;
All to thee, my bless - ed Sav - iour, I sur - ren - der all.

4 All to Jesus I surrender,
Lord, I give myself to thee;
Fill me with thy love and power,
Let thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,
Now I feel the sacred flame!
O the joy of full salvation!
Glory, glory to his name!

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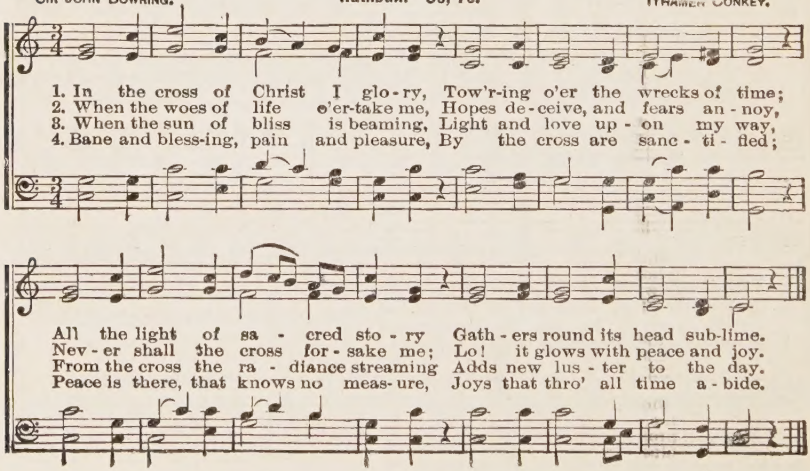
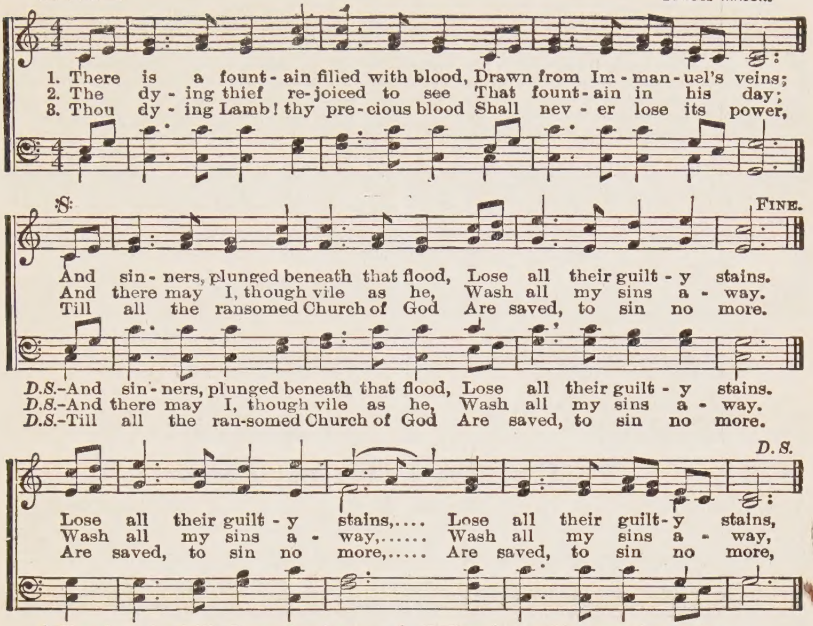
172 In the Cross of Christ.

SIR JOHN BOWRING. Rathbun. 8s, 7s. ITHAMER CONKEY.


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r-ing o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming, Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub-lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra - diance streaming Adds new lus - ter to the day.
Peace is there, that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.

173 There is a Fountain.

W. COWPER. LOWELL MASON.

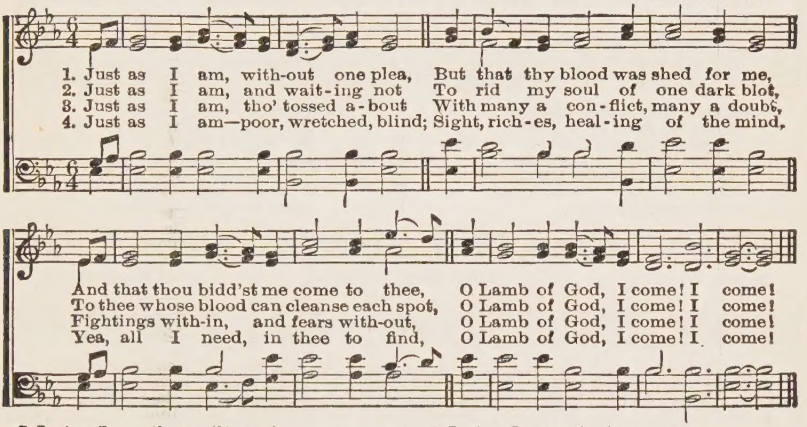

1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im-man-uel's veins;
2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That fount-ain in his day;
3. Thou dy-ing Lamb! thy pre-cious blood Shall nev-er lose its power,
S.
FINE.
And sin-ners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
Till all the ransomed Church of God Are saved, to sin no more.
D.S.-And sin-ners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
D.S.-And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
D.S.-Till all the ran-somed Church of God Are saved, to sin no more.
D. S.
Lose all their guilt-y stains,.... Lose all their guilt-y stains,
Wash all my sins a-way,..... Wash all my sins a-way,
Are saved, to sin no more,..... Are saved, to sin no more,

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

174 Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. Woodworth. L. M. WM. B. BRADBURY.

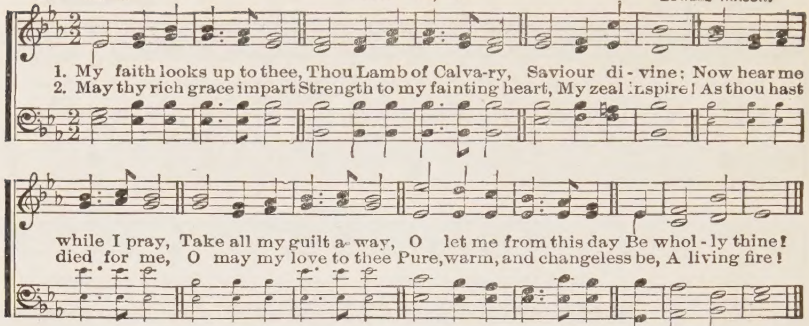

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, rich-es, heal-ing of the mind.
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Fightings with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Yea, all I need, in thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am,—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

175 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER. Olivet. 6s, 4s. LOWELL MASON.

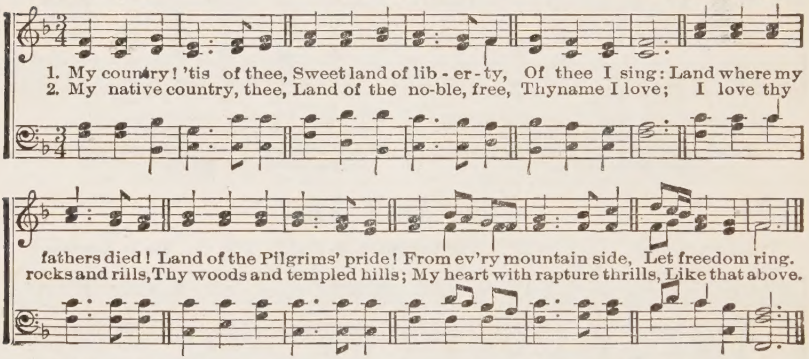

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calva-ry, Saviour di-vine; Now hear me
2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire! As thou hast
while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way, O let me from this day Be whol-ly thine!
died for me, O may my love to thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A living fire!

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul!

176 My Country! 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH, D. D. America. 6s, 4s. AD. HENRY CAREY.

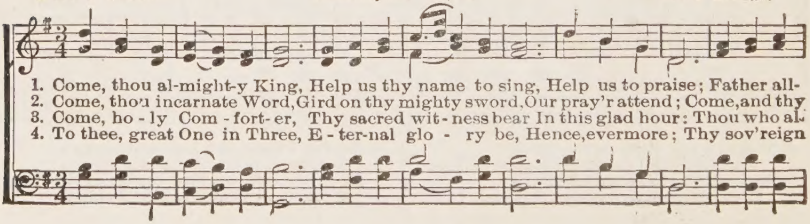

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
2. My native country, thee, Land of the no-ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
fathers died! Land of the Pilgrims' pride! From ev'ry mountain side, Let freedom ring.
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills, Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

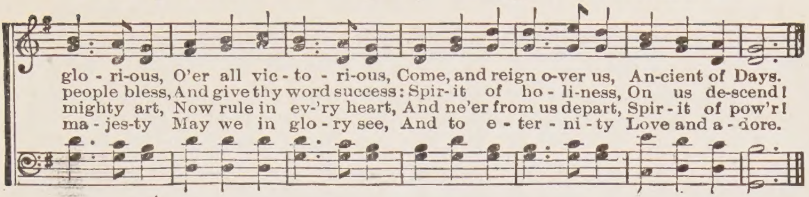
4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

177 Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY. Italian Hymn. 6s, 4s. FELICE GIARDINI.

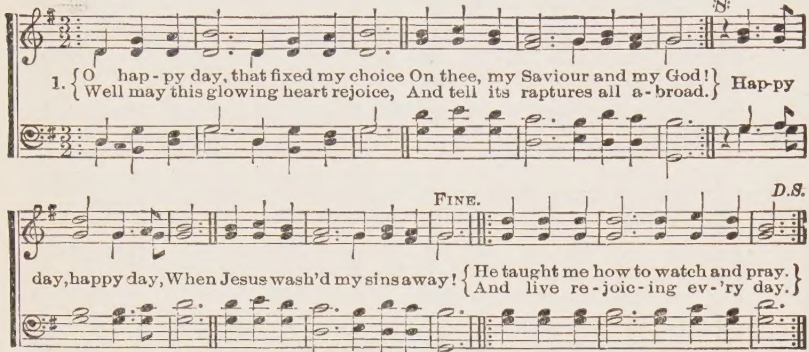

1. Come, thou al-might-y King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise; Father all-
2. Come, thou incarnate Word, Gird on thy mighty sword, Our pray'r attend; Come, and thy
3. Come, ho-ly Com-fort-er, Thy sacred wit-ness bear In this glad hour: Thou who al-
4. To thee, great One in Three, E-ter-nal glo-ry be, Hence, evermore; Thy sov'reign

Come, Thou Almighty King.—Concluded.


glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic - to - ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-cient of Days.
people bless, And give thy word success: Spir-it of ho - li-ness, On us de-scend!
mighty art, Now rule in ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spir-it of pow'r!
ma - jes-ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

178 Happy Day.

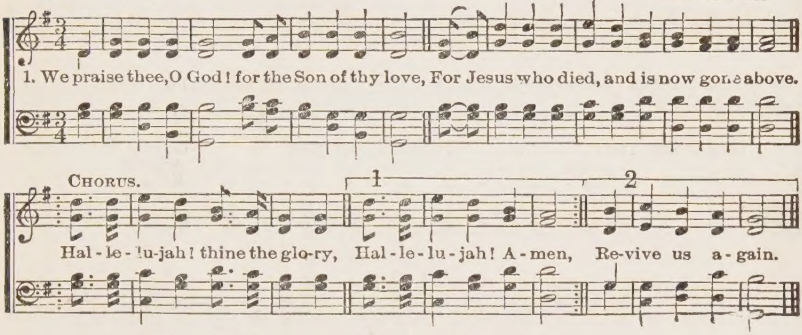
P. DODDRIDGE. E. F. RIMBAULT.


1. { O hap - py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! / Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all a - broad. } Hap-py
FINE.
D.S.
day, happy day, When Jesus wash'd my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray. / And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day. }

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done: the great transaction's done!
I am my Lord's and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

179 Revive Us Again.

WM. P. MACKAY. J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.
CHORUS.
1
2
Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo-ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Re-vive us a - gain.

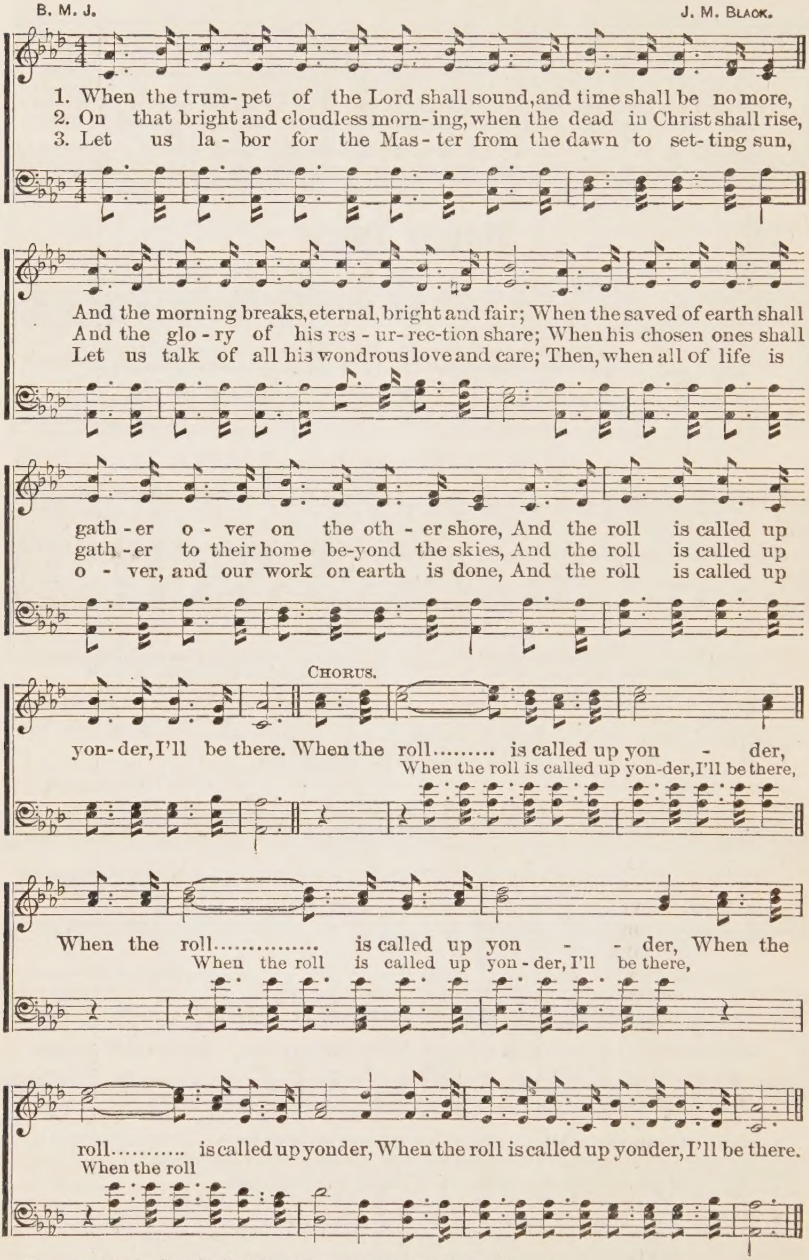
2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

180 When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

B. M. J. J. M. BLACK.

1. When the trum-pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
2. On that bright and cloudless morn-ing, when the dead in Christ shall rise,
3. Let us la-bor for the Mas-ter from the dawn to set-ting sun,
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall
And the glo-ry of his res-ur-rec-tion share; When his chosen ones shall
Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care; Then, when all of life is
gath-er o-ver on the oth-er shore, And the roll is called up
gath-er to their home be-yond the skies, And the roll is called up
o-ver, and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up
CHORUS.
yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll..... is called up yon - der,
When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there,
When the roll..... is called up yon - - der, When the
When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there,
roll..... is called up yonder, When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
When the roll

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